The Rebel

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The Rebel
Chapter #1
Chapter title: **The Rebel**: the very essence of religion
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Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A REBEL AND A REVOLUTIONARY?

Maneesha, there is not only a quantitative difference between a rebel and a revolutionary, there is also a qualitative difference. The revolutionary is part of the political world. His approach is through politics. His understanding is that changing the social structure is enough to change the man.
The Rebel is a spiritual phenomenon. His approach is absolutely individual. His vision is that if we want to change the society, we have to change the individual. Society in itself does not exist; it is only a word, like `crowd', but if you go to find it, you will not find it

anywhere. Wherever you will encounter someone, you will encounter an individual. Society is only a collective name, just a name, not a reality -- with no substance. The individual has a soul, has a possibility of evolution, of change, of transformation. Hence the difference is tremendous.

The Rebel is the very essence of religion. He brings into the world a change of consciousness -- and if the consciousness changes, then the structure of the society is bound to follow it. But vice versa is not right -- and it has been proved by all the revolutions, because they have all failed.

No revolution has yet succeeded in changing man; but it seems man is not aware of the fact. He still goes on thinking in terms of revolution, of changing society, of changing the government, of changing the bureaucracy, of changing laws, political systems. Feudalism, capitalism, communism, socialism, fascism -- they are all in their own way revolutionary. They all have failed, and failed utterly, because man has remained the same.

A Gautam Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Jesus -- these people are rebels. Their trust is in the individual. They have not succeeded either, but their failure is totally different than the failure of the revolutionary. Revolutionaries have tried their methodology in many countries, in many ways, and have failed. But a Gautam Buddha has not succeeded because he has not been tried. A Jesus has not succeeded because Jews crucified him and Christians buried him. He has not been tried -- he has not been given a chance. **The Rebel** is still an unexperimented dimension.

My sannyasins have to be rebels not revolutionaries. The revolutionary belongs to a very mundane sphere. **The Rebel** and his rebelliousness are sacred. The revolutionary cannot stand alone, he needs a crowd, a political party, a government. He needs power, and power corrupts -- and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

All the revolutionaries who have succeeded in capturing power have been corrupted by the power. They could not change the power and its institutions; the power changed them and their minds and corrupted them. Only names became different, but the society continued to remain the same.

Man's consciousness has not grown for centuries. Only once in a while a man blossoms, but in millions of people the blossoming of one man is not a rule, it is the exception. And because he is alone, the crowd cannot tolerate him. He becomes a kind of humiliation; his very presence becomes insulting, because he opens your eyes, makes you aware of your potential and your future. And it hurts your ego that you have done nothing to grow, to be more conscious, to be more loving, to be more ecstatic, to be more creative, to be more silent -- to make a beautiful world around you.

You have not contributed to the world, your existence has not been a blessing here but a curse. You introduce your anger, your violence, your jealousy, your competitiveness, your lust for power. You make the world a war field; you are bloodthirsty and you make others bloodthirsty. You deprive humanity of its humanness. You help man to fall below humanity, even sometimes below animals.

Hence a Gautam Buddha or a Kabir or a Chuang Tzu hurts you because he has blossomed, and you are just standing

there. Springs come and go, nothing blossoms in you; no birds come and make their nest on you, and sing their songs around you. It is better to crucify a Jesus and poison a Socrates -- just to remove them -- so that you need not feel in any way spiritually inferior.

The world has known only very few rebels.

But now is the time: if humanity proves incapable of producing a large number of rebels -- a rebellious spirit -- then our days on the earth are numbered. Then this century may become our graveyard. We are coming very close to that point.

We have to change our consciousness, create more meditative energy in the world, create more lovingness. We have to destroy the old man and his ugliness, his rotten ideologies, his stupid discriminations, idiotic superstitions, and create a new man, with fresh eyes, with new values; a discontinuity with the past -- that's the meaning of rebelliousness.

These three words will help you to understand...

Reform means a modification. The old remains, you give it a new form, a new shape -- a kind of renovation of an old building. Its original structure remains; you whitewash it, you clean it, you make a few windows, a few new doors.

Revolution goes deeper than reform. The old remains, but more changes are introduced -- even in its basic structure -- not only changing its color and opening a few windows and doors, but perhaps making new stories, taking it higher into the sky. But the old is not destroyed, it remains hidden behind the new; in fact, it remains the very foundation of the new. Revolution is a continuity with the old.

Rebellion is a discontinuity. It is not reform, it is not revolution; it is simply disconnecting yourself from all that is old. The old religions, the old political ideologies, the old man -- all that is old, you disconnect yourself from it. You start life afresh, from scratch. And unless we prepare humanity to begin life again -- a resurrection, a death of the old and a birth of the new...

It is very significant to remember that the day Gautam Buddha was born, his mother died; as he was coming out of the womb, his mother was going out of existence. Perhaps this was historical, because he was brought up by his mother's sister -- he never saw his mother alive. And now it has become a traditional idea in Buddhism that whenever a buddha is born, his mother dies immediately, his mother cannot survive. I take it as a symbolic and very significant indication. It means the birth of a rebel is the death of the old.

The revolutionary tries to change the old; **The Rebel** simply comes out of the old, just as the snake slips out of the old skin, and never looks back. Unless we create such rebellious people around the earth, man has no future. The old man has brought man to his ultimate death. It is the old mind, the old ideologies, the old religions -- they have all combined together to bring about this situation of global suicide. Only a new man can save humanity and this planet, and the beautiful life of this planet.

I teach rebellion, not revolution. To me, rebelliousness is the essential quality of a religious man. It is spirituality in its absolute purity.

The days of revolution are over. The French revolution failed, the Russian revolution failed, the Chinese revolution

failed. In this country we have seen the Gandhian revolution fail, and it failed in front of Gandhi's own eyes. Gandhi was teaching nonviolence his whole life, and in front of his own eyes the country was divided; millions of people were killed, burned alive; millions of women were raped. And Gandhi himself was shot dead. That is a strange end of a nonviolent saint.

And he himself forgot all his teachings. Before his revolution was secured, Gandhi was asked by an American thinker, Louis Fischer, "What are you going to do with the arms, armies, and all the different weapons, when India becomes an independent country?"

Gandhi said, "I'm going to throw all the arms into the ocean, and send all the armies to work in the fields and in the gardens."

And Louis Fischer asked, "But have you forgotten? Somebody can invade your country."

Gandhi said, "We will welcome him. If somebody invades us, we will accept him as a guest and tell him, `You can also live here, just the way we are living. There is no need to fight.'"

But he completely forgot all his philosophy -- that's how revolutions fail. It is very beautiful to talk about these things, but when power comes into your hands... First, Mahatma Gandhi did not accept any post in the government. It was out of fear, because how was he going to answer the whole world? What about throwing the arms into the ocean? What about sending the armies to work in the fields? He escaped from the responsibility for which he had been fighting his whole life, seeing that it was going to

create tremendous trouble for him; he would have to contradict his own philosophy.

But the government was made up of his own disciples, chosen by him. He did not ask them to dissolve the armies, on the contrary. When Pakistan attacked India, he did not say to the Indian government, "Now go to the borders and welcome the invaders as guests." Instead, he blessed the first three airplanes that were going to bomb Pakistan. The three airplanes flew over the villa where he was staying in New Delhi, and he came out into the garden to bless them. And with his blessings they went ahead to destroy our own people, who just a few days before were our brothers and our sisters. Unashamedly, without ever seeing the contradiction...

The Russian revolution failed in front of the very eyes of Lenin. He was preaching according to Karl Marx, that "When the revolution comes, we will dissolve marriage, because marriage is part of private property; as private property goes out, marriage will also go out. People can be lovers, can live together; children will be taken care of by the society."

But as the revolution succeeded, he saw the enormousness of the problem: to take care of so many children... who is going to take care of those children? And to dissolve marriage... for the first time he saw that your society depends on the family. The family is a basic unit -- without the family, your society will be dissolved. And it will be dangerous -- dangerous to creating a dictatorship of the proletariat, because people will become more independent if they don't have the responsibilities of the family.

You can see the logic. If people have the responsibilities of a wife, of an old father, an old mother, of children, they are so burdened they cannot be rebellious. They cannot go against the government, they have too many responsibilities. But if people have no responsibilities, if the old people are taken care of by the government -- as they had been promising before the revolution -- if children are taken care of by the government, and people can live together for as long as they love each other, they don't need permission for marriage, and they don't need any divorce; it is their private personal affair and the government has no business to interfere....

But when it came about that the power was in the hands of the Communist Party, and Lenin was the leader, everything changed. Once power comes into their hands, people start thinking differently. Now the thinking was that to make people so independent of responsibilities is dangerous -- they will become too individualistic. So let them be burdened with a family. They will remain enslaved just because of an old mother, an old father, a sick wife, or children and their education. Then they don't have the time or the courage to go against the government in any matter. The family is one of the greatest traps that society has used for millennia to keep man a slave. Lenin forgot all about dissolving families.

It is very strange how revolutions have failed. They have failed at the hands of the revolutionaries themselves, because once the power comes into their hands, they start thinking in different ways. Then they become too attached to the power. Then their whole effort is how to keep the

power forever in their hands, and how to keep the people enslaved.
The future needs no other revolutions. The future needs a new experiment which has not been tried yet. Although for thousands of years there have been rebels, they remained alone -- individuals. Perhaps the time was not ripe for them. But now the time is not only ripe... if you don't hurry, the time has come to an end.
By the end of this century, either man will disappear, or a new man with a new vision will appear on the earth. He will be a rebel.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
WHEN I SIT IN DISCOURSE, AND YOUR EYES ARE DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM MINE, AFTER A SHORT WHILE THE FEELING OF CRYING AND LAUGHING, OF SADNESS AND GREAT JOY ARISE IN UNISON WITHIN ME. CAN YOU SPEAK ON THIS MIXTURE OF FEELINGS, MY BELOVED MASTER, AND CLEAR THIS MIRRORING IN MY DEEPEST CONSCIOUSNESS?

Thanasis, what you have been feeling is not a mixture of feelings, it is the whole range of the rainbow. The rainbow is not just a mixture of all the colors, it is a beautiful arrangement, harmonious, in deep accord.
You say, "When I sit in discourse, and your eyes are directly across from mine, after a short while the feeling of crying and laughing, of sadness and great joy arise in

unison within me. Can you speak on this mixture of feelings...?"

The first thing: it is not a mixture of feelings. For example, the feelings of crying and laughing are not contradictory. You can cry out of joy, not only out of misery; you can cry out of great blissfulness. Tears are nothing but an overflow; they can be an overflow of sadness, they can be an overflow of joy, they can be an overflow of love.

And because your crying and laughter are together, it is absolutely certain that your crying and your laughter are not contradictory. Your laughter is so overwhelming that tears come to your eyes; you cannot contain it, it is not finished and exhausted in laughter itself. The joy is so much that it needs your laughter and your tears both to express itself. So I will not call it a mixture of feelings, but simply a two-dimensional expression of a single feeling.

You say, "Sadness and great joy arise in unison within me." Again, the same thing is the case. Sadness is not necessarily misery, suffering, pain; it is associated with those things because we live in misery, in suffering, in pain. That's why we don't know other nuances of sadness. A silent man also feels deep sadness, but it is not out of suffering, it is just an expression of silence.

And you are feeling great joy at the same time. The joy can be so great that it becomes inexpressible. Expression has limitations -- how to express joy? You can dance, you can sing. But here, sitting in the discourse, those dimensions are closed -- you cannot sing, you cannot dance. Your wife is present here. Your own intelligence will say, "What are you doing? Have you gone mad?" And your wife, Amrito, is going to Greece. She will spread the message there that

Thanasis is dancing and singing in discourse; he has gone out of his mind.

Because you cannot express your joy, that unexpressed joy comes out as something closer to sadness. But it is not the sadness that people know ordinarily, it is just that joy unexpressed turns into silence and sadness. There is no contradiction, you need not be worried about it. In fact, after the discourse you should try singing and dancing, and see how sadness immediately disappears because joy has found its ways of expression.

And don't stop your tears, don't be shy about crying; it is one of the most beautiful experiences. But it has been condemned for centuries by the old humanity. People have been told that it is not manly to cry and weep.

Now, psychological researchers say something totally different. They say women have never been conditioned against crying and weeping for the simple reason that man wanted them to look weak, not to look strong. He himself wanted to look strong, made of steel. Crying and weeping is for the weak, feminine mind. So he has never stopped them. But the ultimate result is that women live five years longer than men. One hundred and fifteen boys are born for every one hundred girls, but by the time they get married, fifteen boys have died off while a hundred girls are still alive; they are stronger, they have more resistance.

Women talk about suicide more than men -- almost every day, over any small thing -- but they never commit it. Even if sometimes they commit suicide they commit it with sleeping pills, just so the husband has to call the doctor and becomes ashamed. And the neighborhood gathers, and

humiliates him: "You should not behave so... you are a barbarian!" And the woman does not die.

The number of suicides of men is double that of women; the number of murders is twenty times more than those of women. The amount of madness is four times more than women's. It is very strange, because the women look more crazy -- they go crazy about small things. They start throwing cups and saucers... but they always throw cheap things. I have been watching, because this is strange: they never throw costly things. They throw pillows, they don't really want to hurt -- they throw in such a way that it does not hurt the husband. But they create a tantrum, and the whole neighborhood knows.

And that's what the husband is afraid of! So they make a fool of him, and he's ready to accept whatever they want. Whichever movie they want to go to, whichever car they want to purchase, the husband will purchase it even if he has to sell himself. "Nothing to worry... but don't make a drama!"

But strangely enough, women don't go mad as much as men, and the psychological insight is that it is because they are free to cry and to weep. They are free to throw tantrums, break old, rotten pottery, cups and saucers which anyway had to be thrown. But in this way, they release their madness in installments -- the American way! Man goes on accumulating, and there comes a point that it becomes too much and he has to do something: kill himself, or kill somebody else.

I used to be a neighbor of a Bengali professor, Professor Battacharya. The first day I entered my bungalow at night, there was a great fight between Battacharya and his wife.

And the walls were so thin that even if you whispered, still you could hear... and they were shouting! Although I had no idea of Bengali... but one thing was certain: something was going to happen, they were really furious!
Finally, the professor opened the door and went out. I had to ask the wife, "I don't know you people, I have come for the first day to this house, but I cannot resist the temptation to inquire what is happening. Where has your husband gone? And because I don't understand your language, it has become even more difficult; otherwise, I would have done something. You just tell me -- where has he gone in the middle of the night?"
She said, "You need not be worried. He has gone to commit suicide."
I said, "Are you mad? If he has gone to commit suicide... you are telling me not to be worried?"
She said, "He goes almost every day. You don't know Bengalis. They are not like Punjabis that if they go to commit suicide, they will commit it. He will come back within five, seven minutes -- just wait."
I said, "Okay, but my feeling is that I should go and find him."
She said, "Don't be worried, he will be just five or seven minutes at the most." And within seven minutes, he was back!
I asked him, "You had gone to commit suicide?"
He said, "Yes, I had gone to commit suicide, but the train comes only one time a day. It comes in the morning at eight o'clock, and to pass the whole night in the cold, lying down on the rails... it is too much. I will rest in the house, and I will see in the morning."

His wife said, "Look, do you think this man will ever be capable of committing suicide?"
And then it was every day, but by and by I became accustomed. One day he came back because it started raining. A man who has gone to commit suicide does not come back because it is raining! What does it matter when you are going to die? But any excuse... and his wife was absolutely certain that there was no need to be alarmed: "In Bengal, no Bengali commits suicide. They talk about it."
One day things came to such a great crisis that he told his wife, "You prepare my tiffin." I was listening -- they were fighting. Suddenly he said, "You prepare my tiffin. I'm going to commit suicide."
And I saw him going out with his umbrella and tiffin. I asked Battacharya, "Have you decided firmly this time?"
He said, "Absolutely! Just because the trains arrive late, I'm taking the tiffin with me. I'm not going to come back. Enough is enough."
But the train was very late. And the first thing he did -- because I followed him.... The station was not far away from the university, just half a mile. I followed behind him to see what he did. The first thing he did, sitting under a beautiful tree -- he ate his breakfast, and inquired when the train would come. It was six hours late, so he went back.
I met him on the way. I said, "What happened?"
He said, "It is too late. And in six hours, I will again feel hungry. So it is better to go home, and if I decide to commit suicide, I will have to bring the tiffin again."
But this may be a special characteristic of the Bengalis! Generally, around the world, men commit suicide four times more than women, but more in countries which are

countries of warriors. For example, in Japan, the ratio is ten times more. A Japanese can commit suicide for the slightest reason -- such a trivial thing that you would not think that it was worth committing suicide over. In Germany, seven times more men than women do it. The warrior races.... Man is trained to prove himself as if made of steel, and a man made of steel does not cry.

The psychological investigations show that it is crying and weeping that makes women stronger in many ways -- they live longer, they have more resistance against weaknesses, sicknesses. Men become sick more. Women have more resistance against pain, misery, poverty, than men, and the whole credit goes to their tears -- because they can cry wholeheartedly.

Thanasis, enjoy crying and laughing together; that is what is expected of every madman. Only madmen laugh and cry together, sane people do only one thing at a time. They always remain rational. They think crying and laughing are contradictory, so if they want to cry and laugh, they separate them: sometimes they can cry, sometimes they can laugh, but they miss the joy of the harmony of both. Neither is laughter by itself so juicy as it is with crying and tears, nor are tears so dancing as they are with laughter. Each misses something.

Always remember that you have the full orchestra within you. The new man I am continuously interested in will express himself just like a rainbow -- all the colors -- without any fear. Let the world think you are mad. If you are enjoying it, it is right! If you can dance and sing and cry altogether, simultaneously playing on your guitar, you will become aware for the first time of a tremendous harmony

in all these different dimensions which you have never thought can be together. They are together. In the deepest silences of your heart, they are together. Express them as they come naturally, and don't be ashamed of anything. Never be ashamed of your nature; be respectful of your nature. Never have any condemnatory tone. That's what all the traditions have given to you as a heritage: condemnation of yourself. And in this tricky manner they have taken away your dignity, your self-respect.
I want to give you back your self-respect, your dignity, your dance, your crying, your love, your joy, your sadness, your silences. I want you to be as rich as possible -- all these feelings and emotions and moods are your treasures. Nothing has to be denied, everything has to be absorbed; nothing has to be thrown away, everything has to be made part of an orchestra.

Mr. Green receives a cable from his son in India.
"Dear Father, have decided to go to Poona and become a sannyasin."
Mr. Green bangs the table. Distraught and not knowing what to do, he decides to go to his old friend, Mr. Levy, and seek advice.
When he tells Mr. Levy the sad news, his friend turns white and says, "It is a funny thing you should say that to me. This morning I had a telephone call from my son. He also has gone to India to become a sannyasin."
Mr. Levy bangs the table. They look at one another in consternation.
Mr. Green says, "What shall we do?"

"We will go and see Alderman Goldberg, and see what he says."
They call on the alderman, and tell him their story. He looks back at them in dismay and says, "It is a funny thing you should say that to me. My son too! By telex he tells me he's in India to become a sannyasin." The alderman bangs on the table.
"We have to do something about it," says Mr. Green.
"What do you suggest? What can we do?" asks the alderman.
"We will go to speak to the rabbi. Who else?"
So they go to the school, and find the rabbi praying. They tell him the bad news, and he nearly faints. He bangs the seat, and stammers out, "It is a funny thing that you should say that to me. My son also... I'm so ashamed."
"We must do something," insists the alderman.
The rabbi finds some strength, "Yes, we will. We will pray to God for guidance in the manner of our people in mourning." They tear their clothes, put ashes on their heads, and for two days without food and water they pray, "Almighty one, help us in our time of need."
And on the second day, the heavens open and the voice of God is heard. "What can I do for my people?"
The rabbi, head bowed, says, "Ah, great one, help us. Our sons have gone to India to become sannyasins."
There is an almighty bang, and again the voice of God is heard, "It is a funny thing you should say that to me. What can I do for you? My own son has gone there too."

Thanasis, don't be worried. All the sons are here, and those who are not here are on the way. And soon, we are going to

fill the world with crying and laughing, dancing and singing people. And let these old guys bang, and bang, and bang; don't be bothered about that. Their banging is not going to help.

And once they see you dancing, and singing, and enjoying, I don't think they will continue banging on the tables. Soon, one by one they will start crying and weeping; and somebody daring enough will start singing and dancing, because even in the oldest people youth never dies. The young man always lives somewhere deep inside -- you just have to call him forth. You have to give him enough challenge.

Thanasis, you will be going back to Greece. I would have loved to come with you, but your archbishop wants to burn me alive. Your government consists of such impotent people that they became afraid of your archbishop. He was threatening the government that if I was not thrown out of Greece immediately, he would lead a procession against me, dynamite the house in which Thanasis and his wife, Amrito, had arranged my residence, and burn alive all the people who were there in the house -- without any reason. I was going to be there only for four weeks, with a tourist visa, and I had lived there for two weeks already. I had not gone out of the house, I had not committed any crime.

But the archbishop was creating so much fuss, and the government was so impotent that it could not say to the archbishop that unless I had committed some crime, they could not cancel my visa. And it was only a question of two more weeks. The archbishop was saying to the government, "This man is dangerous. He will destroy our religion, he will destroy our morality, he will destroy our tradition."

And it is interesting, immensely interesting that no intellectuals in Greece... and this is the country of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, and Plotinus, and Pythagoras, and Heraclitus, and Epicurus. No intellectuals of the country told the government, "This is absolutely against the law, against the constitution. If a man can destroy your morality, your religion, your tradition of two thousand years within two weeks, then it is not worth..."

It is such a simple fact! If you have made a religion and morality in two thousand years which can be destroyed in two weeks by a single individual -- who is not even going out of his house -- then your religion and your tradition and your morality are just useless. They should be destroyed. But the government, like all governments, consists of the most impotent people of their country. Why should it be so? Perhaps the impotent people have a tremendous desire to have power over others. They don't have any power within themselves; they want to have power over others as a substitute. All politicians are suffering from an inferiority complex; they are sick people. And it does not matter which country.

This archbishop had nobody with him -- just six old women were his whole congregation. I inquired, "Every day I hear about the procession, but it never comes. I would love to see the procession against me, the archbishop... The Greek Orthodox church is the oldest Christian church in the world, so I would love to see..." And every day the threat -- but the procession never came. Finally, I was told that it would never come -- "Who will go in his procession? Only six old women who are almost dead -- that is his whole

congregation. He would look foolish to lead a procession of those six old women."

The procession never came, but the government became afraid because the politician is always afraid of the voters. Only four percent of Greeks are regular churchgoers, but ninety percent of Greeks are Christians. They may not go to the church, but as far as voting is concerned, that archbishop has some power. The politicians have to listen to him, even against their own law and their own constitution.

They deported me. It was a beautiful scene on two points at the airport. I had come to pick up my own jet. The deputy police inspector stamped my passport that I was being deported. I told him, "You also write down the reason why I am deported. If you people had guts, the archbishop of your church should have been deported because he was creating a nuisance. He was threatening criminal acts, and you are deporting me."

I took away his pen, and crossed out his whole seal. My passport is an historical document. He said, "What are you doing?" I said, "I am not deported. I am LEAVING Greece. You have to write down that you have crossed it out, and sign it." He became so afraid that I might create some trouble, he immediately wrote that he had crossed out the seal, and he put on another seal saying that I was leaving Greece.

They wouldn't allow me to have a press conference at the airport even though the world press had gathered there. And to receive me, there were forty police officers and even the chief of the police was there. As I was talking to the press, he wanted to interrupt me. And I told him, "Shut

up! Go back and stand in your place." And strangely enough, he simply went back and stood in his own place. He must have been afraid that the TV cameras were there, and if I were to shout and say something else, that would be seen throughout the world -- "It is better..." But this much was enough on the TV screen: that I shouted and put him back in his place.
I said, "What is the need of forty police officers? Of what are you afraid? I'm not carrying any nuclear weapons, and in the middle of the night, I'm not going to destroy anybody's morality. I am tired and I simply want to go to my plane, and go to sleep. What is the need of forty police officers? All the highest ranking police officers...?"
Such cowards constitute our governments, our police, our army, our politicians, our priests.

The rabbi, acquainting himself with his new pupils, asks little Hymie if his family is religious.
"Ah, yes," Hymie reassures him, "especially my mother. Every night when she goes to bed with my father, I hear her shouting, `Oh, God, I'm coming.'"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #2
Chapter title: Beyond the capacity of the mind
1 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SIT AND ALLOW MY MIND TO BE QUIET -- SOMETIMES FOR ONLY A SECOND, BUT SOMETIMES FOR LONGER. SINCE THIS HAS BEEN HAPPENING, I HAVE EXPERIENCED MANY BEAUTIFUL SPACES, AS IF THIS QUIETNESS SOMEHOW INVITES THE UNIVERSE IN. INSIDE THESE GLIMPSES THERE IS NO DOUBT, NO `ME' TO DOUBT. COMING OUT, I DOUBT. I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER THIS DOUBT COMES FROM MY MIND OR SIMPLY FROM AN INNER KNOWLEDGE THAT THERE IS YET SO MUCH MORE.
MASTER, CAN I TRUST THAT I AM MOVING INTO MEDITATION, OR IS MY MIND CUNNING ENOUGH TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT I AM?

Antar Devopama, mind is capable of creating all kinds of illusions, hallucinations. But mind is not capable of creating the illusion of meditation, for the simple reason that meditation is an absence of mind. All other illusions and hallucinations need mind to be present; they are mind projections.
Only meditation is beyond the capacity of mind. Because it is beyond the mind, mind has no experience of meditation; it cannot delude you. If you are feeling meditative, silent, thoughtless, innocent, a pure space, you can trust that you have entered the temple of meditation.
Mind is certainly cunning, but there is a limit to that cunningness, and mind finds that limit in meditation.

Meditation actually is the death of the mind; the mind cannot manage it. So if something of meditation is happening, you can trust it totally.
The questions arise only when you come back to the mind. Your meditation is only for a few moments, then you are back to the mind; and mind starts creating distrust. That is the nature of mind, to create distrust. It starts creating questions. But when you are in meditation -- those few moments -- mind cannot speak at all. For those few moments, mind virtually does not exist; its function stops.

A Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, and a Jewish rabbi met on a golf course and decided to bet on who would win their game. But first they had to decide what proportion of their winnings should be given back to God.
"Let us draw a small circle on the ground, throw our winnings up in the air, and what lands in the circle goes to God," the Catholic priest suggested.
"No, let us draw a large circle," said the Protestant minister, "throw the money up, and what lands outside the circle will go to God."
"Wait," cried the rabbi. "Forget all about circles. Let us throw the money up, and what stays up God can keep."

Mind is very clever. But as far as meditation is concerned, mind is absolutely impotent.
Your question is, "For the past few weeks, I have been able to sit and allow my mind to be quiet -- sometimes for only a second, but sometimes for longer. Since this has been happening, I have experienced many beautiful spaces, as if this quietness somehow invites the universe in. Inside these

glimpses, there is no doubt, no `me' to doubt. Coming out, I doubt. I do not know whether this doubt comes from my mind, or simply from an inner knowledge that there is yet so much more. Can I trust that I am moving into meditation, or is my mind cunning enough to make me believe that I am?"

Mind is not capable of that. But one thing more has to be remembered: that whatever beautiful experiences may be happening to you, your inner being knows perfectly well that there is yet so much more. Mind does not know that. In a way, mind is very poor. All its experiences are very mundane -- about money, about power, about prestige, about borrowed knowledge, about a thousand and one things but they are all trivia.

Mind has no understanding, or even a suspicion that there exists a dreamland within you, a golden place. Mind cannot conceive what blissfulness is, what it is to be totally conscious, what constitutes ecstasy. Mind is not meant for that.

Make the division clear: mind is for the objective world -- there it has tremendous capacity. The whole of science is a creation of the mind.

Meditation is for the inner world, the subjective. That's why in the East science could not develop, and in the West, Gautam Buddhas could not be born. The West remained confined to the mind, reached to the deeper secrets of matter but could not manage even a single glimpse of the inner world. Rather than accepting its inability, the mind simply says there is no inner world. In that way, it can hide its impotence.

For centuries, the East worked only on meditation. Meditation cannot create technology. Meditation can give you tremendous experiences of your immortality, of the universal godliness, of an oceanic ecstasy. But meditation is incapable -- in the same way as mind is incapable -- of knowing anything about matter. That's why, in the East, the mystics have denied the very existence of the outside world, saying it is maya, it is illusion.

It is the same logic. Mind denies the inner world -- that there is no inner world, no spiritual world, no soul, nothing divine, all is solid matter. Meditation, on the other hand, in a similar way denies that there is anything real outside -- the real is inside.

That's why the East has remained poor -- at least outwardly poor; its richness is of the inner. The West has become rich outwardly; its poverty has remained of the inner.

The man I conceive of in the future should not deny either; there is no need -- there is no conflict, there is no contradiction. Mind is for matter, and matter is a reality not an illusion. Meditation is for consciousness, and consciousness is a higher reality -- not a by-product of matter, or just a hypothesis; it is an experiential fact. Without any exception, whoever has gone in has found consciousness.

I want the new man to rebel against the West and to rebel against the East, because they have divided man and they have divided man's conception.

They both have created a certain kind of poverty, when man can be rich on both the sides. There is no conflict at all. You can meditate in a golden palace; the gold in the palace is not going to disturb your meditation.

There is no need to renounce the world; in fact, it is so surprising that the people who have called the world illusory have insisted on renouncing it. If it is illusory, what are you renouncing? If it does not exist, then where are you going? What is there to renounce? Your every sense says the world is real -- it is just that your meditation is incapable of penetrating the objective reality.

If the world were really unreal, then renouncing the world would not have been considered something saintly, but something stupid. You don't renounce your dreams in the morning -- "I renounce all my dreams of the night, they were all unreal." If they were unreal, what is there to renounce? I have never heard of anybody renouncing his dreams.

But all the mystics in the past have been calling the world unreal, and yet insisting on renouncing it, going to the mountains and to the deserts. There is some fear, there is some need to escape. And the fear is that their mind and all their senses insist on the reality of the world -- which goes against their experience of meditation. They find themselves in a very great dilemma. Just to have a peaceful state, it is better to call one of the two illusory, and escape from it so that you are no longer split, in a dilemma, in any problem. They are trying to make life simple.

The scientist has been denying consciousness, he has been denying anything of the inner. It is so stupid because simple logic will say if there is something outer, the inner must exist. Without the inner, how can the outer exist? They are together, inevitable, inseparable.

But the scientist's problem is the same, the same dilemma. His whole knowledge, experience, experiments and

conclusions are about the objective world. He has to deny meditation because that becomes a distraction to him. If there is something like meditation, if there is something like a divine being within man, then all his great effort in physics, in chemistry and in biology becomes trivia. It is easier to say that there is no soul, no consciousness. This way, in the past, man has been solving his conflict. But in fact this has not solved anything, it has made him both in a way rich, and in a way poor.

My own perception for the new man is that he has to be rich on both sides, there is no need to be poor. He has to be rich in science, in technology, in whatever mind can do, and he has to be rich in meditation, in love, in ecstasy. And there is no need to create any contradiction. Mind's function is limited, and meditation's function is limited. Their spheres don't overlap.

Devopama, there is certainly much more to experience, and this statement will remain true forever. Whatever you experience, you will find there is still much more ahead of you. The inner is as inexhaustible as the outer.

In the Middle Ages, religious people used to think that the earth was the center of the whole universe, and that all the stars were hanging around like lanterns to give light in the night when the sun sets -- they were almost touchable, very close. As science grew more and more in its understanding, it was astounding to know that these stars are far away -- the closest star is four light years away.

They had to invent a new measurement, the light year, because miles wouldn't do. One light year is the measurement of a ray traveling in one year's time, and the speed of light traveling is one hundred and eighty-six

thousand miles per second. With that speed, the closest star can be reached in four years -- and we have discovered almost four million stars. With the naked eye in the night, you see only about three hundred stars. You will be surprised, because you think you see thousands of stars... try to count!

Nobody has been able to count more than three hundred. Then he gets mixed up, then he starts forgetting whether he has taken this star into account or not. But scientists say the eyes cannot see more than three hundred stars, and there are four million.

And every day new stars are being discovered which are farther away, so far away that it becomes almost unimaginable. Stars have been found whose light started coming towards the earth when there was no earth... that means four billion years, and their light has not yet reached us -- four billion years with that speed. And scientists say that there are stars which will never know that the earth ever existed, because by the time their light will reach it, the earth will be gone, the sun will be dead. They started the journey when the earth and the sun were not in existence, and they will reach when both are finished. They will never know that a planet like earth ever existed.

And scientists have been shocked and surprised because every day new stars go on bubbling up. As our instruments for measuring distance become more and more subtle and refined, new stars are discovered.

Albert Einstein, perhaps the only man in history who has devoted his whole life to the stars, finally said, "Their number is infinite, and above all they are running away with the same speed as light from some center which we

don't know about. They are all spreading farther and farther away."

It seems perhaps the idea in the Middle Ages may have been an old, ancient idea, but stars were closer! In millions of years, they have run far away -- and certainly the earth is not the center; it is so small that it is almost negligible. Even our great star, which is six thousand times bigger than the earth, is a mediocre star; there are stars thousands of times bigger than our sun. And science has not been able to find the center from which they are escaping in all directions.

Bertrand Russell has a beautiful story....

A Christian priest had a dream that he had died, and of course reached heaven. But he was very shocked because the doors of heaven were so big that he could not see where they ended. In all directions, as far as he could see, there was the door. And he himself, compared to the door, looked like an ant. He was very shocked: "This is very disrespectful. I was hoping that God would be here at the gate, and angels would be playing on their harps, `Allelujah!'"

The gate was closed. He knocked, but he himself wondered, "Who is going to hear?" The gate was so vast; his knock was such a small sound, almost inaudible. It took him three days continuously knocking.

Then Saint Peter opened a window and looked down. He had one thousand eyes. The priest immediately fell on his knees, and said, "God."

Saint Peter said, "I'm not God, I'm just the gatekeeper. You must have heard, my name is Saint Peter. As far as God is concerned, I have not yet been able to see him. It is a very

vast space. Although I have one thousand eyes, I have not yet been able, in two thousand years, to find him."
The priest said, "This is unbelievable. What about Jesus Christ?"
Saint Peter said, "I have not found him either, the place is so big. I have been searching for two thousand years. And who are you?"
He said, "I am a Christian priest from the earth."
Saint Peter said, "This won't do. What is the index number of your earth, which earth? There are millions of earths; each star has its own solar system, has its own planets, its own moons, its own earths. So you give me the index number, and I will run to the library to find out from which earth you are coming."
The priest said, "My God! I have never heard about any index number. I'm coming from the solar system."
Saint Peter said, "Each star has its own solar system, and there are millions of solar systems. Again, you will have to give me the index number."
It became a nightmare. There was no question of his getting a welcome. First, he had to give his identity; only then would the doors open. Saint Peter disappeared, telling him, "I'm going to the library. Perhaps the librarian can help me."
Waiting, and waiting, and waiting... perhaps thousands of years passed... he woke up from this nightmare, and he said, "My God! It is better to be alive; I don't want to go to such a heaven. I cancel all the prayers that I have made before. It is so humiliating."
But this is the situation. To us, our earth looks so big; compared to the sun, it is nothing. To us, our sun looks so

big; compared to the stars, it is nothing. And the stars compared to the universe are nothing -- just soap bubbles. Just as mind is getting more and more baffled as it is approaching into the deeper realms of objective reality, in the same way, meditation goes on and on -- new spaces go on opening up. It is never that you come to a place at which you can say, "This is the dead end of the street." There is no dead end of the street -- neither inwards, nor outwards. Both are infinite.

Hence, the feeling coming to you that there is "yet so much more," is absolutely correct -- and it is going to remain relevant forever! It is not that one day you will say, "Now the journey is finished."

There is no goal, there is only a beautiful pilgrimage. Make the most of it -- outwardly and inwardly. Have all possible experiences, and move on.

Gautam Buddha used to end his sermons every day with the word charaiveti: move on, move on. Never stop and think that you have come to the end.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

TO BE A DISCIPLE HAS ALWAYS MEANT TO ME TO FOLLOW YOU, TO BE UNDER YOUR GUIDANCE, AS IF NOT TO HAVE A SELF OF MY OWN. I WAS NEVER AWARE OF THE FACT THAT BEING A DISCIPLE IS TO BE AS YOU ARE, AND TO ALLOW YOUR PRESENCE, YOUR EYES, AND YOUR ACTIONS TO PUT LIGHT ON MY BEING PRESENT, ON MY ACTIONS, ON MY ABILITY TO SEE CLEARLY WHAT IS HAPPENING INSIDE.

IS THERE ANOTHER WORD TO DESCRIBE THIS RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU? DISCIPLE DOESN'T SEEM APPROPRIATE.

Anand Asimo, in the first place, your idea of being a disciple is not right. You say, "To be a disciple has always meant to me to follow you." I have been saying almost every day not to follow me; follow your own consciousness! And the word `disciple' comes from the same root as discipline; its basic meaning is learning. Follow your consciousness, follow your own light; and if you can learn anything from me, don't believe it -- experiment with it. If it proves right to you, it is yours, not mine.

Your idea of a disciple is not right: "To be under your guidance, as if not to have a self of my own..." Do you hear me or not? I'm saying that you should have your own self, your own individuality; that here you are not expected to surrender yourself, or your individuality, and become a slave, a spiritual slave. All the religions have been doing that for centuries: making millions of people spiritual slaves -- which is the greatest slavery.

My insistence has been that, at the most, you are my fellow traveler; we are on the same journey. Maybe I am a step ahead of you, and my experience can help you to take that one step. But there is no insistence that you have to take that step, because it may not be suitable to you, to your individuality.

In the light of my experience, you have to find your own way. My experience can only give you hints. My finger can point to the moon, but my finger is not the moon. You don't

have to become my finger, nor do you have to worship my finger. You have to forget my finger, and look at where it is pointing.

Because of your wrong conception, the second part of your question arises: "I was never aware of the fact that being a disciple is to be as you are." No, that is not right either. You are not to be as I am, or as Jesus Christ is, or as Gautam Buddha is.

You have to be yourself. Existence never repeats. That's why, in twenty-five centuries, there has not been another Gautam Buddha and there never will be again. Existence is so creative, so innovative that it need not repeat an old model.

It happened once... a super-rich man purchased a painting of Picasso for one million dollars. Naturally, he asked a critic of paintings, "Is it authentic? -- because if not, I'm wasting one million dollars."

The critic said, "About this painting, I can say with an absolute guarantee that it is authentic. It is Picasso."

But the rich man said, "I would like to give you your fee, but only if you take me to Picasso and he confirms that it is actually his painting. I want to be absolutely certain."

The critic said, "I was staying with Picasso when he did this painting but if you insist, we can go. He is one of my friends."

They went to Picasso, and Picasso flatly denied that it was authentic. The critic said, "This is too much. I was present when you were painting this."

Picasso's girlfriend was also present and she said, "Why you are lying? I was also present when you were painting it."

Picasso said, "Who has said that I did not paint it? But it is not authentic."
They were all puzzled, "What does he mean, he has painted it and it is not authentic?"
Picasso said, "You are looking puzzled, but the simple fact is, I painted the same painting before. One rich man was asking for a painting, and I had no new ideas so I simply painted again an old idea. The authentic painting is still in the gallery in Paris; this is only a copy. It does not matter who made the copy. Somebody else could have made it or I could have made it, but it is a copy -- it is not new, an original. Hence I cannot say it is authentic."
His sense of authenticity and originality is very clear. Existence is always original and always authentic. It never creates two persons exactly the same.
You don't have to be like me or like anybody else. That is not disciplehood, that is becoming a carbon copy. And to be a carbon copy is one of the ugliest things in the world. But all the religions have been doing that -- creating carbon copies, calling them great saints. They are simply fake, actors, they are simply acting. How can you have the heart of Jesus ? How can you have the perceptivity of Jesus? How can you have the courage...? You can pretend. You can have hair like Jesus, you can have the beard, you can carry a cross. You can even start believing that you are Jesus Christ.
One man in America started believing that he was Abraham Lincoln. Every effort was made, but he would stutter just the way Abraham Lincoln used to stutter and he would walk the way Abraham Lincoln used to walk -- he was a little lame. And his face was very similar and he had grown

the beard. The family was tired. Finally, they took him to a psychiatrist, who used a lie detector.

There exists a machine now that can detect lies. You don't know it but it may be hidden just underneath you -- you may be standing on top of it. It is like a cardiogram. A few questions are asked -- very simple, no possibility for lying -- such as "What do you think, is it day or night?" And then the man naturally says, "It is day."

"What do you think, are the trees green or blue?" The man naturally says, "They are green." A few questions were asked in which he could not lie, and the detector was making a harmonious graph. Then suddenly the psychiatrist asked him, "Are you Abraham Lincoln?"

The man was getting tired; everybody was making a laughingstock of him. The family thought that he had gone insane and he was being dragged to this doctor, to that psychoanalyst. So finally he dropped the idea. He thought, "It is better to lie." He said, "I am not Abraham Lincoln." The family was surprised. But the lie detector said that he was lying, because deep in his heart he knew perfectly well he was Abraham Lincoln.

Copying, imitation, can go so deep. Although he was saying that he was not Abraham Lincoln -- and he was not Abraham Lincoln -- the machine was detecting his heartbeats and making a graph, so suddenly when he said, "I am not Abraham Lincoln," the graph went berserk. It lost its harmony. When the graph was taken out and the psychoanalyst studied it he said, "My God, unless he gets assassinated this man is not going to change."

Only assassination would prove whether he was Abraham Lincoln or not. But what would be the point -- after

assassination what is the need of any proof? In fact, my feeling is if that man had been assassinated and if he had had a few minutes before dying, he would have said, "Look, I have been telling all you idiots that I am Abraham Lincoln. Now the final act has come. I am assassinated." You are filled with wrong ideas. But those wrong ideas are very prevalent down the centuries.

"... And to allow your presence, your eyes and your actions to put light on my being present, on my actions, on my ability to see clearly, what is happening inside..." That is all imitation, that is all destructive; that's how man has been destroyed, that is how the whole of humanity has been enslaved.

You are just to be a friend to me, neither a believer, nor a follower, nor an imitator -- just a friend. You have to listen to me and experiment. I may be right, I may be wrong; it is your experiment which is going to decide. It is only your experimentation with yourself that will bring authentic growth, consciousness, enlightenment. There is no other way. There has never been.

And now you are asking: "Is there another word to describe this relationship with you?" What relationship? I have been against all relationships -- just friendliness, not even friendship. That word `friendship' gives a distant echo of some relationship. Just friendliness, that's enough; there is no need for more. Now you need a new name to describe this relationship? I don't have any relationship with anybody.

You are here out of freedom, out of love, out of friendliness. Why drag into it the dirty word, `relationship'? And to you, `disciple' does not seem appropriate, because

of that relationship. You want to hang around my neck a little more closely. Just have mercy on me. It is going perfectly well: you are yourself, I am myself; you love to listen to me, I love to talk to you -- that's all.

Mick was walking down a street in Dublin, when suddenly two men pulled him into an alley. Mick put up a terrific fight, but the thugs succeeded in getting him pinned down and robbed him.
When they found only thirty pence, one of the men said angrily, "You mean to say, you put up that fierce fight for a measly thirty pence? If you had sixty pence perhaps you would have killed both of us."
Mick replied, "Ah, no. I thought you were after the five hundred pounds I have hidden in my shoe."

You have been hiding your whole ideology too long. You must have thought that you are bringing a great gift in your question, but I don't accept any relationship; I have accepted the word `disciple', because it simply means a learner -- it is not a relationship.
All relationships are binding, they create trouble. You start expecting something, and the person who has allowed you to be related starts expecting something from you -- and the trouble begins. And the door to hell is not far away.
Here, no relationship exists at all. Everybody is himself. And my whole philosophy is to give you dignity, selfhood, the glory of being yourself. I am not here to make you a Christian, or a Hindu or a Buddhist.

My whole effort and love is to make you just yourself. It is easy to copy. It is difficult to be original. But unless you are original, your life will not have any juice.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
THE SILENCES BETWEEN YOUR WORDS ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE NOURISHING TO ME. OFTEN WHEN A WORD COMES AFTER A GAP OF SILENCE, I AM SURPRISED AND I WONDER HOW IT IS THAT, WITH YOUR BEING IN SUCH SILENCE, YOU ARE ABLE TO SPEAK SO ARTICULATELY -- IT SEEMS LIKE IT WOULD REQUIRE SUCH TREMENDOUS EFFORT.
WOULD YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ENLIGHTENMENT AND LANGUAGE?

Puja Melissa, I am just a storyteller. From my very childhood I have loved to tell stories, real, unreal. I was not at all aware that this telling of stories would give me an articulateness, and that it would be of tremendous help after enlightenment.
Many people become enlightened, but not all of them become masters -- for the simple reason that they are not articulate, they cannot convey what they feel, they cannot communicate what they have experienced. Now it was just accidental with me, and I think it must have been accidental with those few people who became masters, because there is no training course for it. And I can say it with certainty only about myself.

When enlightenment came, I could not speak for seven days; the silence was so profound that even the idea of saying anything about it did not arise. But after seven days, slowly, as I became accustomed to the silence, to the beautitude, to the bliss, the desire to share it -- a great longing to share it with those whom I loved was very natural.

I started talking with the people with whom I was in some way concerned, friends. I had been talking to these people for years, talking about all kinds of things. I had enjoyed only one exercise, and that was talking, so it was not very difficult to start talking about the enlightenment -- although it took years to refine and bring into words something of my silence, something of my joy.

You are asking what the relationship is between enlightenment and language. No relationship at all, because enlightenment happens in silence; there is no language, no chattering of the mind, not even a single word. And most of the enlightened people have remained silent their whole life.

Just here in this city a few years ago was a man, Meher Baba. He lived more than thirty years in silence. He was announcing every year that he would be speaking. The date would come, his disciples would gather, they would come from faraway lands -- and again he would not speak. He could not manage a connection between silence and language.

If you have not been a poet before you become enlightened, after enlightenment you cannot express yourself in poetry. But if you have been a poet before then you have a mind trained for poetry. Now this mind can be used as an

instrument to express what has happened to you -- the mysterious. If you have been a painter before, you can paint your enlightenment. Your paintings will give a peace to the eyes and those who sit by the side of your paintings -- just watching them -- will fall into meditation. So it all depends on what kind of mind you had at the time of enlightenment. If you were an architect, after enlightenment you can create a Taj Mahal, or the temples of Khajuraho, or the caves of Ajanta and Ellora. But your mind has to be ready for it before enlightenment. After enlightenment you cannot do anything with the untrained mind.

I have loved talking on all kinds of subjects. I was a trouble in school; mostly I was standing outside the room, because the teacher would throw me out. He would give me the alternative, "Either you remain silent or you go out." I thought it was better to go out. But from the window I continued questioning.

My teachers used to hit their heads with their hands. "What kind of person are you? You don't even understand that you are punished! Just go and run seven rounds of the whole campus." I would say, "If I do ten rounds, do you have any objections?" He said, "My God, I am not rewarding you." And I would say, "Because I have not done my everyday morning exercise -- it is a beautiful exercise...."

I was expelled from many colleges, expelled from universities, because no professor could cope with me. They would threaten the vice-chancellor, "We will resign if this boy continues to be in the university, because he is not allowing us to move a single inch. You say a single word and he raises so many questions -- when are we going to do the course?"

I was told by vice-chancellors, "We cannot lose our well-respected professor -- he has served many years, and he is known all over the country -- just because of an unknown student." I said, "I'm perfectly ready; you will just have to make arrangements for me in another university. I will do the same there, because I am not wrong. Your professor is saying things which are out of date -- things which have been proved wrong. He's not up to date in his information. And you are punishing me just because I am an unknown student. But remember, someday I can become a well-known person."

And when I told them the whole problem -- what the professor was saying and what my question was, they understood, saying, "You are right, but still we cannot, because that professor has not turned up for three days. He has sent his resignation. We will not expel you, but I will talk to some other college or university..."

And when I would go to some other university, their first condition was, "You are not supposed to ask any questions." I said, "What kind of university is this? If the professor is talking nonsense and I am not supposed to ask questions, this is not a seat of learning." They said, "We don't want to discuss it; your vice-chancellor phoned me saying, `Somehow accept him.' I can accept you only on one condition -- that you will not ask questions."

I said, "That is impossible. When I see someone is falling into a ditch, I cannot resist preventing him; I will forget the promise. The only solution is that you give me enough percentage for being present in the university, and I will not come at all."

And finally this was what they had to agree to -- that they would give me enough percentage for being present so that I could appear in the examination, but I need not come to the university again; just when the examinations came, I would come. So most of my time was spent in the libraries, not in the classes.
It was just accidental that I became acquainted with the subtle nuances of words, their beauty, their poetry; so when enlightenment overwhelmed me, slowly slowly I was able to at least give some indication of the beyond. But it was purely an accident.

A poor Jew is walking down the street, when he sees a rich funeral procession go by -- black Rolls Royces, lots of flowers, women in furs, a bronze-handled coffin. He shakes his head: "Now that's what I call living."

There is no relationship between enlightenment and language; just as there is no relationship between enlightenment and poetry, painting, singing, dancing, music and pottery. But if you become enlightened, and you were already a good potter, after enlightenment your pottery will have a new significance. It has happened in this country... Gorak, one of the great masters, was a potter. After his enlightenment, he continued -- that was the only art that he knew. But the art changed totally. His pottery became almost sculpture.
Another man was Kabir, who was a weaver. When he became enlightened he continued to weave, but his weaving of the clothes became a totally different thing than for any other weaver in the whole history of mankind. The

love, the blissfulness, the silence -- as if it all became part of his weaving.
Raidas, another master, was a shoemaker. When he became enlightened he continued shoemaking, but now his shoes were such that people would love not to wear them on their feet, but to keep them on their heads! They were coming from a source; they showed the love, they showed the blessings of the man. It was no ordinary shoemaking -- it had a quality of its own.

A little old lady was at the doctor's to get the result of her last week's test. "Well, it will come as a shock," the doctor told her, "so brace yourself for the news."
"Don't worry, doctor," said the shriveled old crone. "Tell me the worst, I am ready to die."
"Those cramps in your stomach... well, the tests show that you are pregnant."
"But that is impossible, doctor. I'm seventy-eight years old. How am I going to tell my husband? He's eighty-eight years old. The shock will kill him."
"I'm afraid there is no doubt about the pregnancy," the doctor told her, "but if you would like to call your husband from here, please do." The little old lady dialed her home number.
"Hello," said her husband.
"Hello, dear," she answered. "I am at the doctor's and I have some news for you."
"Yes?" said her husband.
"Well," she continued, "I had been having these cramps in my stomach, and the doctor has just told me I'm pregnant."

There was a long pause... then, "Who did you say was calling?"

A lifelong practice... it does not make any difference whether the person is eighty-eight years old -- he must be having girlfriends. The wife is worried, but the old fellow asks, "Who did you say was calling?"

Enlightenment can come to anybody at any age, but you will have to use your mind to communicate it, and that mind will be the old mind. If it is articulate in something, then that will become your expression. Haridas, a great musician and a master, never spoke about his enlightenment but only sang songs -- songs of tremendous beauty played on his sitar; and just his music conveyed something of his inner music.

Enlightenment is unrelated with anything, and after enlightenment it is very difficult -- almost impossible -- to train your mind. Mind becomes such a faraway reality, and you are so beyond.... The mind is in the valleys and you are on the sunlit peaks of a mountain. The distance is so much that unless the mind is already trained in something, there is no way other than to remain simply silent.

Most of the mystics have not spoken -- not a single word -- although a few very sensitive souls became aware that something great has happened to them. People started sitting by their side, at their feet, just to be showered by their silence and by their presence. It has been found to be tremendously blissful, but only for a very few, because the language of silence and the language of presence is not understood by many.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #3
Chapter title: Enlightenment is not a device
2 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I SEE YOU HERE EVERY DAY, SO RADIANT, SO FULL OF LIGHT, SO FAR AWAY FROM THE EVERYDAY REALITY OF MY LIFE. YOU ARE A SHINING BEACON SHOWING THE WAY, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF SOMETHING MORE THAT CAN HAPPEN IN ME. YEARS AGO, HERE WITH YOU, I USED TO FEEL THAT ENLIGHTENMENT WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. NOW IT SEEMS A MILLION MILES AWAY. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER REALLY ANY MORE: EACH DAY SEEING YOU AGAIN IS ENOUGH IN ITSELF.
MASTER, IS THIS WHOLE IDEA OF `ENLIGHTENMENT' JUST ANOTHER DEVICE? I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE ANYMORE. YOU, YOUR PRESENCE, AND THE TEARS IN MY EYES ARE ALL I HAVE.

Anand Somen, enlightenment is not a device. All devices are for enlightenment, but enlightenment itself is an

absolute reality. You think it is now miles away while before it used to be just around the corner. That was a device -- to make you feel that it is just around the corner. It is certainly miles away, but those miles are very relative -- they depend upon the intensity of your longing. They can be longer, they can be shorter; you can go on for lives searching for it, and you can find it today.

You have to understand the idea of relativity. Those miles are not a reality in themselves -- they depend on you. If your longing is just lukewarm, then those miles are very long -- perhaps too long. Perhaps it may not be possible for you to reach it. But if your longing is a flame in your heart and you are afire with it, it is a question of life and death, then those miles miraculously become very short -- sometimes so short that a master can say, "You can have it right here and now," and they disappear completely.

But the problem is to have a longing so deep, so total, so intense that it becomes your very life, your very heartbeat; that you are surrounded by it twenty-four hours a day, that you breathe it in, you breathe it out. Whatever you are doing does not matter, an undercurrent of a deep search continues. Even while you are asleep, the undercurrent of the search does not stop. You go to sleep with the longing, you wake up with the same longing; and between these two points you may have been asleep, but the longing has continued in your unconscious.

I have been telling you that enlightenment is just around the corner; that is certainly a device. For most of you it is not just around the corner, but a few of you can make it just around the corner by how much you love it....

There are so many categories: somebody is simply curious, he has no longing, he has become curious because others are searching for it. He starts thinking that there must be something in it if so many people are searching, but no bell rings in his own heart, nothing clicks within his being. Then it is millions of miles away. A few are just students -- they are studying it as subject matter to increase their knowledge, to become more knowledgeable. They don't have a desire to achieve it, they don't have a desire to become pilgrims. They want to know everything about it -- perhaps sometime it may be useful.

One great sage in Sri Lanka was dying. All his disciples... and they were in the thousands because the man was over a hundred years old; he had lived long, he had been a man of charisma, and he had attracted many. Hearing that he was going to leave the body, they had all gathered from different parts of the country to have his last darshan, to be in his presence for the last time, to feel that silence, that celebration, that fragrance that was always around him. Before dying, the old man opened his eyes and said, "You have loved me, and you have loved whatever I have been teaching you. Now I am leaving the body... if somebody wants to come with me, he can stand up." Masters are crazy and strange people. Now everybody started looking at each other, thinking, "He is a very old disciple -- perhaps he wants to go," but everybody was looking at each other, and nobody was standing up.

And the old man said, "The one who will be ready to go with me will go enlightened. He will not go in his ordinary consciousness; he will go fully conscious." But there was such a great silence over that crowd of thousands of

disciples. Finally one man raised his hand, but he was afraid that he might be misunderstood so he said, "Please don't misunderstand me. I am not standing up, I am simply raising my hand. I would like to know what is this enlightenment, what is death?"

The old man said, "I am ready to take you with me; you can have the experience yourself of both enlightenment and death."

He said, "I would have liked to come with you very much, but there are so many things incomplete. My wife is sick, my children are not grown up, my daughter is going to be married; so just now it is not possible for me. But I want to inquire so that I can remember, and when it becomes possible for me, I can follow the way."

The old man laughed. He said, "You have been with me for almost forty years, and all these forty years I have been talking about nothing but enlightenment, in different ways, from different aspects. And in forty years you have not been able to complete your things... how many more years will you take?"

He said, "Forgive me. In fact, I'm only a student. There is no longing in me to become enlightened; I don't want to take such a risk -- and that, too, with death. But I'm very interested in knowing about it. You can trust my sincerity as far as knowing about it is concerned." This is a category. Then there are people who really want... who are not just students, who are disciples; and nobody can doubt their intentions, but they want enlightenment to be given to them. They are waiting for some savior. They themselves are not ready to travel the path; that seems too arduous. Why not wait till the savior comes?

Millions of Buddhists are waiting for the savior, millions of Christians are waiting for the savior, millions of Hindus are waiting for the savior. That, too, is a very tricky strategy of the mind to postpone; neither does the savior come, nor do you have to go through a dangerous experience. It is beautiful to talk about it, it is beautiful to read about it, it is beautiful to know about it; it is also beautiful if somebody else can simply give it to you. But enlightenment is not one of those things that can be given -- you have to get it, you have to move, you have to evolve, you have to grow.

You cannot remain as you are and become enlightened. You have to deserve it.

You have to purify your consciousness, you have to deepen your meditation, you have to make your lovingness unconditional. And you have to move beyond the mind, beyond the body, to a point within yourself which is the center of your being, which is going to become enlightened. For that a very deep desire is needed, a desire for which you can risk everything, a desire for which you can be ready to die.

Then enlightenment is just by the corner... even the corner is too far away. Perhaps to the man of total longing, enlightenment is just within him; hence I say it is a relative phenomenon, it is very elastic. Those miles can be long, those miles can be very small -- ultimately it all depends on you.

Anand Somen, you are saying, "I see you here every day, so radiant, so full of light, so far away from the everyday reality of my life."

Don't take it for granted, because one day you will not see me. And then you will repent for all those old days when I

was alive and available, and could have helped you in every possible way. It is a strange thing about the human mind that you become aware of things only when you have lost them. When you have them, you tend to forget them -- they become too obvious.

You are saying, "You are a shining beacon showing the way, and the possibility of something more that can happen in me."

How long are you going to see me just as a shining beacon showing the way? It is time. You should walk on the way; otherwise, what purpose is my beckoning, my shining, my calling you forth, if you don't move a single inch? Just don't get lost in enjoying my presence; it has to become your experience too, and for that, you have to walk the way. Gautam Buddha is reported to have said, "Buddhas can only show the way, they cannot walk for you." Nobody can do that. It is just not part of the nature of things.

You say, "Years ago, here with you, I used to feel that enlightenment was just around the corner..."

You were new, and for the new people I have to be seducing. Unless I say, "It is near the corner, by the corner," they are not going to be bothered about enlightenment. They have too many things to do in life... futile, but in their consciousness in this moment they seem to be very significant. But if I say, "It is just by the corner," even a man who has no great desire to be enlightened may think, "What is the harm? Just have a look... it is just by the corner."

But once you have moved that much, things start changing. Just a slight movement in your consciousness, and then you cannot stop because new experiences start exploding.

Enlightenment may not be by the corner, but there are things which are tremendously beautiful, peaceful, silent, very fulfilling. And by the time you reach to the corner, you will experience all those things and you will forget your past engagements, occupations. A great desire is bound to arise to go a little more, a little deeper; perhaps things are more juicy -- and things are juicier the deeper you go.

And as the taste becomes your taste, not just my word, then it takes you. Even if the goal is miles away, a slight taste of evolving consciousness is enough seduction to follow the path.

But even when it was just around the corner, you did not explore the corner. On the contrary, you accepted the idea that it is just by the corner so what is the hurry? We can continue to be as we are. Any time, any day, when you don't have anything else to do -- when the girlfriend has escaped, when you have been thrown out of your job, when there is a strike in the office -- you can have a look by the corner. But that moment never comes; one girlfriend leaves, and before she has even left the other has already arrived.

Mulla Nasruddin's wife was dying, and Mulla asked, "Is there anything that I can do to make you happy in the last moments of your life?"

She said, "Yes, promise me that you will not marry that bitchy woman, Fatima."

Nasruddin said, "Don't be worried. Moreover, your clothes don't fit her."

He has already decided about Fatima. He's just working out how to make his wife's clothes fit her because she was fat, and Fatima is not fat -- she's young.

One problem leaves, and ten others are standing in a queue by your door. You were thinking that there will be some time left to inquire into enlightenment, but these problems go on growing -- they are unending. Even when you are dying, you will have to leave things half done -- many problems untouched. And now, because I cannot go on telling you that it is by the corner... sooner or later I have to tell you the fact that it is a long journey, long because of you. Seeing your approach, it is millions of miles long. You can bring it back to the corner, but you have to create the passion. People are running after power, money, prestige -- and they devote their whole lives to it. And things like enlightenment they want to get free. They don't want to pay anything for them -- not even a little walk.

Now you are saying, "It does not seem to matter really anymore, each day seeing you again is enough in itself." That is a very dangerous conclusion, because one day certainly you will not see me. I cannot help it. I would love to remain with you forever, but that is not how things happen. Today I'm with you, tomorrow is uncertain, and the day after tomorrow it is certain that I will have to leave. You can be nourished by my presence, you can drink me, you can allow yourself to be showered by me; but all these things should create a passion to reach to the same state in which I am. Otherwise, you will not be able to console yourself -- your misery will be great because you have made me something ultimate.

My presence is momentary. We are together for the moment -- for a few moments at the most -- and then we have to depart. And this departure cannot be canceled. So enjoy it, but don't be contented with it. The enjoyment of my presence and your love for me should be shown by your passionate search for enlightenment. There is no other way.
And just to console yourself, you are asking, "Is this whole idea of `enlightenment' just another device?"
You would love it if I were to say to you, "Yes, Somen, it is only just a device. Relax, you don't have to go anywhere, you don't have to grow." But I cannot say that to you. I love you; that's why I cannot say anything just to console you, just to make you happy for the moment, and destroy your possibilities for the future.
Enlightenment is not a device. Every device is for enlightenment.
You are saying, "I don't really know what to believe anymore. You, your presence, and the tears in my eyes are all I have."
You are not expected to believe in anything, because I am not here creating believers; I want inquirers. I am not here creating obedient followers. I want rebellious seekers, not people who are incapable of saying, "No!" -- because to me unless you are able to say no, your yes is meaningless.
Unless you can doubt, you cannot find authentic trust. It is only through doubt, and the dark night of doubt, that you reach to a state of finding something which is indubitable. Then trust arises. There is no need to be worried about what to believe anymore.
It is good that you say, "You, your presence, and the tears in my eyes are all I have."

That is your knowledge, superficially. If you go deeper into your being, into meditation, you will have much more. You will not lose my presence; in fact it will become deepened. You will be able to feel it in many more dimensions than you are doing now. You will be able to see it with more clarity, with more understanding, and it will be more nourishing.

And your tears will become more and more of joy, blissfulness, gratitude. They will become finally your prayers, because unless a man knows how to pray with tears, he does not know what prayer is. Prayers made of words are not prayers, because words come from the head and the head has no understanding of gratitude. Tears come from a deeper source, from your heart; and they say much more, they contain much more.

Words are empty, tears are immensely significant. Your tears will become more and more joyful, more and more musical, more and more full of songs, more and more a dance unto themselves. But don't stay in the same place: where the morning finds you, the evening should not find you; you should have moved. Where the evening leaves you, the morning should not find you there; you should have moved.

Life is small and the journey is tremendous, with so many treasures. And unless you make it your only passion, you will not be able to reach to enlightenment. But anyway, it is by the corner.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

THE OTHER NIGHT, I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW A MAN READING A NEWSPAPER IN ANANDO'S ROOM DURING THE DISCOURSE. WAS I JUST SEEING THINGS?

Milarepa, not only have you seen him; Kaveesha has seen the same man sitting on a chair reading the newspaper, and because of the newspaper nobody could see his face. People could see only the legs, the shoes, the socks, the hands and the newspaper; nobody has seen his upper body and his face -- and nobody has dared to go in there. When Kaveesha saw it she shrieked -- and Kaveesha is a great occultist, a hypnotist, a knower of witchcraft and black magic; and if she shrieks it means something really substantial!

I have seen it too because when I passed after the discourse, the fellow was reading the newspaper. In fact I have suggested to Anando... because the ghost that lives in that room goes on knocking and disturbing Anando's sleep. Now she has got an air conditioner and she keeps it on full speed, so noisy that she does not hear him, but still this fellow knocks loudly. I have told her to talk to him, he is not a bad fellow. Many people have lived in that room before, and it has happened to everybody. Slowly, slowly, they become accustomed and because he is a nice man... just talk to him. So she has been talking but no answer was coming.

I said, "You go on talking." Finally the man said, "I want the newspaper;" so she managed the newspaper. He was sitting in the middle of the room in the night -- she could not sleep because he was sitting in the middle of the room

with his newspaper, so she pushed the chair into the bathroom. And in the middle of the night she must have gone to the bathroom and had forgotten about the fellow -- and he was there, still reading the newspaper. So she shrieked herself! And then she remembered that "this is the same newspaper, no harm; it is the same man."

So Milarepa, what you have seen is not your imagination, it is a reality. Now Anando has trouble. Every day she has to bring the newspaper for the old man, but he is such a nice person... and it is natural that living in a ghost world, he must be interested to know what is happening in the world, so he just wants a newspaper.

Next time I will tell Anando that everybody can have a little look, just from outside the door because he may feel embarrassed. His shoes are very old, very ancient, his socks have holes in them, his pants are very old fashioned, but these must have been the clothes in which he died. And there is no laundry in the ghost world, no tailors, no Gayan and her department. I will tell Anando, "You can make a few better clothes for the old man; give him a nice shower, put new clothes on him and don't be afraid of him."

You have seen rightly -- that ghost has lived long; he is the oldest inhabitant of this house. This house used to belong to a royal family, a royal family of Rajasthan. Mount Abu was their estate, and when they donated this house to me they especially brought me into the room to tell me, "Whoever lives in this room, assure him not to be worried because the old ghost belongs to the royal family; he is a gentleman and has never misbehaved."

But it will be a joy for all of you to see, so Anando can make arrangements and persuade the old fellow again to sit

in the chair. But just look from outside the door, don't go in; he may feel embarrassed. Ghosts don't like crowds, and ghosts don't like to be seen. It is a great concession to Anando that he was willing to sit cross-legged on a chair. But he was clever enough; he must have remembered the old habit every husband knows -- how to read the newspaper so he can avoid the wife. Neither can the wife see his face, nor can he see the wife's face, because once they look at each other, immediately trouble starts. So every husband as he enters into the house, the first thing he does... he opens the newspaper. He may have read the same newspaper in the office, in the restaurant, in the railway train; he starts reading it again just to avoid his wife.

And ghosts are more sensitive, so you can see... Anando can arrange it today -- perhaps he is still reading in the bathroom.
Maitreya is laughing because he is also a great reader of newspapers, he is a collector. He goes on collecting old newspapers. Perhaps he reads them or... what does he do with those newspapers? But he goes on piling them up, he enjoys them. Just before he became a sannyasin he was a politician, he was a member of the parliament; it's just an old habit he still continues. Anando can introduce Maitreya to that old fellow; they will enjoy each other's friendship.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
WHEN I MEDITATE I AM SOMETIMES AWARE OF A DESIRE TO FAINT OR PASS OUT. THIS DESIRE USED TO BE BEHIND DRINKING ALCOHOL OR

TAKING DRUGS, ALTHOUGH THEY ALWAYS FAILED.
AM I A SEEKER SIMPLY OUT OF A DESIRE FOR OBLIVION?

Shunyo, in meditation you pass through spaces which are very like the spaces that you experienced with alcohol or under the influence of drugs. And they are so alike that to discriminate between them is almost impossible. Even a genius like Aldous Huxley understood that the space he reached through LSD is the same as what Patanjali, in his yoga sutras, calls samadhi; what Gautam Buddha calls nirvana; what is known in Japan as satori. And he wrote a very significant book, HEAVEN AND HELL, in which he described his experiences of taking LSD. He tried to prove that through LSD one can reach, scientifically, to the same great experience of samadhi which yoga tries to reach by old primitive methods -- which take years to practice.
What was really happening? Those states have some similarity, but the experiences of alcohol, LSD, marijuana or hashish stop at a point where you become unconscious -- a kind of oblivion -- while meditation goes on beyond that oblivion. For a moment you feel lost and then suddenly a fresh awakening, a fresh awareness becomes available. And this will happen at every interval; each time you move to a deeper state of awareness, there will be an interim period which will look like fainting, oblivion, unconsciousness. But if you go on you will pass through it, and suddenly a more conscious, more alert, more joyful state will become available to you.

So Shunyo, it is not that you are a seeker simply out of a desire for oblivion. You have to go beyond the state where you start feeling faint or passing out. Don't be afraid -- pass out, faint, go into it, let it overwhelm you. For a moment all will be lost, but only for a moment. And then suddenly -- the dawn; the night is over.
This will happen many times at each turning point in awareness, but that does not prove that you are a seeker simply out of a desire for oblivion. It simply shows that you don't yet have a clear-cut understanding of the differences. The whole of humanity has lived in the past with this misunderstanding.

After he had finished his sermon, the rabbi remonstrated with the member of his congregation who had walked out in the middle of it. "Please, rabbi, forgive me," said the man, "but I have a problem."
"Ah," said the rabbi, "what is it?"
"I walk in my sleep."

In churches, in synagogues, people enjoy a beautiful morning's sleep, and because he has the habit of walking in his sleep he does that in synagogues too.
Shunyo must have been taking all those drugs. The whole new generation, particularly in the West, has gone through that phase. Now the situation has worsened; even school-age boys and girls are taking drugs; six-year-old, eight-year-old boys and girls, in the millions, are taking drugs. No government can prevent it -- all the governments are trying; no politicians can succeed in preventing it because they themselves are all drinking alcohol, which is a far

worse drug than marijuana. Marijuana is innocent: it does not have all those bad after-effects that alcohol has. But it is a strange world -- alcohol is available and marijuana is prohibited.

And if we really want people not to be destroyed by drugs and alcohol, we are absolutely capable of making synthetic drugs like LSD and taking all the bad effects out of them. There is no need for any prohibition. They can even become supportive to health, to better sleep, to better appetite. Everything can be done, but because of our old mind we go on trying to enforce old, stupid prohibitions. Now thousands of young people are suffering in jails for no crime at all, just because they had been taking marijuana.

My feeling is that this widespread influence of drugs all over the world in the new generation is very significant. It shows that man is not satisfied with his ordinary consciousness, that he is fed up with it, he is bored with it, he wants new spaces, new experiences, new consciousnesses.

Drugs can give you a slight glimpse, but soon you are back to your old consciousness. The younger people will graduate from drugs to samadhi automatically because the drug, on the one hand, is very superficial -- it gives only a few hours. Secondly it has some bad effects: you become addicted to it, the governments are against it and if you are caught you have to suffer in jail unnecessarily.

Samadhi costs nothing. You just have to learn the art of meditation and it can become a permanent state of cheerfulness, of joy, of blissfulness. My feeling is that the great revolution that is going on through drugs in the new generation is going to introduce that generation to

meditation. There is no other way, because no drug can fulfill, in depth, the desire of the drug takers. Only meditation has that capacity.
An ancient story... God visited the earth and approached the Babylonians. "I have a commandment for you," he said. "What is it?" asked the Babylonians. "Thou shalt not steal," said God. "We don't want it," the Babylonians replied.
So God approached the Egyptians, and offered them the same deal. But the Egyptians said, "No, thanks."
And then God saw Moses wandering in the desert. "I have a commandment," he said.
"How much does it cost?" asked Moses.
"Nothing," answered God. "It is free."
"Okay," said Moses, "in that case I'll take ten."

The East knows only one commandment -- and that is samadhi. Its beginning is meditation, its ultimate flowering is enlightenment.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #4

Chapter title: **The Rebel** is utterly innocent
2 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1

BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT ARE THE QUALITIES OF A REBEL?

Maneesha, the qualities of a rebel are multidimensional. The first thing: **The Rebel** does not believe in anything except his own experience. His truth is his only truth; no prophet, no messiah, no savior, no holy scripture, no ancient tradition can give him his truth. They can talk about truth, they can make much ado about truth, but to know about truth is not to know truth. The word `about' means around -- to know about truth means to go around and around it. But by going around and around you never reach to the center.

The Rebel has no belief system -- theist or atheist, Hindu or Christian; he is an inquirer, a seeker. But a very subtle thing has to be understood: that is, he is not an egoist. The egoist also does not want to belong to any church, to any ideology, to any belief system, but his reason for not belonging is totally different from **The Rebel**. He does not want to belong because he thinks too much of himself. He is too much of an egoist; he can only stand alone.

The Rebel is not an egoist, he is utterly innocent. His nonbelieving is not an arrogant attitude but a humble approach. He is simply saying, "Unless I find my own truth, all borrowed truths are only burdening me, they are not going to unburden me. I can become knowledgeable, but I will not be knowing anything with my own being. I will not be an eyewitness of any experience."

He does not belong to any church, any organization, because he wants not to be an imitator. He wants to remain

pure and unpolluted so that he can search without any prejudice, so that he can remain open without any preconceived idea. But his whole approach is that of a humble man.

Just today, one of the sannyasins, Dr. Indivar, has asked a question. He is very much disturbed because when I come and go morning and evening, folding my hands and bowing down to the godliness within you all... his disturbance is created by those few sannyasins, who in deep love and trust, bow down -- put their heads on the floor.

He is asking me, "Is it right that people should bow down before another man?" And his disturbance goes on increasing, because more and more people are bowing down. As far as I am concerned, it is everybody's freedom; nobody has asked anybody to bow down. And in his idea lives the old man -- you can bow down to a god, but not to a man. That is the background implication.

It seems people listen to me, yet only words reach them -- the meanings are lost somewhere in between. You can bow down to a tree, to a mountain, to a sunset, to a sunrise, to a full moon, to a starry night; your bowing down is nothing but an expression of your gratitude. It has no connection with any God. You can bow down in front of a man, in front of a child, even in front of a man like me, who is absolutely ordinary -- with no pretensions of being a prophet or a savior, a messenger or an incarnation of God. But why should he be disturbed? Nobody is telling him to bow down. What authority has he got to interfere in other people's lives, their way of living, their way of being, their behavior? Nobody is interfering with his life; nobody is

telling him to do anything. Nobody has told these people to bow down.

He thinks -- and without ever considering a simple fact -- that people are imitating each other. On what criterion can he say that? Is he a thought reader? Is he a telepathist? On what grounds can he say that somebody is imitating somebody else -- just because a few others are also bowing down?

But the same thing can be said about you, because many are not bowing down. You must be imitating those idiots.

In what way have you thought that you are not imitating? It is their freedom to do what they feel like doing; it is your freedom to do or not to do. If you want, you can just move in the opposite direction. They are bowing down forward -- you can go backward, you can lie down on the floor! If that gives you joy, it is perfectly acceptable.

He's asking, "... is not this too a kind of surrender?" It is not, because nobody has been asked to do it. Nobody is being rewarded for it, nobody is being promised any reward for it. And he is seeing only one side and is not aware about his blindness: that I, with my folded hands, am paying respect to the divineness in you. That, he is not seeing at all. About that he has no objection; that fulfills the ego.

But people showing their gratitude, showing their joy and ecstasy, is not surrender. They are not losing themselves, they are not surrendering their individuality, they are not losing their self-respect. It is the most dignified and the most graceful experience, but only for those who deserve it.

Dr. Indivar, you don't deserve it yet, although you have been around here a long time. But these years have gone as sheer wastage if you cannot even allow people freedom to

act according to their feelings. And you became offended.... Your question was full of arrogance, egoism, condemnation of others, and you have no concern with them. You should think about yourself!

A rebel respects his own independence and also respects the independence of everybody else. He respects his own divineness and he respects the divineness of the whole universe. The whole universe is his temple -- that's why he has left the small temples made by man. The whole universe is his holy scripture -- that's why he has left all holy scriptures written by man. But it is not out of arrogance, it is out of a humble search. **The Rebel** is as innocent as a child.

His second dimension will be not to live in the past, which is no more, and not to live in the future, which is not yet, but to live in the present with as much alertness and consciousness as he can manage. In other words, to live consciously in the moment. Ordinarily we live like somnambulists, sleepwalkers. **The Rebel** tries to live a life of awareness. Awareness is his religion, awareness is his philosophy, awareness is his way of life.

His third dimension is that he is not interested in domination over others. He has no lust for power, because that is the ugliest thing in the world. The lust for power has destroyed humanity and has not allowed it to be more creative, to be more beautiful, to be more healthy, to be more wholesome. And it is this lust for power that ultimately leads to conflicts, competitions, jealousies and finally to wars.

Lust for power is the foundation of all wars. If you look at human history... the whole of human history is nothing but

a history of wars, man killing man. Reasons have changed, but the killing continues. It seems reasons are only excuses. The real fact is that man enjoys killing.

In one of Aesop's fables -- and those are some of the greatest fables in the world, so simple and so significant -- a small sheep is drinking water from a mountain stream of crystal-clear water. A great lion comes and naturally becomes interested in the sheep -- it is breakfast time but he has to find an excuse. So he says to the sheep, "You are dirtying the stream. Don't you understand that I am the king of the jungle?"

The poor sheep said, "I know, but your highness, the stream is not going towards you. I am standing below you and even if it becomes dirty by my drinking water, the water is going downwards -- not towards you. You are making it dirty and I am drinking that dirty water. So your logic is not right."

The lion saw the point and became very angry. He said, "You don't have respect for your elders. You have some nerve arguing with me."

The poor sheep said, "I have not argued, I have simply said what was factual. You can see that the stream is going downwards."

The lion was silent for a moment and then said, "Now I remember. You belong to a very uncultured, uneducated family. Your father insulted me yesterday."

The poor sheep said, "It must have been somebody else, because my father has been dead for three months, and you must know that he is within your belly. He is no longer alive. You have made a lunch of him. How can he behave disrespectfully towards you? He is dead!"

That was too much. The lion jumped and caught hold of the sheep saying, "You don't know manners, you don't know etiquette, you don't know how to behave."
The sheep said, "The simple fact is, it is breakfast time. You simply eat me; there is no need to find any excuse."
In such simple parables, Aesop has done miracles. He has said so much about man.
Now why is Indivar disturbed? Because his own heart does not know love, his own heart does not know trust, his own heart is dry. He has not known the joy of tears. Seeing others overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, he feels inferior. He is inferior. To hide his inferiority, he finds all kinds of logic -- that it is surrender, that this should not be so, that people are imitating each other. But you are not the guardian of people. Who has given you that responsibility? You are only responsible for yourself.
A rebel lives his life in total freedom; he does not allow anybody to interfere in it, and he never interferes in anybody else's life. I have not told anybody to do anything. If something happens to them, I cannot prevent them because that will be interfering, that will be dictating.
Just a few days ago we inaugurated a beautiful fountain in the memory of J. Krishnamurti. I have received a few letters from the followers of J. Krishnamurti, saying that before dying he said, "Don't make any memorial of me." Now it raises many questions. First it means he wanted to dominate others, even after his death. Whether you say, "Make a beautiful memorial for me," or you say, "Do not make a memorial for me," it does not make any difference. It is the same. You are trying to control the future -- after your death too.

But nobody will see the implication of it. Why should he be concerned with what happens after his death? And what can he do? Living people have been going against me in the courts. Do you think now J. Krishnamurti is going to be in the court against me, saying that I have been hurting his feelings?

And secondly, I laughed when I heard about those letters because a few of the writers of those letters are well known to me. They have been following J. Krishnamurti for forty and fifty years; they are as old as he was. But they show by their letters that they have not understood him. J. Krishnamurti had said his whole life, "Don't follow me!" Now if he says, "Don't make memorials when I am dead," then don't follow him -- make memorials! That is a simple conclusion -- if you understand him.

J. Krishnamurti never accepted anybody as his follower, and now these people are writing letters as followers of J. Krishnamurti. He denied continually, for almost seventy years, saying, "Nobody is my follower." Listening to him, reading him, having interviews with him -- these people still have the wrong attitude: they think they are followers of J. Krishnamurti. But that is their business; I have no objection. That is something between them and J. Krishnamurti.

But one thing! And how many other things have they followed from J. Krishnamurti? Only one thing -- not to make a memorial. In seventy years' teaching time, how many things have they followed? I know them; they have not followed a single thing. They have not even followed this most fundamental approach of J. Krishnamurti, "Nobody is my follower." They have followed nothing.

But this is very comfortable -- not to make a memorial -- and, particularly for Indians, it is very comfortable and consolatory that so much money is saved. "The poor fellow himself said it was good; now we can say that we cannot go against his will." But in what other matters have you ever followed his will?

A rebel simply lives his life in the moment, with awareness, with no desire to dominate, either while he is living or when he is dead. He does not have any lust for power.

He is a scientist of the soul -- that is the fourth dimension. Just as science uses doubt, skepticism, inquiry, he uses the same methods for his inner search. Science uses them for objective reality, he uses them for his subjectivity. But he does not condemn doubt, he does not condemn skepticism, he does not condemn disobedience, he does not condemn a nonbelieving approach to reality. He enters within his own being with a scientific mind.

His religion is not superstitious -- it is scientific. His religion is not a search for God, because to begin with God means you have already accepted a belief, and if you have accepted a belief your search is contaminated from the very beginning.

The Rebel goes into his inner world with open eyes, with no idea of what he is looking for. He goes on polishing his intelligence. He goes on making his silences deeper, his meditation more profound, so that whatever is hidden in him is revealed to him; but he has no preconceived idea of what he is looking for.

He is basically an agnostic. That word has to be remembered because it describes one of his basic qualities. There are theists who believe in God, there are atheists who

do not believe in God and there are agnostics who simply say, "We do not know yet. We will search, we will see. We cannot say anything before we have looked into every nook and corner of our being." He begins with, "I do not know." That's why I say he is just like a small child -- innocent.

Two boys were discussing running away from home. "But if our fathers catch us they will hit us," said one.
"So," said the other, "we will hit them back."
"But we can't do that," said the first boy. "The Bible teaches us to honor our father and our mother."
"Right. Then you hit my father and I will hit yours."

Just an innocent and simple solution with no difficulty.
The Rebel lives a childlike innocence, and innocence is the most mysterious phenomenon. It opens the doors of all the secrets of life.
Only a rebellious person is truly revolutionary and is truly religious. He does not create an organization, he does not create a following, he does not create churches.
But it is possible that rebels can be fellow travelers: they may enjoy to be together, to dance together, to sing together, to cry and weep together, to feel the immensity of existence and the eternity of life together. They can merge into a kind of communion without any surrender of anybody's individuality; on the contrary, the communion of rebels refreshes everybody's individuality, nourishes everybody's individuality, gives dignity and respect to everybody's individuality.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,
WHILE WATCHING THE CHANGING WORLD OUTSIDE AND THE MOVEMENT OF THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS WITHIN, I BECOME MORE AWARE OF A PRESENCE THAT DOESN'T CHANGE. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DEFINE WHAT THIS IS IN WORDS, BUT I DO KNOW THAT IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME PRESENCE; THAT WHEN IT COMES, IT IS EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE AT ONCE; THAT NOTHING I'M THINKING OR FEELING CAN CONNECT WITH IT; THAT IT IS SO STILL IT DOESN'T EXIST AND SO SUBTLE THAT AT TIMES IT IS TOO ALIVE TO BEAR. I REMEMBER ENCOUNTERING THIS PRESENCE FIRST AS A CHILD.
BELOVED MASTER, AM I REDISCOVERING MY LOST INNOCENCE?

Dhyan Arjuna, yes, you are rediscovering your lost innocence. Religion is a rediscovery. It is something that we had known, that we had lived, but we have left far behind -- so far behind that it seems almost as if it was not a reality but only a dream scene, just a faint memory, a faraway echo. But if you become meditative that echo starts coming closer, the dream starts changing into a reality and the forgotten language of innocence is suddenly remembered. Hence it is not a discovery, it is a rediscovery. Every child is born feeling the whole universe, not knowing his separation from it. It is by slow education that we teach him to feel separate. We give him a name, we give him an

identity, we give him qualities, we give him ambitions -- we create a personality around him.

Slowly, slowly, the personality becomes thicker through upbringing, education, religious teaching; and as the personality becomes thicker he starts forgetting who he used to be in his mother's womb -- because there he was not a doctor, an engineer, there he had no name, there he was not separate from existence. He was so together with the mother -- and beyond the mother there was nothing. The womb was all, his whole universe, a very tiny experience of the ultimate reality.

What happens to the child in the mother's womb happens again to the sage when the whole universe becomes just a womb, and he becomes part of the womb. The child in the mother's womb never worries, "What will happen tomorrow?" He has no money, no bank account, no business, utterly unemployed, no qualifications. He does not know when night comes, when day comes, when seasons change; he simply lives in utter innocence, in deep trust that everything will be okay, as it has been before. If it is okay today it will be okay tomorrow.

He does not think this way, it is just an intrinsic feeling -- not words because he does not know words. He knows only feelings, moods, and is always in a jubilant mood, rejoicing -- absolute freedom without any responsibility.

Why does every child coming out of the womb give so much pain to the mother? Why is every child born crying? If you try to look deeply into these small matters they may reveal to you great secrets of life. The child resists getting out of the womb because it has been his home. He does not know any calendar. Nine months are almost an eternity --

forever. Since he has known that he is, he has been in the womb, always and always.

Now suddenly his home is being taken away. He is being thrown out, expelled; he resists with all the power that he has. He clings to the womb, that is the problem. The mother wants him to be born sooner, because the longer he remains inside, the more pain she has to suffer. But the child clings, and he is always born crying -- every child, without exception.

Only about one man, Lao Tzu, is it said that he was born laughing. It is possible; he was an exceptional man, crazy from the very beginning. Not knowing exactly what to do, that this is the time to cry, he laughed. And he remained that way his whole life, just doing wrong things at wrong times. And the story of his whole life's strangeness begins with the laughter. Everybody was shocked because no child has ever done that.

But that is the only exception -- which may be simply a myth, which may be just a retrospective idea. Seeing Lao Tzu's whole life, the people who wrote about him must have thought that his beginning could not be the same as everybody else's; it has to be a little crazy. His whole life... his beginning has to be consistent with his life. Perhaps it is only a myth. But even historically, if he had laughed it is an exception, not the rule.

Why is every child born crying? Because his home is being deserted, his world is destroyed -- suddenly he finds himself in a strange world amongst strange people. And he continues to cry because every day his freedom becomes less and less, and his responsibility becomes more and more weighty. Finally he finds there is no freedom left but

only duties to be fulfilled, responsibilities to be carried out; he becomes a beast of burden. Seeing this with the clarity of innocent eyes, if he cries you cannot condemn him.
The psychologists say the search for truth, for God, for paradise, is really based on the experience of the child in the womb. He cannot forget it. Even if he forgets it in his conscious mind, it goes on resounding in his unconscious. He is searching again for those beautiful days of total relaxation with no responsibility, and all the freedom of the world available.
And there are people who have found it. My word for it is enlightenment. You can choose any word, but the basic meaning remains the same. One finds that the whole universe is just like a mother's womb to you: you can trust, you can relax, you can enjoy, you can sing, you can dance. You have an immortal life and a universal consciousness.
Dhyan Arjuna, what is happening to you is exactly a rediscovery. It has to happen to every sannyasin. But they don't allow it.
People are afraid to relax. People are afraid to trust. People are afraid of tears. People are afraid of anything out of the ordinary, out of the mundane. They resist, and in their resistance they dig their own grave and they never come to juicy moments, to ecstatic experiences, which are their right; they just have to claim them.

A Jewish man living in Los Angeles goes to see a psychiatrist. He introduces himself as Napoleon Bonaparte, even though his file card shows his name to be Hymie Goldberg.
"So what seems to be the problem?" asked the doctor.

"Well, Doc, actually everything is great. My army is strong, my palace magnificent and my country is prospering. My only problem is Josephine, my wife."
"Ah," says the doctor, "and what is her problem?"
Throwing his hands up in despair, the man says, "She is thinking she is Mrs. Goldberg."

In his tensions, in his anxieties, in his problems, man loses himself in the crowd. He becomes someone else. He knows that he is not the role he is playing; he is somebody else. This creates a tremendous psychological split in him. He cannot play the role correctly because he knows it is not his authentic being, and he cannot find his authentic being. He has to play the role because the role gives him his livelihood, his wife, his children, his power, his respectability, everything. He cannot risk it all, so he goes on playing the role of Napoleon Bonaparte. Slowly, slowly he starts believing it himself. He has to believe it, otherwise it will be difficult to play the part.
The best actor is the one who forgets his individuality and becomes one with his acting; then his crying is authentic, his love is authentic, then whatever he says is not just the prompted role, it comes from his very heart -- it looks almost real.
I have heard Mulla Nasruddin and his wife had gone to see a movie and the hero hugs his beloved, kisses her, and Mulla Nasruddin's wife says to him, "You never do this to me."
Mulla said, "You don't understand. This is just a film, not reality, and this is all acting."

The wife said, "Perhaps you don't know, but the woman who is playing the role of the heroine is the wife of the hero in real life."

Mulla Nasruddin said, "My God, then he is really an actor! Up to now I was thinking he is just an ordinary actor. He is really an actor... his own wife, and he is showing so much love."

When you have to play a part, you have to be deeply involved in it. You have to become it. Everybody is playing some part, knowing perfectly well that this is not what he is supposed to be. This creates a rift, an anxiety, and that anxiety destroys all your possibilities of relaxing, of trusting, of loving, of having any communion with anybody -- a friend, a beloved, a master. You become isolated. You become, with your own decisions, self-exiled, and then you suffer.

So much suffering in the world is not natural; it is a very unnatural state of affairs. One can accept once in a while somebody suffering, but blissfulness should be natural and universal. But you have to deserve it, and for deserving you don't have to do some great acts -- go to the moon or climb Everest. You have to learn small secrets. But there are people who are not ready to learn small secrets -- it is against their egos to learn anything. I have been getting rid of such people continuously, because they are unnecessarily wasting their time and occupying other people's places.

Just the other day one man wrote, "I enjoy very much when you come in and I enjoy very much when you go back, but in the middle, sitting for one or two hours, I don't enjoy at all." Now what to do with such a case? If there are many

such cases I can manage a special session for them: I will come and I will go and they are free. There is no need to sit in between. But these stupid people go on hanging around my neck unnecessarily.

Hymie sees an old friend standing on the other side of the road from the Thames Bridge. "David, what are you standing there for?"
"I am going to jump off that bridge. My wife has left me, my children won't speak to me, and I am bankrupt."
"So why stand there?"
"The traffic. I could get killed crossing the road."

He wants to commit suicide by jumping from the bridge and he is afraid of the traffic.
Such is the wavering mind of man -- one moment one wants to commit suicide, the next moment one wants to live. There is no decisiveness. And without decisiveness, your life will remain wishy-washy. It cannot become a splendor.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
MANY TIMES I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT THE DISCIPLE SHOULD NOT STOP UNTIL HE ARRIVES, AND THAT PEACE AND BLISS ARE NOT THE END. I WONDER WHY YOU SAY THIS SO OFTEN, AND HOW A DISCIPLE COULD STOP. IT SEEMS INCONCEIVABLE TO ME TO BE ABLE TO LET GO OF PEACE AND BLISS, IN VIEW OF HOW HARD IT IS TO LET GO OF MISERY.

Kaveesha, I can understand your problem. It certainly is inconceivable that anybody should even think of stopping on the way when bliss is growing, when life is becoming more and more juicy, when love is showering, when it is spring all over the path. In this fragrant, blissful state, it should be natural to go on and on, because the farther and deeper you go, the more light is yours -- the more life is yours.

But still, what seems to be inconceivable happens almost without fail to everybody. It is one of those strange things to which man is vulnerable. You know that man clings to misery; in fact clinging becomes his habit, his second nature. Whatever is known to him he clings to, even though it is misery, suffering; it is better to be miserable than to have nothing and be lonely. If man cannot even give up his misery... then what to say about blissfulness?

Misery is certainly a consolation -- at least you have something. People brag about it, people exaggerate their misery. They may have a small sickness, and they pretend -- perhaps they have tuberculosis. Niskriya was suffering from a small misery -- his girlfriend -- and he pretended that he was paralyzed. I asked my personal physician to go and look at Niskriya, and see what has happened. He checked, and he said, "He is not paralyzed -- no sign of any paralysis; he is just pretending." Why should he pretend? For three days he remained paralyzed. I think, seeing that he had become paralyzed, the girlfriend must have moved on to some other misery; because there are so many miserable people there is no need to cling to Niskriya. Alone, now he is perfectly okay; his paralysis is gone.

It has happened many times -- not one time -- that people have been paralyzed for ten years or twelve years.... Their house caught on fire, and they suddenly ran out with everybody -- outside the house. They forgot completely that they were paralyzed, not supposed to be able to run out -- and they had not moved from their bed for ten years! When the crowd saw them outside the house, running, and people reminded them, "What has happened to you? -- you were paralyzed," they immediately fell down, paralyzed again. Just because of the fire, they forgot.

People exaggerate their misery; they make it as big as possible. Because they are not ordinary people they can't have small sicknesses, just a little cold, or a headache -- these are for ordinary people. They have very special... Just any small thing will happen, and they have cancer.

When I was teaching in the university, one woman professor always wanted a lift. Her house was just on the way, so I used to take her with me. And the whole way she was talking about so many diseases that I wondered where she got all those names from, because many of those names I had never heard of; they were all Greek, Latin.

One day I had gone to see a friend who was a Supreme Court judge; there I saw that woman's husband for the first time. He himself was a Supreme Court advocate. He told me, "I have been seeing you suffering every day, because each morning my wife stands out and waits for you. And she must be telling you that she has terrible diseases -- don't believe her! In the beginning, I used to believe her; I used to rush to the doctors, to the experts, and they told me that she's just enjoying having great miseries, great sicknesses.

"And then I found that she finds all those names in a medical encyclopedia. She learns all the details, all the symptoms, and then she starts talking about it -- that this is happening to her. Sometimes she has even deceived doctors, because the symptoms she describes are so accurate. But as they examine her more, there is no such disease."

I said, "I don't listen to her. She is not my wife -- it is your problem. Why should I interfere in anybody's problem? She continues talking about all kinds of diseases -- in fact she has made me very learned about many sicknesses I was not aware of."

Kaveesha, man clings to anything that he has, and he makes much fuss about it. It is just a desire to be special, to be extraordinary -- just a poor desire, just a pitiable condition. Because of this habit, I have to remind sannyasins, "While on the path, don't stop," because they will find something small, a little wildflower, and they will think they have found the lotus paradise of Gautam Buddha... because less than that is not possible for such great men like them. They will stop there, they will cling to it, they will not go further. They have to be pushed continuously. It is inconceivable, but this is the trouble with man; much is inconceivable about him, but it is factual.

The police car stops Levy on the main highway. "Sir, do you know your wife fell out of the car five miles back?"

"Ah, thank God, officer. I thought I had gone deaf."

Five miles... there was so much silence; otherwise the wife was constantly chattering, so he was worried. What seems to be inconceivable is possible.

"These are extra strong pills, Mr. Cohen," the doctor advised him. "Take one on Monday, skip Tuesday, one Wednesday, skip Thursday, and so on. I will come round next week to see you."
When the doctor calls, he is met by a weeping Mrs. Cohen. "He's dead," she tells him.
"What!" said the doctor in surprise. "There was very little wrong with him. The pills should have cleared it up."
"It was not the pills," wailed Mrs. Cohen. "It was the skipping."

He was skipping the whole day. It would kill anybody.
So, Kaveesha -- even if something seems impossible, be gullible and believe it.
It can happen.
Man is a very strange animal.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Renounce the past, not the world
3 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,

IS RENOUNCING THE WORLD AND SOCIETY PART OF A REBELLIOUS SPIRIT?

Maneesha, the whole past of man is full of those people who have renounced the world and society. Renunciation has become part of almost all religions, a foundational principle.

The Rebel is renouncing the past. He is not going to repeat the past; he is bringing something new into the world. Those who have escaped from the world and society are escapists. They have really renounced responsibilities, but without understanding that the moment you renounce responsibilities you also renounce freedom. These are the complexities of life: freedom and responsibilities go away together or remain together.

The more you are a lover of freedom, the more you will be ready to accept responsibilities. But outside the world, outside the society, there is no possibility of any responsibility. And it has to be remembered that all that we learn, we learn through being responsible.

The past has destroyed the beauty of the word `responsibility'. They have made it almost equivalent to duty; it is not really so. A duty is something done reluctantly, as part of your spiritual slavery. Duty to your elders, duty to your husband, duty to your children -- they are not responsibilities. To understand the word `responsibility' is very significant. You have to break it in two: response and ability.

You can act in two ways -- one is reaction, another is response. Reaction comes out of your past conditionings; it is mechanical. Response comes out of your presence,

awareness, consciousness; it is non-mechanical. And the ability to respond is one of the greatest principles of growth. You are not following any order, any commandment, you are simply following your awareness. You are functioning like a mirror, reflecting the situation and responding to it -- not out of your memory, from past experiences of similar situations; not repeating your reactions but acting fresh, new, in this very moment. Neither is the situation old, nor is your response -- both are new. This ability is one of the qualities of **The Rebel**.

Renouncing the world, escaping to the forest and the mountains, you are simply escaping from a learning situation. In a cave in the Himalayas you won't have any responsibility, but remember, without responsibility you cannot grow; your consciousness will remain stuck. For growth it needs to face, to encounter, to accept the challenges of responsibilities.

Escapists are cowards, they are not rebels -- although that's what has been thought up to now, that they are rebellious spirits. They are not, they are simply cowards. They could not cope with life. They knew their weaknesses, their frailties, and they thought it was better to escape; because then you will never have to face your weakness, your frailty, you will never come to know any challenge. But without challenges how are you going to grow?

No, **The Rebel** cannot renounce the world and the society, but he certainly renounces many other things. He renounces the so-called morality imposed upon him by the society; he renounces the so-called values imposed by the society; he renounces the knowledge given by the society. He does not

renounce the society as such, but he renounces everything that the society has given to him. This is true renunciation.

The Rebel lives in the society, fighting, struggling. To remain in the crowd and not to be obedient to the crowd but to be obedient to one's own conscience, is a tremendous opportunity for growth. It makes you bring out your best; it gives you a dignity.

A rebel is a fighter, a warrior. But how can you be a warrior in a cave in the Himalayas? With whom are you going to fight? **The Rebel** remains in the society, but he is no longer part of the society -- that is his renunciation and that is his rebelliousness. He is not stubborn, he is not adamant, he is not an egoist; he does not just go on fighting blindly.

If he finds something is right he obeys it, but he obeys his own feeling of rightness, not the commandment given by others. And if he sees that it is not right he disobeys it, whatsoever the cost may be. He may accept a crucifixion, but he will not accept any spiritual slavery.

The situation of **The Rebel** is tremendously exciting: each moment he is faced with problems because the society has a fixed mode, a fixed pattern, fixed ideals. And **The Rebel** cannot go with those fixed ideals -- he has to follow his own still small voice. If his heart is saying no, there is no way, no power, to force him to say yes. You can kill him, but you cannot destroy his rebellious spirit.

His renunciation is far greater than the renunciation of Gautam Buddha, Mahavira and millions of others -- they simply renounced the society, escaped into the forest, into

the mountains. It was an easier way, but very dangerous because it goes against your growth.

The Rebel renounces the society and still remains in it, fighting moment to moment. In this way he not only grows, he also allows the society to learn that there are many things which are not right, but have been thought to be right. There are many things which are immoral but have been thought moral; there are many things which have been thought very wise, but they are really OTHERwise.

For example, all the societies of the world have praised virginity in women. It is a universally accepted ideal that the woman should remain a virgin before marriage. Sometimes there is a small, thin barrier of skin in a woman's vagina and if the woman makes love to somebody, that small barrier prevents the sperm from going to the egg.

The first thing the man is interested to know about is the small barrier, whether it is intact or not. If it is not intact then the girl is not a virgin. Sometimes riding on a horse or climbing a tree or in an accident, that small barrier can be broken, can have holes, although the girl is a virgin.

In the Middle Ages it was impossible to get a husband for her, so there were doctors who used to make an artificial skin barrier and fix it so that the woman looked virgin, whether she was virgin or not. Stupidity has no limits.

In fact, virginity should not be a part of a truly understanding society. Virginity means the woman remains unaware of what she is going to face after marriage. A more compassionate society will allow boys and girls to know sex before they get married so they know exactly what they are going for, whether they want to go for it or

not. And a woman should be allowed to know as many people before marriage as possible -- and the same applies to the man -- because before deciding on a right partner, the only way to know is to have experiences with many partners, different types of people.

But ignorance has been propounded in the name of virginity, in the name of morality.

Ignorance cannot be supported on any grounds. If in the world married people are so miserable, one of the major reasons is that they were not allowed to know many women, many men, before their marriage; otherwise they would have chosen, with more understanding, the right person who fits harmoniously with them.

Astrologers are consulted -- as if the stars are worried about whom you get married to, as if the stars are at all interested in you! Palmists are consulted, as if there are lines on your hand which can give indications for a right partner. Birth charts are consulted... all these things are absolutely irrelevant. When you were born and when the woman was born has no relationship to the life that you are going to live. But these were rationalizations. Man was trying to console himself that he has been trying every possible way to find the right partner.

There is only one way to find the right partner: that is, allow young boys and young girls to mix with as many partners as possible, so they can know the differences between women, the differences between men. Then they can come to know with whom they are polar opposites, with whom they are just lukewarm, with whom they are passionately in a harmony. Except that, there is no way of finding the right partner.

A man of rebellious spirit will have to be aware about every ideal, howsoever ancient, and will respond according to his awareness and understanding -- not according to the conditioning of the society. That is true renunciation.

Lao Tzu, an authentic rebel -- more authentic than Gautam Buddha and Mahavira, because he remained in the world and fought in the world -- lived according to his own light, struggling, not escaping. He became so wise that the emperor invited him to become his prime minister. He simply refused. He said, "It won't work because it is improbable that we can come to the same conclusions about things. You live according to the ideals your forefathers have given to you; I live according to my own conscience." But the emperor was insistent; he could not see that there was any problem.

The very first day in his court a thief was brought in; he had been caught red-handed, stealing from the richest man in the capital -- and he confessed that he was stealing. Lao Tzu gave six months in jail to both the rich man and the thief. The rich man said, "What? I have been robbed, I am a victim and I am being punished? Are you mad or something? There is no precedent in history that a man whose money has been stolen should be punished."

Lao Tzu said, "In fact, you should be given a longer term in jail than the thief -- I am being much too compassionate -- because you have gathered all the money of the city. Do you think money showers from the sky? Who has made these people so poor that they have to become thieves? You are responsible.

"And this will be my judgment in every case of stealing; both persons will go to jail. Your crime is far deeper, his

crime is nothing. He is poor and you are responsible for it. And if he was stealing a little bit of money from your treasures, it was not much of a crime. That money belongs to many of the poor people from whom you got it. You went on becoming richer and richer and many more people went on becoming poorer and poorer."

The rich man thought, "This man seems to be crazy, utterly crazy." He said, "I want one chance to see the emperor." He was so rich that even the emperor used to borrow money from him. He told the emperor what had happened. He said to him, "If you don't remove this man from the court you will be behind bars just like me -- because from where have you got all your treasures? If I am a criminal, you are a far bigger criminal."

The emperor saw the logic of the situation. He told Lao Tzu, "Perhaps you were right that it will be difficult for us to come to the same conclusions. You are relieved from your services."

This man was a rebel; he lived in the society, he struggled in the society. A rebellious mind can only think the way he thought. He was not reacting -- otherwise there were precedents and law books. He was not looking in the law books and the precedents; he was looking inside his own self, watching the situation. Why are so many people poor? Who is responsible for it? Certainly those who have become too rich are the real criminals.

A rebel will renounce ideals, morals, religions, philosophies, rituals and superstitions of the society, but not the society itself. He is not a coward, he is a warrior. He has to fight his way and he has to make paths for other rebels to follow.

As far as the world is concerned... and the world and the society are not the same thing. In the past, the so-called religious people have renounced the society and the world, both. **The Rebel** will fight against the society, renounce its ideals, and he will love the world -- because the world, the existence, is our very source of life. To renounce it is to be anti-life. But all religions have been anti-life, life-negative.

The Rebel should be life-affirmative. He will bring in all those values which make the world more beautiful, more lovable, which make the world more rich. It is our world -- we are part of it, it is part of us -- how can we renounce it? Where can we go to renounce it? The world is in the Himalayan cave as much as it is here in the marketplace. The world has to be nourished because it is nourishing you. The world has to be respected because it is your very source of life. All the juice that flows in you, all the joys and celebrations that happen to you, come from existence itself. Rather than running away from it, you should dive deeper into it; you should send your roots to deeper sources of life and love and laughter. You should dance and celebrate.

Your celebration will bring you closer to existence, because existence is in constant celebration. Your joy, your blissfulness, your silence, will bring the silences of the stars and the sky; your peace with existence will open the doors of all the mysteries it contains. There is no other way to become enlightened.

The world has not to be condemned, it has to be respected. **The Rebel** will honor existence, he will have immense

reverence for life in whatsoever form it exists -- for men, for women, for trees, for mountains, for stars. In whatever form life exists, **The Rebel** will have a deep reverence. That will be his gratitude, that will be his prayer, that will be his religion, that will be his revolution.

To be a rebel is the beginning of a totally new kind of life, a totally new style of life; it is the beginning of a new humanity, of a new man.

I would like the whole world to be rebellious, because only in that rebelliousness will we blossom to our full potential, will we release our fragrances. We will not be repressed individuals, as man has remained for centuries... the most repressed animal. Even birds are far more free, far more natural, far more in tune with nature.

When the sun rises, it does not knock on every tree, "Wake up, the night is over." It does not go to every nest of birds, "Start singing, it is time for song." No, just as the sun rises, the flowers start opening on their own accord. And the birds start singing -- not by an order from above, but from an intrinsic inevitability, from a joy, from a blissfulness.

Once I used to be a professor in a Sanskrit college. Since there were no professors' quarters immediately available and I was alone, they made arrangements for me to live in the hostel with the students. It was a Sanskrit college, following the old traditional way: each morning every student had to wake up at four o'clock, had to take a cold shower and line up by five for prayer.

For many years I used to wake up on my own in the darkness of the very early morning... and they were not even aware that I had come as a professor, because I had not started teaching yet.

It was a mistake on the part of the government to send me to that college, because I had no qualifications to teach Sanskrit. It took six months for the government to correct their mistake. Bureaucracy moves slowest, just as light moves fastest. They are the two polar opposites: light and bureaucracy.
So I had no business there and the students had no idea that I was a professor... and instead of prayer they were all abusing God, abusing the principal, abusing the whole ritual; in the cold of winter taking a cold shower -- it was absolutely compulsory.

I heard this situation. I said, "This is strange... instead of being in prayer, they are doing just the opposite. Perhaps these six years in this college will be enough for them: they will never pray again in their whole lives. They will never wake up early, never again. These six years of torture will be enough of an experience."
I told the principal, "It is not right to make prayer compulsory. Prayer cannot be made compulsory; love cannot be made compulsory."
He said, "No, it is not a question of compulsion. Even if I remove the order that it is compulsory, they will still pray."
I said, "You try it "
He removed the order. Except for me, nobody woke up at four o'clock. I went and knocked on the principal's door at four o'clock. He himself was asleep -- he was always asleep, he never participated in the prayer himself. I said, "Now come on and see; not a single student out of five hundred has woken up, and not a single student is praying."

The birds do not sing out of compulsion. This cuckoo is not singing because of any presidential order, because of an emergency -- it is simply rejoicing with the sun, with the trees.
Existence is a constant celebration. The flowers have opened their petals not because of any order -- it is not a duty. It is a response -- a response to the sun, a respect, a prayer, a gratitude.
A rebel lives naturally, responds naturally, becomes at home and at ease with existence. He is an existential being. That defines **The Rebel** correctly: the existential being. Existence is his temple, existence is his holy scripture, existence is his whole philosophy. He is not an existentialist, he is existential; it is his experience.
He is at ease with the trees, with the rivers, with the mountains. He does not renounce, he has no condemnation; he has only great honor in his heart, and gratitude. To me, this gratitude is the only prayer.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
CAN WE HELP EACH OTHER? CAN I BE HELPFUL TO SOMEONE, CAN SOMEONE HELP ME?
IS BECOMING AFLAME THE ONLY WAY TO BE REALLY HELPFUL? PLEASE, THROW SOME LIGHT.

Sarjano, the blind cannot help the blind. Those who are groping in darkness cannot lead others to light. Those who don't know immortality cannot help others to drop the fear of death. Those who are not living totally and intensely, whose song is not yet of the heart, whose smile is only a

painted smile on the lips, cannot help others to be authentic and sincere. Those who are hypocrites, pretenders, cannot help others to be honest.

Those who are not yet themselves, know nothing about themselves, have no idea of their individuality, who are still lost in their personality which is fake and created by the society, cannot help anybody else to attain individuality. Even with all good intentions, it is simply not possible.

If your flame of life is not burning, how can you make the unlit lamps of others aflame? You have to be aflame, Sarjano; only then can you put others on fire.

This is what I mean by being a rebel: you have to be rebellious, then you can spread rebellion all around you. If you are on fire, aflame, you can create a wildfire which goes faraway beyond your vision. But first you have to be aflame.

The blind man leading another blind man... Kabir says both fall into the well. His original words are: ANDHA ANDHAM THELIA DONO KOOP PADANT. "The blind led the blind and both have fallen into the well."

You have to have eyes to lead the blind to a physician -- there is no other way. You can only share with others that which you have got: if you are miserable, you will share your misery. When two miserable persons are together the misery is not only doubled, it is multiplied. The same is true about your blissfulness, the same is true about your rebelliousness, the same is true about all experiences.

Whatever you want the world to be, you will have to be a model first. You have to pass through a fire test to prove your philosophy of life by your example. You cannot just go on arguing about it. Reasoning and argument will not

help; only your experience can give to others the taste of love, of meditation, of silence, of rebelliousness, of religion.
Before you have experienced, never try to help anybody -- because you will simply mess up the other person more. They are messed up already. Centuries of heritage have been messing up everybody. It will be very kind of you not to help, because it is going to be dangerous; your help will be very risky for the other person.
First travel the path, know perfectly well where it leads -- only then can you hold the hands of others and take them on the path.

An American Jewish visitor in Russia says to his guide, "In America I can say that Ronald Reagan is an idiot and nothing would happen to me."
The guide says, "You can say that in Russia and they will give you a medal."

It is very difficult in this world to communicate. You have to learn how to communicate your experiences so that what reaches others is exactly what you want to say; otherwise you may be thinking of sharing nectar and it may turn into poison in their lives. They are poisoned enough already!
It is better to first cleanse yourself, make your eyes more transparent so that you can see better. Perhaps -- then too, perhaps -- you may be able to help others. The desire is good, but good does not happen just from good desires. The ancient saying is that the way to hell is paved with good intentions. There are millions of people who are helping with good intentions, advising others -- not even

bothering about the simple fact that they don't follow their own advice. But just the joy of advising is so much... who cares whether I follow my own advice or not?
The joy of advising others is a very subtle, egoistic joy. The person you are advising becomes ignorant; you become knowledgeable. Advice is the only thing in the world which everybody gives and nobody takes; and it is good that nobody takes it because it is given by people who know nothing -- although there is no bad intention behind it.
You are asking a very compassionate question -- but in the very nature of things, if you want to change the world, you have to change yourself first. The revolution must come to you first. Only then can you radiate it into others' hearts. First the dance must happen to you, and then you will see a miracle: that others have started dancing too.
The dance is catching; so is love, so is gratitude, so is religiousness, so is rebellion -- they are all contagious. But first you must have the flame that you want to see in others' eyes.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #6
Chapter title: Herald a new dawn
3 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1

BELOVED MASTER,
DOES **THE REBEL** BELONG TO ANY CATEGORY?

Maneesha, **The Rebel** by his very nature cannot belong to any existent categories; he is a new category. He introduces a new man into the world. He is a herald of a new dawn, a new beginning. No category of the past can contain him; all the categories that have existed up to now have proved either failures, or insufficient to change the whole of humanity.

The Rebel is the seed for the transformation of all.

There have been great people in the world, but even the greatest of them are very small in comparison to the authentic rebel I am talking about, because they all, in some way or other, compromise with the establishment. And that's where **The Rebel** differs from them all.

They were wise, they were creative artists, they were musicians, dancers, all kinds of people -- the past has produced many luminous figures; but something is missing in them. One basic thing missing is: they all lived in a compromise with the vested interests. None of them was total in his rebelliousness. Yes, partial rebels have existed, but a partial rebel is not enough. Man needs total rebels to change the destiny of mankind from going into a graveyard -- to turn its direction towards the Garden of Eden.

The Rebel will have to create a category for himself by his own living, by his own responses. He will become absolutely discontinuous with the past through his own creativity, his love and his own non-compromising approach. **The Rebel** will not have any past, any history.

He will have only the present and a vast future which is open -- not dominated by the dead past, because there is no past for **The Rebel**.

The Rebel means absolute freedom, absolute love, absolute creativity. He is a totally new kind of man who has been dreamed of by a few people in the past -- by a few poets, by a few philosophers, by a few mystics. But it has remained a dream -- so much so, that people started calling these poets and mystics "utopians."

The word `utopia' means, in its roots, "that which never comes." You can dream about it, but your dream is an exercise in utter futility; it is utopian, it is not going to come, ever. It is a hopeless hope. It is an opium to keep people dreaming and hallucinating, so that they can tolerate the suffering and misery in the present.

The Rebel is not a dream, **The Rebel** is a reality. He is not a utopia, he is an actual realization of man's potential; he is a promise fulfilled, a dream realized. Naturally he cannot belong to any existent category. He will have to create his own category.

It will be created by the very fact that many, many intelligent people, youthful, alive, are ready to take the challenge of an unknown future. Slowly slowly, a category will form by itself.

There are barriers for **The Rebel**-to-come. The most important barrier is that he has to go against the crowd, and the crowd has all the power. **The Rebel** is very vulnerable, as vulnerable as a roseflower. You can destroy it very easily; you can crucify a rebel without any difficulty.

But I am now feeling a tremendous certainty that **The Rebel** is going to be born -- perhaps he is already born. It will just take people a little time to recognize him; he is so new, he does not fit in any category. Hence, some time gap is needed to create a category and to recognize him.

Why am I so certain? I am so certain because man has come to a crisis which he has never encountered before. He has to choose either for a new man or for committing global suicide -- and I don't think that people are going to choose global suicide. That is my guarantee, that is my hope that the new man is bound to arise.

The days of the old man are over. He has lived too long, almost posthumously. He should have been dead long ago, but he has been dragging his corpse. Now his time is finished. He himself has created the situation in which only the new man, **The Rebel**lious man -- rebelling against all religions, governments, establishments and vested interests -- can survive. He will rebel against all that has been keeping man blind, holding him a prisoner, forcing him to live in dark tunnels, never allowing him to know the beauties of life.

The old man has created such a situation, which was bound to happen; it was coming by and by.... Each war was becoming more and more dangerous.

Albert Einstein was asked, "Do you have something to say about the third world war?"

He said, "I am sorry. I cannot say anything about the third world war, but if you want to know about the fourth, I can say something."

The man who had asked the question simply could not believe it. If he could not say anything about the third, what could he say about the fourth?
He asked him, unbelievingly, "Okay, what can you say about the fourth?"
And Albert Einstein said, "The fourth will never happen -- that much can be said about the fourth! About the third, nothing can be said."
All your great warriors, all your historical figures, all your so-called great men have brought death so close that now man has to choose. There is no other alternative than a new man. The old man has erased himself out of existence.
The Rebel will have a new morality -- not according to any commandments, but according to his consciousness. He will have a new religiousness; he will not belong to any religion, because that is absolutely stupid. Religiousness is a private and personal phenomenon. It is just like love, it cannot be organized. The moment you organize truth or love, you kill them. Organization functions almost like poison.
The new man will not be a Christian or a Hindu, a Mohammedan or a Buddhist. He will simply be religious. Religiousness will be taken not as a belief, but as a way of life. A graceful, beautiful, responsible way -- a way full of consciousness and full of love, full of sharing and friendliness; and a way of creating one world without any boundaries.
No armies are needed, no weapons are needed, no nations are needed, no religions are needed. All that is needed is a little meditativeness, a little silence, a little love, a little more humanity... just a little more, and existence will

become fragrant with something so totally unique and new that you will have to find a new category for it.

The nuns in the convent were getting very restless. The Mother Superior called them together and demanded to know what was the matter. Nobody spoke, until finally a new novice said, "What this place needs is some healthy males!"
The Reverend Mother was shocked. "Well, she's right. It is only human nature," another nun said boldly.
"Very well then," said the Mother Superior, "I will issue you all with candles, and you can comfort yourselves with them."
"They are no good, we have tried them," cried several voices.
"They were all right when I was young," said the Mother Superior. "What is your objection?"
"Well, Reverend Mother, you get tired of the same thing, wick in, and wick out."

Man is getting tired of everything old -- the old politics, the old religion, the old spirituality, the old saintliness, the old values. Man is getting utterly bored.
This century has given birth to only one philosophical school, and that is existentialism. In existentialism, boredom is the central theme -- not God, not whether existence consists of matter or consciousness, not heaven and hell, not theories about reincarnation, about rebirth. The main theme is boredom.
It is not a small matter that the best thinkers of this age are finding that man's most essential need today is how to get

out of this boredom. It is becoming heavier and heavier, like a black cloud, and destroying all joy; making life meaningless, creating a situation in which it seems that to be born is a curse, not a blessing. The philosophers are saying that life is a curse, a meaningless boredom, an unending anguish which serves no purpose at all. You suffer so much, you sacrifice so much, and the end result is simply nothing.

The politicians have brought the nations into a state of continuous war -- sometimes cold, sometimes hot but the war continues; and scientists have provided the means to destroy this earth at least seven hundred times. That calculation of seven hundred times is almost ten years old. Within these ten years, they must have become able to destroy the earth at least seven thousand times -- so many nuclear weapons!

It is a strange combination: philosophers giving the idea of suicide as the only way out of this mess, and politicians creating communism, democracy, socialism, fascism, all kinds of ideologies -- not for man, but man is there to be sacrificed for these ideologies. And the scientists have created the right weapons in the right time, so that at any moment all of life on this planet can disappear.

I don't think it is going to happen, although preparations are complete -- more than complete. It is not going to happen because life has an intrinsic longing to live forever, to love forever; it is not desirous of death. Hence the guarantee of a new man, a rebellious man who will destroy all that which has been bringing man close to ultimate death.

The obstacles are great, but those obstacles also have a positive side. Because they are bringing death to humanity,

humanity is bound to search for a way to survive. A great rebelliousness is being born against nations, religions and stupid philosophies like existentialism; against a destructive science and technology, against politicians and religious leaders who are dividing humanity and discriminating between people for no reason at all.

The new man has every chance to be the savior. Jesus is not going to come to save humanity, neither will Gautam Buddha, nor Krishna. But a rebellious youth around the world is going to be the savior. I trust in the young people; I trust in their longing for love, I trust in their longing for life, I trust in their longing for singing and dancing and playing music. I don't see that they are ready to die.

If the old people decide to die, they can commit suicide -- nobody is preventing them. If the politicians are so much interested in dying, they can jump into the ocean. But they have no right to destroy those who have not even tasted the joys of life, who have not even breathed the fragrance of existence, who have not even seen the beauty of flowers and stars, the sun and the moon. There are so many who have not yet known themselves, who have not yet been travelers of their own interiority, who are absolutely unacquainted with their own subjectivity, with their own treasures.

No! The young people of the world, whatever their age... and anybody who loves life is young -- even on his deathbed if he loves life he is young. All those who are lovers of life are going to create the right atmosphere to welcome **The Rebel**lious spirit of man, because there is no other alternative.

My certainty about **The Rebel** as the savior of man and this planet is absolute -- categorically absolute. **The Rebel** just has to be unafraid of public opinion, unafraid of the crowd, unafraid of masks, attitudes.

A priest wanted to raise money for his church. He had been told that there was a fortune to be made racing horses, so he decided to purchase one and try his luck. However, horses were too expensive at the auction, and so he bought a donkey instead. He entered the donkey in the races, and to his surprise it placed third. The next day the sports page in the local newspaper carried the headline, "Priest's Ass Shows."
The priest was very excited, so he entered his donkey in another race. This time it won and the papers carried the headline, "Priest's Ass Out In Front."
The bishop was so upset with this kind of publicity that he asked the priest not to enter his donkey in any more races. Next day the papers read, "Bishop Scratches Priest's Ass."
This was too much for the bishop, so he ordered the priest to get rid of the donkey, and the priest gave it to a nun in a nearby convent. The headlines read, "Nun Has Best Ass In Town."
The bishop fainted. Later he informed the nun that she should dispose of the donkey immediately, so she sold it to a farmer for ten dollars. The paper faithfully reported the news, "Nun Peddles Ass For Ten Bucks."
They buried the bishop the next day.

Just don't be worried about local newspapers, public opinion, what people say about you. These are the ways

that the masses have been dominating individuals for centuries. Those who want to be themselves have not to be bothered about what the retarded masses say about them. The retarded masses have always been against any revolution, any rebellion, any change -- even the smallest changes and the masses have condemned them.

When railway trains began operating for the first time, the priest, the archbishop, and the pope all condemned them. They said that God never created railway trains when he created the world, so these railway trains must be the invention of the devil. And they looked like the devil; particularly the older versions of railway trains and their engines certainly looked ferocious, ugly, very evil. The churches prohibited their congregations, saying, "Nobody should enter these railway trains, because the devil is going to destroy you."

The railway train was not going very far, only ten miles. For the first experiment, the railway company was offering a free ticket, breakfast and lunch. It was to be a joyous journey for ten miles, an historical experience -- because nobody had ever been in a railway train. These were the first passengers.

But then too, people who had never been regular churchgoers had gathered to listen to the bishops, to the cardinals, to the archbishop; every church was full. Those people were saying, "Don't be persuaded by the devil. Listen, they are promising you -- without tickets -- breakfast, lunch, a joyous journey." And they said, "You don't know! These trains will certainly start, but they will never stop."

It was said by the archbishop of England, "These trains are managed in such a way by the devil that once you enter they will start, but they will not stop -- then what will you do? Just one breakfast, one lunch, and your life is finished!"

People were very afraid -- on the one hand very much excited, on the other hand very much afraid. Only criminals, a few daredevils, said, "Okay, if they don't stop, nothing to worry -- we will see."

When the first few people entered, a few others who were a little less daring said, "If those other people are entering, let us take a risk."

But still the compartments were almost empty; in a compartment for sixty people there were only five or ten people. In the whole train there were not more than one hundred people -- trembling, eating breakfast, but knowing well, "This is the last breakfast; just wait for lunch and then it's finished."

And this train... it was going so fast, they had never seen anything like it. Unless the devil was driving it, such speed seemed impossible.

The pope, the archbishops and the great Christian leaders proved to be foolish: the train came back -- it stopped. But everything new, even an innocent thing like a railway train, and the masses are against it.

The masses are in the grip of the religious leaders, of the political leaders. And these people don't want any change to happen because every change means a danger to the status quo, a danger to the establishment. Any change is going to bring other changes, and they will have to adjust to those changes. Who knows -- are those adjustments going

to be favorable to them, or unfavorable? Life for those leaders of the establishment is so comfortable and so luxurious it is better that everything remains the same.
But now the situation is totally different. The establishment itself has brought the situation of an ultimate change -- either life or death. And the choice is such that I don't think anybody is going to choose death.
If people choose life, they will have to choose life values. Then the old renunciation of religions will become out-of-date; saintliness will have to find new dimensions. Then poets and painters, singers and dancers will be the saints. Then meditators, the enlightened people, the more conscious and awakened people will be the sages.
We are coming close to a tremendous transformation, and we are going to see it in our own lives -- something so rare and unique which has never happened before, and will never happen again.
You should feel fortunate, blessed, to see the great transformation of all the old values, of all the old ideals; to see the birth of new values, new ideals, new categories of honor and respectability.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
ELEVEN YEARS AGO YOU SAID TO ME IN DARSHAN, "YOU HAVE BEEN HIDING, YOU HAVE BEEN AVOIDING A FEW THINGS." TODAY WHEN YOU TALKED ABOUT INTENSITY, LONGING AND MOVING TO EXPLORE ENLIGHTENMENT, I FELT AGAIN WHAT I OFTEN FEEL IN FRONT OF YOU, THAT I AM NOT HONEST -- BUT HIDING

SOMETHING. SOMETIMES I FEEL I AM BUSY CREATING A BEAUTIFUL SELF WHO APPEARS TO BE SEARCHING, BEFORE I CAN REALLY GO ON THE SEARCH.
AM I TRYING TO HIDE MY LACK OF REAL READINESS TO FIND MY TRUTH? WHAT IS IT I AM HIDING? I FEEL LAUGHTER AND RELIEF COMING AS I WRITE THIS TO YOU; I DON'T WANT TO STAY AS I AM.
MY BELOVED MASTER, PLEASE HELP ME TO COME OUT OF HIDING WITH YOU.

Prem Maneesha, it is not only with you, it is with everybody who has been brought up by a hypocritical society. Its whole training is to hide your original face, to wear masks -- masks which are appealing to people, masks which are appreciated by people; and always remembering to adjust according to others people's ideas.
For millions of years our whole way of life has been of adjustment, of compromise. And compromise with whom? With a crowd -- in which everybody else is also compromising, where nobody is opening up his reality, where everyone is afraid of being himself, because from the very beginning he has been told, "The way you are is not going to be acceptable."
You have to be acceptable, and that means you have to live according to ideals, formalities, mannerisms. You have to be, more or less, an actor in a drama -- and do your best. Never expose yourself, never be naked and nude. Hide yourself -- first from others, and finally from yourself.

Force yourself into such darkness that even you cannot see who you are.

Prem Maneesha, don't take it as a personal problem; it is our social reality. It is the way we have been manufactured, modified, continuously painted, white-washed -- according to others' ideas. Just because those ideas are ancient and old, and because man has lived according to those ideas for centuries, it has been thought that they must be right; otherwise people would have rejected them long ago. The longer an ideal has lived, the more valuable it becomes. The more rotten it is, the deadlier it is, the more respectable, the more honorable it must be.

It is difficult to fit with these ideals, it is arduous. It is a tremendous struggle against yourself, against nature, against existence, against life. But you have been told by your parents, by your teachers, by your priests, by everybody -- and with good intentions -- "Don't assert yourself. Keep yourself out of the way, be a perfect hypocrite, and your life will be a successful life."

In short, it is ambition, success, a desire to fulfill the ego that has been used to force you into darkness. If you want success, if you want Nobel Prizes, if you want to be honored by the society, respected by the masses, then you have to do one thing absolutely: Never be yourself! Hide yourself, and just function according to the expectations of others.

It is this very conditioning that I am absolutely against. I want you to be yourself. It may bring disrespect, it may take away your so-called success. You may become a nobody from being a very famous celebrity. But there will

be tremendous satisfaction and contentment, and a great relaxation.
Who cares, in the first place, to be crowned by idiots? It is an insult, it is not respectability.
I remember a day.... I had asked the education minister to appoint me to some university. I had all the necessary qualifications -- I was a "Gold Medalist," I had topped the university. He said... and he knew me, because before becoming the education minister he was a vice-chancellor; he had heard me speak in his university. He had appreciated me very much, and he had told me, "Any time you need my help, I will be available."
I said, "You remember, it is because of your promise, I have approached you directly "
He said, "That's right, and I will do everything. You put in the application."
So I wrote the application. He said, "Now a character certificate is needed."
I said, "That is difficult."
He said, "What is the difficulty? Can't you get a character certificate from your vice-chancellor? Or from the head of the Department of Philosophy, or the dean of the Faculty of Arts? It is just a formality."
I said, "It is not a question of formality. I cannot get a character certificate from the vice-chancellor. He is not a man of character, how can I ask him to give me a character certificate? I will have to find a man -- and it is going to be a very difficult task -- to whom I can give a character certificate. Then only is it worth having his character certificate for me."

He said, "My God. You are making unnecessary trouble for yourself, and for me."
I said, "Do you think you deserve a character certificate from me? I know you well; otherwise I would have asked, `Write a character certificate for me.' Why should I go anywhere else? You are here, the education minister himself writes character certificates -- but I will not accept it. I know all the ins and outs of your life. I have been in the university where you have been a vice-chancellor, and there have been very few vice-chancellors who were so corrupt as you were. It is your corruption that has brought you to the post of education minister."

There is no point being worried about other people; their opinions mean nothing.
The only thing that matters in life is your own opinion about yourself, your own respect for yourself. Nobody can destroy your dignity then, because it is not dependent on anybody's opinion.
Come out in the open -- even if it goes against the whole world. Enjoy your original being.
To me, that's what rebellion is, that's what religion is.

A man who had lived an average sort of life died, and went to meet Saint Peter.
"Can I come into heaven?" he asked.
"Heaven?" said Peter. "This is not it; heaven is much higher up, and can only be reached by very long ladders. You take this chalk and start climbing," he added. "For each sin of adultery, fornication, lechery or whatever, chalk off one rung."

The man kept on going for ages; his legs ached, his arms ached, and he met no one. All at once, he saw a robed figure descending the neighboring ladder.
"Excuse me," he said to the figure, "are you by any chance an angel, going back for more candidates?"
"No, indeed. I am the pope, going back for more chalk."

All these popes, and kings, and queens, and presidents... if you knew their inner reality, you would not accept awards from them; it is a humiliation. You would simply like to be a nobody, but utterly contented, satisfied with yourself, with your nature, enjoying it in utter innocence.

Hymie Goldberg, on a visit to India, was appalled by the country's chaotic traffic. He asked his host why it was so disorderly.
"In some countries," his host said, "they drive on the right, in others on the left. Here we drive in the shade."

You want these stupid people to be respectful towards you, you want their appreciation. They are utterly unconscious. They don't know themselves, and they are prescribing a lifestyle for you -- and you accept it.

A man approaches a woman on the sidewalk, "Excuse me, madam," he says shyly, "but did you know that one of your tits is hanging out?"
"Oh, my God," she cries, "I left my baby on the bus."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #7

Chapter title: No more ready-made gods
4 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE OLD SAGE AND THE NEW REBEL?

Maneesha, the old sage was respectable, honored by the society in which he was born. He followed the rules and regulations of the people, he went through all the disciplines required for being a sage. He was part of the social structure -- and even though there were thousands of superstitions, ugly institutions, exploitation, philosophies to console the poor and the oppressed, he affirmed them. He was never against any of the institutions the society had lived with for centuries. He was a follower of the old, of the ancient.

In a way he was a simple man, but deep down utterly repressed, because all social structures are repressive. He was not an individual in his own right, he was only a part of a certain society or cultural group. That certain group worshipped him for the simple reason that he was fulfilling their ideals, their cherished goals. He was their representative.

For example, no Hindu sage has denied or condemned the ugly institution of the caste system. It is impossible even to conceive that a man of clarity and enlightenment could not see that the caste system is a special way of exploiting the poor and the oppressed. Man has behaved so inhumanly with these poor and oppressed people; it has not happened anywhere else in the world. And this was happening in this country, which has created the greatest number of sages. They talked beautifully about God, they sang beautifully about the other world, they lived a life prescribed by the society, absolutely according to the rules. The society was happy that they were so obedient, and they were happy because the society fulfilled their subtle egos -- they were thought to be almost incarnations of God. So there was a mutual conspiracy between the so-called old sages and the social structures in which they were born.

The ancientmost scriptures of the Hindus, the Vedas, prescribes rituals in which not only animals have to be sacrificed to satisfy the gods, but even human beings have to be sacrificed -- to satisfy a god that nobody has ever seen. But no sage of those days raised his voice to say that this is absolutely ridiculous, utterly irreligious, unspiritual. They all went hand in hand with the society, supporting whatever the society's beliefs were by their writings and by their living.

Their only satisfaction was that they were worshipped. But to be worshipped is a tremendous nourishment for the ego. If the society wanted them to live naked, they lived naked; if the society wanted them to live in utter poverty, they lived in utter poverty. In a single word, the old sage was just the opposite of the new rebel. The old sage was the

obedient, ego-fulfilling, repressed being. According to me, he was sick -- spiritually sick.

The new rebel is not going to conform to the establishment and its interests. He is absolutely unconcerned about his respectability, reputation, honor, worship; he is not in need of any of these things. The people who are empty inside need all these decorations.

The new rebel is an enlightened being -- he is fulfilled and deeply contented. He stands aloof and alone, with a clarity about everything. He will speak his truth whether it goes against the society, against the heritage, against the ancient traditions, against scriptures -- it does not matter.

To the new rebel, truth is the only religion. For truth he is ready to be sacrificed; for truth he is ready to be condemned; for truth he is willing to be crucified.

The new rebel is an individual, absolutely free from the chains of the crowd -- even if those chains are of gold. He is as free as a bird on the wing. He will not accept any cage, howsoever precious. Truth is his religion, freedom is his path. And to be himself, utterly himself, is his goal.

The old sage was a yea-sayer. The new rebel is a warrior -- a warrior against all that is wrong and inhuman, against all that is stupid and unscientific. And there is so much stupidity proclaimed by all the prophets, all the saints, all the sages... so much superstitiousness deeply ingrained in every religion, in every tradition, in every society, that the new rebel has to fight his way out of all these entanglements.

His attainment of freedom from the old and the rotten, the irrational and the superstitious, is an absolute necessity to attain more consciousness. The more he fights against the

wrong, the more he becomes right. The more he becomes right, the more he is at ease, at home.

The old sage was a pretender, a hypocrite. The new rebel is an authentic human being. He does not claim any specialness. He does not claim, "I am the only begotten son of God." He does not claim, "I am the only messenger of God." He does not claim that he is the reincarnation of God. He simply claims, with pride and dignity, that he is a human being.

One of the most beautiful mystics, Chandidas, has a beautiful song. I have never come across any statement of more significance: Sabar upar manus satya, tahar upar nahin -- "The truth of man is above all, and beyond that there is nothing higher."

The new rebel declares the pride of man and the death of God -- and the death of all saviors, prophets and messengers; because they were pretending to be higher and holier than ordinary human beings.

The new rebel is a declaration of being nobody, just an ordinary human being -- simple, sincere, alert and aware. Knowing himself, and knowing that everybody else is as divine as he himself is -- the new rebel is a declaration of a spiritual communism.

All those old sages were "superior beings," and they condemned humanity. They condemned human nature, they condemned human instincts. In their eyes, to be human was to be a sinner. For the new rebel, to be human -- to be absolutely human, natural, relaxed with your instincts, with your intelligence, with your intuitions -- is the only spirituality there is. There is nothing higher than that.

The old sages destroyed the dignity of man. They destroyed the pride of being human and they raised a hypothetical God to heights which are inconceivable. They did these two things simultaneously -- reducing man to the lowest possibilities, and raising a hypothetical God to the highest of heights.

The God was false, but it was a strategy, because then they could claim that they were closer to God and far away from human beings; they could have a direct connection with God, either as God's only begotten son, as his only messenger, or as his incarnation in the world. The hypothesis of God was very useful because it helped the sage, the so-called saint, to raise himself and his ego to the highest peaks possible.

The new rebel has no hypothetical God. He has a real human being. His effort is to clarify, to unburden the human heart, to raise human consciousness to its highest peaks.

The old sage had a God, ready-made. The new rebel is immensely creative. He is giving a challenge to the world: You have to create your own god within your own being, you have to be a god. And this god is not going to be against humanity; on the contrary, it is going to be its absolute fulfillment, its blossoming, its flowering, its coming of age.

Man has suffered too much, he has been insulted too much. He has made himself into the ugliest creature in the world. He has accepted ideologies which proclaim him only as a sinner. And thousands of years of continual insistence have made wounds in his heart of deep guilt -- guilt which does not allow him to live totally, which does not allow him to

love intensely, which does not allow him to dance passionately, which prevents him and cripples him in every possible way.

The old sage was an agent of the establishment, of the churches, of the priests, of the kings. He represented all those who had power and wanted to retain that power -- power to exploit, power to enslave. And the old sage did his job very well. His reward was only a phony ego.

The new rebel is not going to accept any guilt, because whatever is natural is right. It has to be refined, it has to be lived -- not repressed, not forced into the unconscious, but brought into the conscious.

Everything that nature has given to man has to be used in such a way that life becomes an orchestra. Nothing is wrong -- only things are not in their right places. And this is the work of centuries of saints and sages and prophets -- the whole credit goes to these people. For their own ego fulfillment they played a role which is one of the ugliest phenomena in the history of man.

The new rebel is truly a sage. He lives with such totality, so intensely, so coherently, so harmoniously, that wisdom arises as a by-product. His enlightenment is not a gift from any God; his enlightenment is a reward of his own effort. It is his own hidden treasure that he finds.

The more harmonious he becomes... His religion will be a harmoniousness, a natural, relaxed, conscious effort to create music out of his life, to make it a dance and a celebration.

The old sage was absolutely uncreative -- he has not created anything that you can be proud of. The new rebel will be a creator; he will create poetry, he will create music,

he will create sculpture, he will create songs.
Fundamentally he will create a luminous life here on this earth -- not after death, but now.
This rebellion has been needed for thousands of years. Now it is time: those who have courage should come out of their imprisonment and declare the death of God and the birth of a new man. As far as the old sages and saints are concerned, the differences are not much. Between this religion and that religion, this culture and that culture... just superficial.

The mother gave her little girl some money to go to the movies, a treat she had never had before. When she came home, her mother asked, "How did you get on, dear?"
"Well, Mummy, it was a bit like Sunday school!"
"What? What do you mean?" asked the mother.
"Well, at Sunday school they sing, `Stand up, stand up for Jesus.' And in the movies they shout, `For Christ's sake, sit down!'"

Not much difference...!
A Christian sage, a Hindu sage, a Jaina sage -- not much difference. Their words may be different, their disciplines may be different -- somebody is standing up, somebody is sitting down -- but their basic approach is to support slavery, to condemn humanity, and to proclaim a God which is the greatest lie we have tolerated for thousands of years.

There was a young priest who went to his first parish. The old priest arranged to be in the back of the confessional, to

see if the beginner did it right. The young man tried hard and asked afterwards, "I did not do too badly, did I, Father?"
"Well," said the old priest, "not too badly for the first time. But next time we can have a little less `Whew!... Wow!... Gee!' and a lot more `Tut, tut, tut!'"

The young priest, listening to the sinners, was saying "Wow! Gosh!..."
All that is pleasure to man has been condemned. Pain, self-torture, have been supported. Misery and poverty have been raised as spiritual values -- "Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." It is strange that the people who are going to inherit the kingdom of God should be starving and dying in Ethiopia, should be starving in India, and the people who are going to be in hell are enjoying all the pleasures the world can offer. It is a very strange arrangement!
If the world is a school, then the poor should be given all the pleasures so they can get a little bit ready; otherwise even in heaven they will feel too guilty to enjoy anything. They will bring their conditioning with them. But the society was happy that the poor were told that they would inherit the kingdom of God. Then there is no need of any revolution here, there is no need to revolt against the structures which are making them poor.
The old sage was anti-revolutionary. He was for those who were oppressing and sucking the blood of the people. The new rebel will not be an agent of the bloodsuckers, of the parasites. He will not say, "Blessed are the poor." He will

not say, "Suffer your misery patiently, because after death you are going to inherit the kingdom of God."
There is no kingdom of God -- that's why the rich people have never bothered about it, never even questioned it. They have allowed the priests to tell the poor that they will inherit the kingdom of God. The priests know there is no kingdom of God, that there is no God, and the rich know there is no God, and no kingdom of God. This is a fiction just to keep the poor poor, just to keep the slaves slaves, and avoid revolution of any kind.

A young girl found herself alone at home one night, so she invited her boyfriend over. She took him into the front room, turned on the electric heater, turned out the light, poured him a drink, and sat him on the sofa. He stroked her hair, kissed her neck, then her lips. He crushed her to him, he pressed her back, he laid her down, he lay on top of her. Then he stopped.
"Go on, go on," she moaned. "Don't stop now, or I shall die!"
"But dearest, I don't know what to do next. The movies always fade out at this point."

One needs some experience. The humble, the meek, the poor, the oppressed, they shall inherit the kingdom of God. But they don't have any experience of life and its pleasures, its joys, its songs, its dances. They will be simply standing there embarrassed, not knowing what to do.
But no rich man down through history has ever raised the question: "We make all the temples, all the churches; we pay all the priests, millions of them around the world; we

publish all the holy books and distribute them free; we donate to all kinds of charitable things -- and we shall not inherit the kingdom of God? What nonsense are you talking? You are our servants, we pay you."
Nobody has ever objected. What could be the reason? The reason is that the priests and the rich people both know perfectly well that this is only a deception -- there is no God and no kingdom of God. This is a fiction to keep the poor people consoled.
The new rebel will bring rebellion into all dimensions of life. He will transform this earth into a paradise. He will create gods out of all human beings. Every human being has the potential to be a god because he can become enlightened, he can become pure consciousness. That's what a god is going to mean in the future. In the past, God was the creator. In the future, God will be the creation of human consciousness. It will be the highest peak of human celebration, of human luminosity, of human light.
The new rebel is the first man in favor of the birth of a great humanity; and to bring a great humanity onto the earth, all fictions have to be removed. They are obstructions, hindrances. They have done immense harm to man; they have left man with only wounds.
The new rebel will preach health and wholeness. Life will become our only temple. Reverence for life will become our only religion.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
I EXPERIENCE INDECISIVENESS LIKE A DISEASE THAT ALWAYS LEAVES ME UNCOMFORTABLE

AND PARALYZED. WHEN I HAVE TO MAKE A CHOICE, THE YES AND THE NO ARE BOTH SO POSSIBLE THAT I JUST DON'T KNOW.... WHAT IS THERE THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND?

Sushama, this is your inheritance. This is what your forefathers have given to you -- indecisiveness -- because they have created a split in your being: whatever is natural in you is wrong, and whatever is not natural in you is the ideal to be realized.

It creates such a dilemma, because that which you want to do is condemned, and that which you are not even interested in is praised. If you choose the ideals, you have to repress your nature. That will be a constant struggle within you. If you choose nature, you will feel guilty that you are forsaking the great ideals.

For example, celibacy.... All the religions have been teaching celibacy as one of the greatest moral characteristics. In fact, it is a crime to preach celibacy; celibacy is absolutely against nature. But those who choose to be celibate become superior beings at the cost of repressing their desires, their love, their natural instincts. Those natural instincts are continuously boiling within them. They want expression -- and they will find a way out, which will be a perversion.

The rift has become so big between man's ideals and man's reality that it is always a question of deciding what to do. Whatever you do seems to put you into trouble; hence, before doing anything you are wavering and you are indecisive. The ideals are there, and the nature is there.

The indecisiveness of man will disappear when there is only nature -- when nature itself is the ideal; when rather than repressing your sexuality, your sensuality, you start refining your sexuality, refining your sensuality, making it a deep art, a creative dimension. Indecisiveness will disappear by not repressing those energies -- which are going to become perversions -- or sublimating them, but transforming them. They are your energies, and energy is always neutral. It can produce children, it can produce a higher consciousness in you. It can produce better music, it can produce better poetry. It can give you a new birth. But the indecisiveness is going to continue as long as you have two opposite poles pulling you simultaneously in two diametrically opposite directions.

You are saying, Sushama, "I experience indecisiveness like a disease." It is a disease. But you are not responsible for it. The whole history of mankind is responsible for it. You are saying, "It always leaves me uncomfortable and paralyzed." The whole of humanity is in the same boat. Everybody is feeling uncomfortable and paralyzed because what he wants to do is condemned by the saints, by the sages, by the priests, by the politicians; and what he is not even interested in is proclaimed by everybody to be the great ideal. Whatever you do, you will be in a state of uncomfortableness and paralysis.

I have heard about a professor of mathematics who was purchasing a toy for his child -- it was Christmas time. The shopkeeper knew that he was a great professor of mathematics, so he brought out a jigsaw puzzle. The professor liked it -- and he tried to put the puzzle together. In whatever way he tried to fix it, it was wrong. He was

perspiring! A crowd of customers gathered with the salesman and the shop owner. They were wondering: He is such a great mathematician, and he cannot solve a puzzle which is meant to be solved by small children!

Finally he asked the shopkeeper, "What is the matter? I have tried every way -- nothing works out." The shopkeeper laughed. He said, "You have to forgive me. The puzzle is made in such a way that it cannot be solved."

The professor said, "This is strange!"

The shopkeeper said, "The reason why it has been made in this way is to give the child an experience of how life is going to be. Just look on the back -- the name of the puzzle is life. The child will try thousands of times; there is no way...."

You have been put into a puzzle by the whole human past. It simply makes you uncomfortable and paralyzed. You say, "When I have to make a choice, the yes and the no are both so possible that I just don't know.... What is there that I don't understand?"

Sushama, it is simple. Either become a saint, enter a monastery... it will not solve the puzzle -- the puzzle cannot be solved. It will not make you comfortable, either, but that is one way of escaping. You will remain paralyzed, but people will respect you. Deep down you will be paralyzed, your soul will be continuously suffering... a wound that goes on growing.

Or drop the whole past, and be a natural human being. Then all discomfort will disappear and all paralysis will disappear. Nature is the solution: love nature, respect nature, have a deep reverence for nature; and burn all your ideals which go against nature. Anything that goes against

nature is your enemy. If you have the courage to do that, then you will never feel uncomfortable; then life becomes juicy. Then it becomes so easy, so relaxed, so peaceful. Chuang Tzu is right when he says, "Easy is right and right is easy. And when you have forgotten both the easy and the right, you have come home."

But the simple statement, "Easy is right," can become your whole religion. In fact, it has to become your whole religion, if you want to come out of your uncomfortableness, out of your paralysis.

As far as my people are concerned, their work is to make bonfires of all that is old and rotten. Get rid of all the sages and saints who are sitting on your head -- their weight is too much. Moreover, they are dead and they are stinking. And because of their mountainous weight -- because it is not one saint or one sage that is sitting on your head, it is a big crowd -- they are paralyzing you.

Sigmund Freud was right in his insight when he said that all the religions are against sex. Although they have been preaching this antagonism for centuries, they have not been able to destroy sex -- but they have certainly succeeded in poisoning it. Now you cannot enjoy it, and you have to go into it; this is the torture. You are committing a sin... you cannot resist, because nature is irresistible, and you cannot stop your mind condemning your nature.

My approach towards life is very easy. I have never felt any indecisiveness because I have never accepted any ideals, howsoever old, howsoever respectable. I have lived according to my own light, howsoever small. And I have never felt paralyzed. I have never repented for a single thing; whatsoever has happened in my life had to happen. It

was not a question of my choice -- I allowed my nature to have its way. I have just been floating with the river -- not even swimming. The question of going against the current does not arise; that's what creates discomfort and finally will create paralysis.
Just go with the river. It is already going towards the ocean. Why are you unnecessarily struggling against the current? Nature is already going towards enlightenment; that is its ocean. Just relax with it -- enjoy it, sing it, dance it.
I teach you to be simple pagans, loving nature, enjoying all that nature provides -- so that the split in your mind disappears, and you can become one organic whole. Only with that organic unity does everything come with absolute decisiveness. Not even a single part of you is against it; all the parts of your being join hands together and make your life a sheer joy.

The Sunday school teacher liked to fill his house with holy texts. One day the maid said to the mistress of the house, "I want to put my notice in."
"Why, Mary?" said the mistress. "Aren't you happy here?"
"Yes, Madam, but you don't know what the master has been up to in my bedroom."
"What has he done?" asked the mistress, suddenly pale.
"He stuck up one of those cards...."
The mistress rushed into the maid's bedroom and read: "Be Ye Prepared -- For Ye Know Not at What Hour the Master Cometh."

It was a card prepared by the wife herself. She used to write all these holy things, and her husband used it for a better

purpose: he just put it by the maidservant's bed. Naturally she was afraid. In a different context, the whole thing changes, it is no longer holy. "Be Ye Prepared -- For Ye Know Not at What Hour the Master Cometh."

Right now you are uncomfortable, you are in a deep indecisiveness. You feel it like a disease. You are paralyzed, you don't know what to do. In this context, any advice to you to do this or do that, is not going to help, because that advice will become a new point for indecisiveness, a new paralysis, a new problem.

You have to go through surgery, and the surgery is that you have to cut yourself off completely from the past -- from all the religions, from all moralities, from all that has been taught to you as being respectable. You have to be just a simple human, a nobody, with no desire for any paradise... with only one longing, to be at peace within yourself. Then all paralysis, the whole disease, the indecisiveness, everything, will disappear on its own accord. You don't need a medicinal treatment; you need, simply, total surgery. Homeopathic sugar pills won't help.

Just be prepared: "For Ye Know Not at What Hour the Surgeon Cometh!" Just remain lying down on the bed... and wait. The master is bound to come!

But this is not the master proclaimed in the holy scriptures. This is a human master, who is not a physician but a surgeon. My work is not that of a physician, my work is that of absolute surgery -- because I want you to be utterly freed from all fetters, not in installments, but in one go!

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #8

Chapter title: Zorba the buddha -- man of the future
4 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
HOW IS YOUR REBEL CONCERNED WITH "ZORBA THE BUDDHA"?

Maneesha, my rebel, my new man, is Zorba the Buddha. Mankind has lived believing either in the reality of the soul and the illusoriness of matter, or in the reality of matter and the illusoriness of the soul.
You can divide the humanity of the past into the spiritualists and the materialists. But nobody has bothered to look at the reality of man. He is both together. He is neither just spirituality -- he is not just consciousness -- nor is he just matter. He is a tremendous harmony between matter and consciousness.
Or perhaps matter and consciousness are not two things, but only two aspects of one reality: matter is the outside of consciousness, and consciousness is the interiority of matter. But there has not been a single philosopher, sage, or religious mystic in the past who has declared this unity; they were all in favor of dividing man, calling one side real and the other side unreal. This has created an atmosphere of schizophrenia all over the earth.

You cannot live just as a body. That's what Jesus means when he says, "Man cannot live by bread alone" -- but this is only half the truth. You cannot live just as consciousness alone, you cannot live without bread either. You have two dimensions of your being, and both the dimensions have to be fulfilled, given equal opportunity for growth. But the past has been either in favor of one and against the other, or in favor of the other and against the first one.

Man as a totality has not been accepted. This has created misery, anguish, and a tremendous darkness; a night that has lasted for thousands of years, that seems to have no end. If you listen to the body, you condemn yourself; if you don't listen to the body, you suffer -- you are hungry, you are poor, you are thirsty. If you listen to consciousness only, your growth will be lopsided: your consciousness will grow but your body will shrink, and the balance will be lost. And in the balance is your health, in the balance is your wholeness, in the balance is your joy, your song, your dance.

The West has chosen to listen to the body, and has become completely deaf as far as the reality of consciousness is concerned. The ultimate result is great science, great technology, an affluent society, a richness of things mundane, worldly. And amidst all this abundance, a poor man without a soul, completely lost -- not knowing who he is, not knowing why he is, feeling almost an accident or a freak of nature.

Unless consciousness grows with the richness of the material world, the body -- matter -- becomes too heavy and the soul becomes too weak. You are too much burdened by your own inventions, your own discoveries.

Rather than creating a beautiful life for you, they create a life which is felt by all the intelligentsia of the West as not worth living.

The East has chosen consciousness and has condemned matter and everything material, the body included, as maya, as illusory, as a mirage in a desert which only appears but has no reality in itself. The East has created a Gautam Buddha, a Mahavira, a Patanjali, a Kabir, a Farid, a Raidas -- a long line of people with great consciousness, with great awareness. But it has also created millions of poor people, hungry, starving, dying like dogs -- with not enough food, no pure water to drink, not enough clothes, not enough shelters.

A strange situation.... In the West every six months they have to drown billions and billions of dollars' worth of milk products and other foodstuff in the ocean, because it is surplus. They don't want to overload their warehouses, they don't want to lower their prices and destroy their economic structure. On the one hand, in Ethiopia one thousand people were dying every day, and at the same time the European Common Market was destroying so much food that the cost of destroying it was millions of dollars. That is not the cost of the food; it is the cost of taking it to the ocean, and throwing it into the ocean. Who is responsible for this situation?

The richest man in the West is searching for his soul and finding himself hollow, without any love, only lust; without any prayer, only parrot-like words that he has been taught in the Sunday schools. He has no religiousness, no feeling for other human beings, no reverence for life, for birds, for trees, for animals -- destruction is so easy.

Hiroshima and Nagasaki would not have happened if man were not thought to be just matter. So many nuclear weapons would not have been piled up if man had been thought to be a hidden God, a hidden splendor; not to be destroyed but to be discovered, not to be destroyed but to be brought into the light -- a temple of God. But if man is just matter, just chemistry, physics, a skeleton covered with skin, then with death everything dies, nothing remains. That's why it becomes possible for an Adolf Hitler to kill six million people, without a hitch. If all people are just matter, there is no question of even thinking twice.

The West has lost its soul, its interiority. Surrounded by meaninglessness, boredom, anguish, it is not finding itself. All the success of science is proving of no use, because the house is full of everything, but the master of the house is missing.

Here, in the East, the master is alive but the house is empty. It is difficult to rejoice with hungry stomachs, with sick bodies, with death surrounding you; it is impossible to meditate. So, unnecessarily, we have been losers.

All our saints, and all our philosophers, spiritualists and materialists both, are responsible for this immense crime against man.

Zorba the Buddha is the answer. It is the synthesis of matter and soul. It is a declaration that there is no conflict between matter and consciousness, that we can be rich on both sides. We can have everything that the world can provide, that science and technology can produce, and we can still have everything that a Buddha, a Kabir, a Nanak finds in his inner being -- the flowers of ecstasy, the fragrance of godliness, the wings of ultimate freedom.

Zorba the Buddha is the new man, is **The Rebel**.
His rebellion consists of destroying the schizophrenia of man, destroying the dividedness -- destroying spirituality as against materialism, and destroying materialism as against spirituality.
It is a manifesto that body and soul are together: that existence is full of spirituality, that even mountains are alive, that even trees are sensitive, that the whole existence is both -- or perhaps just one energy expressing itself in two ways, as matter and as consciousness. When energy is purified, it expresses itself as consciousness; when energy is crude, unpurified, dense, it appears as matter. But the whole existence is nothing but an energy field.
This is my experience, it is not my philosophy. And this is supported by modern physics and its researches: existence is energy.
We can allow man to have both the worlds together. He need not renounce this world to get the other world, neither has he to deny the other world to enjoy this world. In fact, to have only one world while you are capable of having both is to be unnecessarily poor.
Zorba the Buddha is the richest possibility. He will live his nature to its utmost and he will sing songs of this earth. He will not betray the earth, and he will not betray the sky either. He will claim all that this earth has -- all the flowers, all the pleasures -- and he will also claim all the stars of the sky. He will claim the whole existence as his home.
The man of the past was poor because he divided existence. The new man, my rebel, Zorba the Buddha, claims the whole world as his home. All that it contains is for us, and we have to use it in every possible way -- without any guilt,

without any conflict, without any choice. Choicelessly enjoy all that matter is capable of, and rejoice in all that consciousness is capable of.
Be a Zorba, but don't stop there.
Go on moving towards being a Buddha.
Zorba is half, Buddha is half.
There is an ancient story. In a forest nearby to a city there lived two beggars. Naturally they were enemies to each other, as all professionals are -- two doctors, two professors, two saints. One was blind and one was lame, and both were very competitive; the whole day they were competing with each other in the city.
But one night their huts caught fire, because the whole forest was on fire. The blind man could run out, but he could not see where to run, he could not see where the fire had not yet spread. The lame man could see that there are still possibilities of getting out of this fire, but he could not run out. The fire was too fast, wild, so the lame man could only see his death coming.
They both realized that they needed each other. The lame man had a sudden realization, "The other man can run, the blind man can run, and I can see." They forgot all their competition. In such a critical moment, when both were facing death, each necessarily forgot all stupid enmities. They created a great synthesis; they agreed that the blind man would carry the lame man on his shoulders, and they would function as one man -- the lame man could see, and the blind man could run. They saved their lives. And because they saved each other's lives they became friends; for the first time they dropped their antagonism.

Zorba is blind -- he cannot see, but he can dance, he can sing, he can rejoice. The Buddha can see, but he can only see. He is pure eyes, just clarity and perception, but he cannot dance; he is crippled, he cannot sing, he cannot rejoice.

It is time. The world is a wildfire; everybody's life is in danger. The meeting of Zorba and Buddha can save the whole humanity. Their meeting is the only hope.

Buddha can contribute consciousness, clarity, eyes to see beyond, eyes to see that which is almost invisible. Zorba can give his whole being to Buddha's vision -- and let it not remain just a dry vision, but make it a dancing, rejoicing, ecstatic way of life.

The ambassador of Sri Lanka wrote a letter to me saying that I should stop using the words "Zorba the Buddha"... because Sri Lanka is a Buddhist country, and he said, "It hurts our religious feelings that you are mixing strange people, Zorba and Buddha."

I wrote to him, "Perhaps you don't understand that Buddha is nobody's personal property, and Buddha is not necessarily the Gautam Buddha who you have been worshipping for thousands of years in your temples. Buddha simply means `the awakened one.' It is an adjective; it is not a personal name. Jesus can be called the buddha; Mahavira was called, in Jaina scriptures, the buddha; Lao Tzu can be called a buddha -- anybody who is enlightened is a buddha. The word buddha simply means `the awakened one.'

"Now, awakening is nobody's property; everybody who can sleep can also awaken. It is just a natural, logical, corollary -- if you are capable of sleeping, you are capable of waking

up. Zorba is asleep; hence he has the capacity to be awake. So please don't get unnecessarily enraged, angry. I am not talking about your Gautam Buddha; I am talking about the pure quality of awakening. I am using it only as a symbol. "Zorba the Buddha simply means a new name for a new human being, a new name for a new age, a new name for a new beginning."

He has not replied. Even people who are holding posts of ambassadors are so utterly ignorant, so stupid. He thought that he was writing a very significant letter to me, without even understanding the meaning of the Buddha. Buddha was not the name of Gautama. His name was Gautam Siddhartha. Buddha was not his name -- the name given by his parents was Gautam Siddharth. Siddharth was his name, Gautama was his family name. He is called Buddha because he became awakened; otherwise he was also a Zorba. Anybody who is not awakened is a Zorba.

Zorba is a fictitious character, a man who believed in the pleasures of the body, in the pleasures of the senses. He enjoyed life to the fullest, without bothering about what is going to happen to him in the next life, whether he will enter into heaven or be thrown into hell. He was a poor servant; his boss was very rich, but very serious, long faced -- very British.

One full-moon night... I have not been able to forget what he said to his boss. Zorba was in his cabin. He went outside, with his guitar -- he was going to dance on the beach -- and he invited the boss. He said, "Boss, only one thing is wrong with you -- you think too much. Just come on! This is not the time for thinking; the moon is full, and the whole ocean is dancing. Don't miss this challenge."

He dragged the boss by his arm. His boss tried not to go with him, because Zorba was absolutely mad, he used to dance on the beach every night! The boss was feeling embarrassed.... What if somebody comes and sees that he is also standing with Zorba? And Zorba was not only inviting his boss to stand by; he was inviting him to start dancing! Seeing the full-moon night and the ocean dancing, and the waves, and Zorba singing with his guitar, suddenly the boss started feeling an energy in his legs that he had never felt before. Encouraged and persuaded, he finally joined the dance; at first reluctantly, glancing all around, but there was nobody on the beach in the middle of the night. Then he forgot all about the world, and started. He became one with Zorba the dancer, and the ocean the dancer, and the moon the dancer. Everything became lost. It all became a dance.

Zorba is a fictitious character, and Buddha is an adjective for anyone who drops his sleep and becomes awake. No Buddhist need feel hurt.

I am giving Buddha energy to dance, and I am giving Zorba eyes to see beyond the skies to faraway destinies of existence and evolution.

My rebel is nobody other than Zorba the Buddha.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

YOU ARE THE TRUE REBEL, YOU ARE THE NEW MAN, AND YOU ARE A MASTER MIDWIFE HELPING TO GIVE BIRTH TO US. SINCE TRUE REBELLION IS BORN OUT OF AWARENESS, LOVE, AND MEDITATION, AS IF IT IS AN ALCHEMY, A

LIVING WHOLENESS UNTO WHICH WE SIMPLY NEED TO AWAKEN, HOW CAN THIS REBELLION CATCH LIKE WILDFIRE?

Satyadharma, the question is not how this rebellion can catch like a wildfire. The question is for you to catch the flame, for you to become a rebel. Don't be worried about how the world should catch **The Rebel**lious spirit. You are the world, every individual is the world.

It happened that Akbar, one of the great emperors of India, had made a beautiful pond. He was bringing the most beautiful swans from the highest lake in the world, Mansarovar, in the Himalayas. The greatest, the whitest and the most beautiful swans are born only on that lake. For his palace garden he had made a very vast pond, so those big swans wouldn't feel imprisoned. The pond was almost a lake, big enough so that they could enjoy their freedom. He was standing and watching the completion of the pond; the pond was made completely of pure white marble.

His prime minister said, "The information has reached us that tomorrow the swans are coming. As a welcome for them, we should fill the pond not with water but with milk. Later on, of course, we will have to change it to water; but for the welcome, for the first day...."

Akbar said, "But from where to get so much milk?"

The prime minister said, "That's easy. We just have to inform the whole capital that the emperor's garden is receiving swans. And as a welcome to these swans from the Himalayas, he wants their pond, at least for the first day, to be filled with milk. Everybody in the city is requested to bring a bucket of milk."

The capital was large, and if everybody brought one bucket of milk the pond was certainly going to be filled with milk. And who was not going to fulfill the request? In fact it was a joy to join the emperor in welcoming the swans coming from the Himalayas -- such a rare variety.

Hindus have always worshipped swans for a certain great capacity that they have: if you mix water and milk -- perhaps it is a mythological idea -- the swan is capable of drinking just the milk and leaving the water. If water and milk are mixed it is almost impossible to separate them, but the swan has that capacity. This must be mythology -- certainly it is mythology -- but it has great significance. It means the man who can separate the unreal from the real, the mortal from the immortal, the mundane from the sacred; the man who can separate sleep from awakening... he is also called PARAMHANSA, "the great swan."

The emperor was very happy. But the next day there was a great surprise for the whole palace, because the whole pond was full of water. Everybody in the city had thought, "Just one bucket of water when there will be millions of buckets of milk -- who can detect it? You just have to go a little early, when it is dark." So everybody went a little early when it was dark, and everybody poured in water, hoping that everybody else was pouring in milk. Not a single man in the whole capital poured in milk.

You simply think about yourself -- your bucket should be full of milk. Don't bother about others.

Everybody has to think about himself. If he is to save his organic unity -- his joy in the world and his ecstasy of consciousness, together -- he has to become part of the great rebellion I am talking about. This rebellion is going to

be the religion of the future. But each individual has to take the responsibility on his own shoulders.
Just think about yourself -- that's enough. And if you become aflame, if people see both Zorba and Buddha in you, you will create a great challenge around yourself for everybody. If you can become so rich on the outside and on the inside, so rich that you can have roots deep in the earth and wings flying in the sky, so rich that you can master matter and consciousness both together, then it will be an invitation, a challenge, and an exciting journey for anybody who comes in contact with you.
Rebellion is always contagious; it is a wildfire. But you should have the flame. Then wherever you move, you will be setting people on fire -- people will become aflame with a new light, with a new vision, with a new idea, a new conception of man and his future.

An astronaut landed on Mars and came across a beautiful Martian woman stirring a pot over a flaming fire. "What are you doing?" he asked.
"Making babies," she replied.
"That is not how we do it on Earth," he told her.
"How is it done there?" she asked.
"I can't explain, but I can show you how -- may I?"
"Sure," she said, and he proceeded to show her how it is done. When they had finished she asked, "Where are the babies?"
"Oh," he told her, "they don't come for another nine months."

"So," she replied, "why did you stop stirring? Go on stirring, that's how we do it. Until the babies come -- go on stirring."

You are asking how this fire can become a wildfire around the earth. Just go on stirring!

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
YOU HAVE KILLED ME WITH YOUR LOVE. NO WORDS CAN SAY WHAT I FEEL, ONLY SILENCE. BUT NOW I AM ADDICTED TO YOU, AND I'M AFRAID OF THE MOMENT THAT I MUST GO AWAY FROM YOU, MY MASTER, AND MY HOME.

Marcia, if you are really addicted to me then there is no fear. This is an addiction that knows no distances, either in time or in space; wherever you are, you will remain addicted to me. Perhaps when you are far away, your longing for me will be deeper, more intense. And you cannot be away for a long time, because I am not only your master but your home, too.
It is good, once in a while, to go away from the home just to realize how sweet the home is. Living at home, being with me, becomes almost a natural thing; one starts taking things for granted. Hence it is always good once in a while to go away, to intensify your desire and your longing and your passion.
Your addiction will not fade away -- there is no antidote to it. There are many doctors here; I have been consulting all of them, "Do you know any antidote for this addiction?"

They just say, "There is no antidote right now, and there is no possibility in the future either."
To be in love with a master is to be in love at the highest and purest level -- it is no ordinary love. Nothing can be higher than that. It is something divine. The greatest lotus flower... once you are addicted to it, you become a lotus-eater! Then nothing satisfies; then the home goes on calling you continuously.

Paddy fell two stories from a building scaffold.
"Did the fall hurt you?" asked his friend.
Paddy felt his aching bones, "It was not the fall that hurt me," he said, "it was the sudden stop."
So there is no fear in falling in love -- just don't stop suddenly, go on falling! Never stop; it is the stop that really hurts.
People live under a very deep misconception that falling hurts. Paddy has revealed a great truth, that it is the stopping that hurts. Falling was perfectly good -- one was almost enjoying a flight in the sky.
Soon you will be back here....

Things were quiet at the Poona police station.
"What a dull week -- no burglaries, no fights, no sex orgies, no naked women! If this keeps up, we will be out of a job," said Officer Singh.
"Don't be a pessimist, Singh," said the commissioner. "I still have faith in human nature. Something is bound to happen -- Marcia is going to be back again."

Don't be worried, Marcia, just go to have an experience of missing me; that too is very sweet. It is almost like an appetizer. And when you are away, you will remember what I am saying.

The old woman comes to the small town. She goes to the rabbi and complains that her husband has accused her of being ugly. The rabbi states that it is a serious allegation, and he must consult the book of the great sages. The rabbi takes the book, places it on a stand, opens it, takes out his spectacles, puts them on, looks at the woman, and pronounces firmly, "Your husband is right."

When you are far away, you will know that your master is right; there is no need to consult any rabbi.

Just for the journey: A young American couple who were touring England went to Canterbury Cathedral, where they could not resist making love on one of the historic marble tombstones. The next day the girl complained of back pain and went to see a local doctor. After the doctor examined her, he told her that he could find nothing wrong.
"But by the way," he asked, "how old are you?"
"Twenty-four," she answered. "Why?"
"Well," said the doctor, "it says on your ass that you died in 1787."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Society's justice is revenge
5 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS JUSTICE FOR A REBELLIOUS MAN?

Raso, it is one of the most significant questions to be asked -- for the simple reason that man has never tried to remove the causes of injustice. On the contrary, in the name of justice, he has been taking revenge on the individuals who were not obedient to the social order, to the establishment, to the vested interests. They were condemned as criminals, punished -- and it was thought that justice had been restored.

In fact, the people who had been punished were really the victims. Justice was not restored. In fact, the people who were the root causes of injustice in the world had taken their revenge. Their revenge was fulfilled, and people were made afraid to go against the social order in any way.

It is very strange that such a long history... and nobody has tried to look at why injustice exists at all. We have been trying to look only at individuals, and they are not the causes, only symptoms.

For example, a poor man is forced to steal in certain circumstances. If you really want justice to be restored, his poverty should be removed. But no, you throw the poor man into jail for a few years, and you create more injustice

in the society -- because then his children are bound to become beggars, or pickpockets; his wife is bound to become a prostitute.

And the man you have jailed for a few years -- you have taken away his humanity, his pride, his self-respect; you have humiliated him so much that back in the society he will find himself a stranger who nobody trusts, who cannot get a job, who everybody avoids. Nobody wants to be friends with him. He is again forced to steal.

It is a known fact that once a man is forced into jail as a punishment, he automatically comes back again and again to the jail. In the long run, the jail becomes his home, he becomes a jailbird. The outside world is just a holiday resort. Once in a while he is out in the world -- but the world is not accepting of the man, does not treat him on equal terms with other human beings. Insulted, he also becomes revengeful.

Revenge cannot create anything else except revenge. Hate creates more hate, revenge creates more revenge.

In the jail he becomes more and more of an expert. He is no longer an amateur -- the first time he was an amateur. In jail, which should almost be named a university for crimes, a teaching school, a productive field for criminals... in jail he learns that it is not the crime that is punished, it is being caught that is punished. Don't be caught, and you have not committed the crime. There are senior experts in the jail; they teach the novice, they initiate him into the secrets of the criminal world. Each time he comes out of the jail, he is more mature as far as crime is concerned.

But perhaps the old humanity was not interested in removing crime completely. It was only interested in

punishing the disobedient, the misfit -- those who wanted to go their own way, those who did not want to become a cog in the wheel, those who had a certain individuality. There was no other avenue open for them except crime. Crime was their sort of rebellion.

The Rebellious man and his world will look into the causes. No man is born as a criminal; every man is born as a sage, innocent. It is a certain kind of nurturing, a certain kind of society, a certain upbringing, that reduces him into a criminal.

The society of **The Rebel**s will remove the causes. For example, poverty will not be allowed on the earth. And once poverty is removed, almost fifty percent of crimes will be removed, and fifty percent of judges, fifty percent of courts, fifty percent of law enforcement authorities, and fifty percent of laws -- just by removing poverty.

Secondly, now science is absolutely certain that there are crimes which are hereditary. You are unnecessarily punishing a person -- he needs sympathy, not punishment. For example, a rapist... in a Mohammedan country this crime is thought to be so serious that death is the only punishment. But rape can be removed completely.

In any aboriginal society rape does not exist because young children, the moment they become aware of their sexual energy and the upsurge of sensuality, are not allowed to live in their parents' houses. They have a hall in the village; all the young people live in that hall. They come in contact with all kinds of girls and all kinds of boys; they are allowed absolute sexual freedom, with only one condition -- which seems to be very significant -- that you can be with

a girlfriend or a boyfriend for only three days; then you have to change.

This gives a chance for everybody to experience everybody else, and also it gives an immense opportunity to drop jealousy. It is absolutely impossible to be jealous because your girlfriend is now moving with somebody else. There is no fixed relationship; only for three days can you be together, then you move on, you change.

By the time they are of marriageable age, they are so experienced with every girl of the tribe and every boy of the tribe that they can choose the right partner; the one with whom they are in the most harmonious relationship.

Strangely enough, in such a licentious society there is no rape -- it has never been recorded in the whole history of mankind -- and there is no divorce either. They have found the right person because they have been given the opportunity. Their love goes on growing, their harmony becomes richer and richer each day.

In aboriginal societies divorce is unknown, adultery is unknown. Not that they have any commandments, but by the simple fact that everybody has known everybody else in the tribe... and after this knowledge and experience they have chosen their partners. Parents don't arrange marriages; the young people choose for themselves.

In a rebellious society the pattern will be the same. And particularly after the invention of the pill, it is absolutely absurd that a man has to marry a woman he has not known intimately, or a woman has to marry a man she knows nothing about. The pill should have been a great revolution, but all the religions are preventing that revolution. They

think the pill is an invention of evil forces, that it should not be used.
The old pill was only ninety-nine percent reliable because sometimes one could forget to take it. Now, two other pills have come into existence. One a woman can take after making love, so there is no question of any loopholes; and another pill has come into existence which the man can take -- no need for the woman to take any pill.
With these pills available, men and women can experiment until they find a person who they would really love to be with forever. And they need not be in a hurry to rush to the church, they can wait. For a year or two they can see how their intimacy goes; whether it goes deeper and becomes richer, or whether as time passes it fades away. Before deciding on a life partner, this seems to be simply logical -- to experiment, to experience as many people as possible. Adultery will disappear, rape will disappear.

And science will find, as we have already been finding, that there are crimes which a man is committing under biological laws -- he is forced to commit them by his heredity. Then he needs hospitalization, medical care; or, if he has something wrong with his mind, then he needs a psychiatric hospital. But there is no question of calling him a criminal, and there is no question of giving him any punishment.
All punishment is crime. Just because we have not been able to find the causes... or perhaps we were not willing to find the causes, because to find the causes would mean changing the whole social structure, and we were not ready for that great revolution.

The Rebellious man is ready for every revolution in every area of life. Injustice disappears... and there is no question of any justice.

It is very difficult to conceive of a man without jealousy, a man without anger, a man without competitiveness, a man without a lust for power, but it is all possible. We have just never thought about how to remove the causes.

Why do people want power? Because whatever they are doing is not respected. A shoemaker is not respected like the president of a country. In reality, he may be better as a shoemaker than the president is as a president. The quality should be praised -- if a shoemaker is a better shoemaker, then he need not be interested in being a president. His own art, his own craft, will bring him dignity and the respect of the people.

It actually happened -- because Lincoln's father was a shoemaker, and Lincoln became the president. The whole American aristocracy was very much shocked that they had to live under a shoemaker's presidency. In the Senate they were all aristocrats, super-rich people. The first speech that Lincoln delivered on the inauguration of his first term was interrupted right at the beginning. A man, very arrogant and egoistic, stood up and showing his shoes said, "Mr. Lincoln, by accident you have become the president. But never forget that your father was a shoemaker. In fact, in my family your father used to come to make shoes for everybody. The shoes I am showing you were made by your father."

The whole Senate laughed; they thought they had humiliated Lincoln. But it is difficult to humiliate people like Lincoln. There were tears in his eyes, and he said, "I

am immensely grateful to you for reminding me of my father. He was a perfect shoemaker, and I know I cannot be that perfect a president. I cannot beat him. But I will try my best to at least reach close to his greatness.

"As for your family and the shoes my father has made, I can inform the whole Senate that there may be other aristocratic families that my father used to make shoes for. He has taught me a little bit of the art of shoemaking too. If his shoes are not working well -- if they pinch you, if they are too tight, or too loose -- I can always mend them. I am my own father's son. Never feel embarrassed -- just inform me. I can come and do my best. Of course, it will not be the same as my father, but he is dead."

There was great silence... the senators could not believe it -- what mettle is this man Lincoln made of? You cannot insult him. He can turn your insult into great respect. And he is so humble, how can you humiliate him? Only arrogant people can be humiliated.

A commune where rebellious people live will be non-competitive, will give equal opportunity to everybody to be himself. It will accept everybody the way he is. And all are needed -- the shoemakers, and the toilet-cleaners, and the presidents -- all are needed. In fact, there may come a time when there will be no need of presidents, no need of prime ministers, no need of government itself; but there will never come a time when there will be no need for a shoemaker or a toilet-cleaner. They are far more essential, they serve society in a more fundamental way. All respect is due to them.

When everybody is respected as he is, when his profession is respected whatever it is, you are cutting the very roots of

crime, of injustice. And when there is no money as an agency for exchange, nobody can become richer and nobody can become poorer.

The miracle of money is that it can be accumulated. You cannot accumulate wheat. How much can you accumulate? -- it will get rotten. You cannot accumulate flowers, you cannot accumulate milk products, how much can you keep? You have to share them, and you have to be quick to share them -- because the fresher they are, the better. The currency note never gets old, and the currency note never gets rotten. You can go on collecting currency notes.

The division of classes in the society between the poor and the rich is because of currency notes. **The Rebel** will remove all currency, all money.

Everybody should get his needs fulfilled. The commune will be responsible to take care of the individual. The commune will make every effort to be richer, to be healthier, to allow people to live more comfortably, to live more luxuriously. But for that you don't need a great bank account, and you don't need to reduce thousands of people to starvation.

The Rebel will look at every problem of life from its very roots. He will not repress the symptoms, he will destroy the causes. And if all the causes of injustice are destroyed, then justice is restored for the first time.

Right now, we are all living under injustice, multidimensional injustice. And to keep this injustice prevailing, we have armies, we have police, we have national guards, we have courts and we have judges. These professions are absolutely useless! All these people should be taught some craft -- shoemaking, weaving clothes,

carpentry. If they cannot do anything very skillful, then unskilled labor -- they can at least carry bricks, participate in the construction of houses and roads. At the very least, all your judges and all your great law experts can become gardeners.

But the whole justice establishment is there to protect the many injustices that are in existence, and the people who are in power want those injustices to continue.

The world of my vision, the world of the new man, will remove all causes. Many crimes -- murder, rape, even stealing -- are hereditary. You need your chemistry to be changed, your hormones to be changed. A few crimes are committed because you have a wrong psychology; you need a good brainwash, and more clarity of vision. And all this should not be considered as punishment. If somebody is suffering from tuberculosis you send him to the hospital, not to jail, and to be in the hospital is not considered to be criminal. And once you are healthy, and back in the society, your dignity is not destroyed.

There are many problems which have not even been touched by the old man. They have been avoiding them, postponing them. Their greatest fear was that the powerful people were one of the causes of all crimes, that the rich people were a cause of all crimes, that the priests were a cause of all the sexual crimes, sexual perversions, homosexuality, lesbianism. They never brought those causes to light.

Now governments all over the world are concerned about AIDS, and many governments have decided that homosexuality is a crime, punishable by at least five years of jail. This is so stupid, one cannot consider humanity to

be behaving intelligently, because the jails are one of the places where homosexuality thrives. In American jails they had a survey made, and thirty percent of the inmates confessed that they were practicing homosexuality. And if thirty percent are confessing, the percentage of real homosexuals is bound to more -- maybe fifty percent, maybe sixty percent.

Now homosexuality is to be condemned as a crime, and homosexuals will go underground. Right now they have their own clubs, their own restaurants, their own discos, their own gay bars. They will have to go underground, and they will become more dangerous because they will not admit that they are homosexuals.

It is almost an impossible task to test five billion human beings to know who is suffering from AIDS and who is not. Just in Texas, when they passed the law that homosexuality should become a crime punishable by at least five years of imprisonment, thousands of homosexuals protested against the State Assembly. Nobody would have thought that Texas -- a very backward state in the United States, a desert -- has so many homosexuals. And it must have more because these were only the protesters; many may not have come to protest, because that declares that you are a homosexual.

If this is the situation in Texas, what about California? Perhaps in California it is difficult to find someone who is not a homosexual. There is no need to give any prison terms. Just raise a big wall around the whole state of California, why bother about sending single individuals to jail? And there are millions of lesbians all over the world as well. The real culprit is religion, which has been teaching

people to be celibate. It is celibacy that has created homosexuality. Celibacy should be condemned as a crime, it should be punishable.

But these are the people who are in power -- the priests, the pope, the shankaracharyas, the jainacharyas, the presidents like Ronald Reagan. They are all fanatically religious. And to see that celibacy is the cause needs a little more intelligence. Any idiot can be a fanatic -- in fact, only idiots can be fanatic. An intelligent man is not fanatic, there is no need. He has arguments and evidence and reasons for whatever he does; whatever his way of life, it is based on experiments and intelligence, not on a fanatic attitude.

The future man will destroy all the causes of injustice. And if something comes from heredity, it is a very simple matter of changing your hormones, changing your chemistry, your physiology. If something is in your mind, that too can be operated upon.

You will be surprised to know that your mind has seven hundred centers, and these centers control everything in your life -- hunger, thirst, sensuality, sexuality -- everything. If something is wrong in those centers, if they are malfunctioning, they can be put right. Now brain surgery is in a position to know exactly which center controls which act.

With the collaboration of science, psychology, psychoanalysis and psychiatry, **The Rebel** will be able to remove all injustice, and the very question will become irrelevant.

Raso, you are asking, "What is justice for a rebellious man?" To destroy all the causes of injustice... to help people to be healthier, to be more sane, to change their

chemistry so their anger and their violence disappear. To give everybody the same respect as anybody else has -- because everybody is helping the society to be beautiful and to be richer, is helping life to be meaningful and significant, and they all should be rewarded with honor. Then politics will disappear automatically, lust for power will disappear automatically. If there is no money to steal, stealing will disappear automatically. If everybody's needs are fulfilled, then people will not be mad enough to go on stealing unless they are suffering from something -- for example, kleptomania.

I had one professor who told me, "You have to do something about my son."

I said, "What is the matter?"

He said, "Everything is right, but he is a kleptomaniac, he steals things. He does not need them, so it is not a question of need. He steals useless things, just one shoe -- now, what are you going to do with one shoe? -- any kind that he can manage. And he keeps them all in a cupboard, labeled, dated, from whom."

I made friends with the boy. He was only fourteen; that is a vulnerable time, because one becomes sexually mature. And his father was a very religious type; he would not allow his boy to have any friendships with girls. I watched the whole situation. I said, "I would like to see your collection."

He said, "Really? -- everybody condemns me for my collection. You have given me the right word. It is a collection; they say it is stealing."

I said, "No, why should it be stealing? You don't need anything; you have everything that you need. It is a

beautiful collection. And it shows your intelligence, how many people you have been cheating."
He said, "You are my man."
"You just take me to your collection."
He opened the doors. It was full of all kind of junk. He had taken away somebody's cycle seat; there was no need, what could he do with that cycle seat? And when I saw one shoe, I said, "Where is the other?"
He said, "I have left it there, because I don't need shoes, and anyway they are not my size."
"But why have you brought this one?"
He said, "That professor thinks himself a great genius. You know the professor of botany -- so arrogant -- he had bought new shoes that very day. I had to hang out around his house for hours, so that when he went out... the moment he went out I took away one shoe, and since then he has been searching for his new shoe. I never allow anybody to see my collection. You are the first."
I said, "It is an historical collection." I saw a few buttons, half a fountain pen, somebody's hat; he had slips attached to them -- the name to whom the hat belongs, on what date it had been taken away from the owner.
I talked with his father. I said, "He is not a thief, because in his whole collection there is not a single thing of any use. He simply wants to do something. He has too much energy, and you don't allow any outlet for him."
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "Just let him find a girlfriend."
He said, "You will corrupt him."
I said, "I am going to correct him! You are corrupting him. Just give me a chance; otherwise he will turn into a great

thief, and he will completely forget for what purpose he has started all this."

And once he got a girlfriend, he stopped stealing things. One day he asked me, "What do you think? I would like to return this collection to their owners because it is unnecessary."

I said, "That will be a great joy. They will also enjoy it. You simply go and distribute things from wherever you have collected them."

He said, "I have got everything recorded...."

One has to look into the cause of why something is happening -- why a man has been murderous, why a man has been suicidal, why a man has been a thief, why a man has been committing all kinds of crimes. There must be causes which can be removed. Once the society is no longer under a power bloc -- the politicians, the priests, the capitalists -- all causes can be removed. People will completely forget the word `justice', because there will not be any justice or injustice in existence.

There is one tribe in Burma, a very small tribe, whose whole history is a great example of what I am saying. There has never been any murder, there has never been any suicide, there has never been any rape, there has never even been fighting.

The simple reason is that for centuries they have practiced something of a deeper psychoanalysis than even Sigmund Freud knew. Everybody has to tell his dream in the morning. Most of the people don't dream, because there is no repressive order; without repression, dreams cannot exist. But once in a while somebody dreams that he has slapped somebody else -- it is a small tribe, everybody

knows everybody else. Then he has to go to that person with sweets and fruits and flowers and offer his apology, "Forgive me, in my dream I slapped you."

It looks very crazy, but whether you slap somebody when you are awake or you slap somebody when you are asleep, is there any difference in your action? It is the same action. Perhaps you wanted to slap him while you were awake, but you somehow repressed the desire; perhaps he is stronger than you -- hence the dream. But you have to go to give him fruits and sweets, and ask his forgiveness. And unless he forgives you, you cannot leave his door.

That society has lived in such peace for centuries. If it can happen in one tribe, it can happen on the whole earth -- because man is the same.

Justice will be a very natural thing. Once in a while someone will go berserk, but that does not need punishment: it needs help, it needs love, it needs compassion. The source needs to be found -- why did it happen? That man has to be put in a psychiatric hospital and taken care of, with great respect.

And when he is back, he is to be welcomed -- he is cured. All crime is illness, sickness. It does not need any punishment; it needs understanding, and it needs treatment.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

THE OTHER DAY YOU WERE SAYING THAT SCIENTISTS HAVE YET TO DISCOVER THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE, AWAY FROM WHICH WHOLE GALAXIES AND STARS ARE MOVING AT INCREDIBLE SPEEDS.

MASTER, ARE YOU NOT THE VERY CENTER OF THIS INFINITE UNIVERSE, WHERE EVERYTHING AND NOTHING ARE HAPPENING WITH SUCH AWESOME MAJESTY?

Milarepa, I don't even know what is happening in Anando's room! Just the other day, Niskriya wanted to photograph the ghost. And ghosts are known not to like being photographed. So the ghost disappeared. He was searched for everywhere.

In the morning, when Avesh was cleaning my Mercedes limousine, he suddenly felt a presence, so he looked back -- that gentleman was sitting reading his newspaper in the back seat. He almost fainted, because there is only one key -- by mistake the other key has not yet come from the company -- and that key is with Avesh.

Finally he gathered courage. He informed Anando, "Please take your ghost back because I have to clean the car, and he has given me such a shock! I was thinking that the last moment of my life had come, and that now Anando will have two ghosts instead of one because where else am I going to live? I will have to live with this old man." And he was sitting in the back seat, reading his newspaper -- that is the only work he does. So he is back in Anando's bathroom again.

That night she had not been able to sleep; she slept for one hour, and then she could not sleep. She must have become accustomed to the presence of the ghost -- he is a nice man, a gentleman -- and she must have been thinking continually, where has he gone? She reported it to me, thinking that I must know everything. I said, "At least

about ghosts I don't know much. You will have to go to Kaveesha Devi; she's the head of the department of all kinds of spooky things."

A priest visiting a small village asked a young boy to direct him to the church where he was going to preach that evening. After the boy had given him directions, the priest said, "You must come along tonight, and bring all your friends."
"What for?" asked the boy.
"Because I will tell you how to get to heaven."
"You must be joking," laughed the boy. "You did not even know how to get to the church."

No, Milarepa. I am not the center of anything, except of myself. And that's enough -- more than enough -- to be the center of your own being. More than that is not possible; it is not in the laws of existence.
To be the center of your own being is the highest peak of consciousness, the greatest ecstasy, and the ultimate liberation.

Seven-year-old Johnnie was walking home from school with his new seven-year-old girlfriend. Johnnie looks at her with worshipping eyes and says, "You are the first girl I have ever loved."
"Bother it," she replied. "Just my luck -- another amateur."

Only amateurs in the field of spirituality can claim such things -- that they are the center of the world, that they are the only begotten son of God, that they are the saviors of

the whole world, that they are the messengers of God; these are all amateurs. They don't even understand a simple law, that everyone has to save himself, everyone has to be a savior unto himself. That is the only possibility.

You cannot save another being. Perhaps your saving yourself may ignite, trigger something in the other but you are not to think that you are the savior of the other. The other has seen your growth, your spring, and has remembered that he also belongs to the same world, to the same consciousness, to the same humanity. There must also be somewhere his own spring. There must still be hiding somewhere his own flowers. You can remind somebody, you can become a remembrance, a beckoning light, a lighthouse, but more than that is not possible for any human being.

But it is more than enough to be a center to yourself. Then your peace becomes infectious; then your silence starts spreading around, catching other people's hearts. Then your love starts overflowing and reaching unknown strangers, and giving their heart a new dance, a new song. But this happens naturally; you are not the doer of it.

All that is expected of you is to grow to your utmost center, invite your spring, and wait for the flowers to blossom and release their fragrance. Then whatever happens around you is not your doing; you have become contagious. Not only are diseases contagious, blissfulness is also contagious, ecstasy is also contagious, wholeness is also contagious. But you cannot take the credit for it. It is enough that you have found your center.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #10

Chapter title: Jesus is not a christian
5 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS THE RELIGION OF A REBELLIOUS SPIRIT?

Maneesha, **The Rebel**lious spirit can be religious, but cannot have a religion. And the difference between the two is immense, unbridgeable.
To be religious is an experience, just like love. It is an encounter with the totality of existence. It is facing yourself in the mirror of life. It is orgasmic in the sense that you melt and merge with the whole -- the earth, the trees, the flowers, the sky, the stars. It is an oceanic experience, the dewdrop slipping from the lotus leaf into the ocean. You can say either the dewdrop has become the ocean, or you can say the ocean has become the dewdrop. It is the greatest experience there is.
But to belong to a religion is not an experience, it is just a belief system in which you have been brought up. It is all borrowed. And remember that truth cannot be borrowed. Either it is yours, or it is not there.

Gautam Buddha may have known the truth, but there is no way to follow him, because to follow means to imitate, to follow means to become a shadow, to follow means to betray yourself. Following is nothing but the effort of trying to be somebody that you are not; and that is not your destiny either.

Jesus is not a Christian, he is a rebellious spirit; he does not belong to any religion, and that is his crime. Jews could not tolerate him because he had become a stranger to his own people; he had started talking about having a direct contact with the universal spirit.

A religion is a marketplace thing. It is a kind of bureaucracy -- you should go through the right channel. You are not even allowed to confess to God directly; you have to confess to the priest and the priest will pray for you. The priest has to always be there as a mediator. Religion is the business of the priest; it has nothing to do with religiousness. It is a profession, pure and simple, of exploiting the ignorance and the helplessness of mankind. It is exploiting the fear of death, the fear of the unknown, the fear of the responsibilities of life. The priest takes care -- you have to simply believe in his church, his religion, his god, his holy scripture.

To belong to a religion is to belong to all kinds of lies and superstitions. To belong to a religion is to belong to the past -- which is dead.

A rebellious spirit has no past. A rebellious spirit has only the present and a vast opening towards the future.

Religion, to the religious spirit, is not in the holy scriptures but in the holiness of existence. It is not in the prayer taught by the priests of all kinds of religions. It is in the gratitude

that one feels before a sunset, before a sunrise; it is in the gratitude that one feels to be a part of this beautiful and tremendously miraculous existence.

It is a prayer without words. It is a song without sound. It is pure silence. And in that silence existence speaks to you. In that silence you speak to existence, there is a dialogue. No one speaks, no one hears, but there is a transfer of energy. Something transpires within you -- perhaps a flame that makes you afire.

Religiousness and rebelliousness are basically names of one experience. But to be a part of an organized religion is to be not really alive, not really in search of truth, not in love with existence. It is a kind of death -- although you go on breathing, you go on eating. But all your breathing and all your eating drive you only towards the graveyard. You don't grow up, you only grow old.

Only **The Rebel**lious spirit grows up; its longing is to touch the stars. It is not satisfied with the trivia of life. Its contentment is far away; its discontentment is a present reality. **The Rebel**lious man has a divine discontent in his heart and a longing to find contentment and peace. He is on a pilgrimage towards that contentment.

His whole life is a pilgrimage, always moving closer and closer and closer to the ultimate reality; that realization that releases one from all bondage, all frustration, all misery, all anguish, and allows one to taste freedom, truth, beauty, love and an outburst of creativity -- creativity in the multidimensions of life.

The Rebellious man has a golden touch -- whatever he touches becomes gold, it does not matter what. He may

play on a bamboo flute and it becomes pure gold, twenty-four carat. He may dance alone under the starry sky, and his dance is more meaningful, more significant than all the paintings in the world, all the statues and all the holy scriptures. His creativity may simply be expressed in his silence. But his silence will not be an ordinary silence -- just an absence of noise. His silence will be a positive blossoming of roses in his being. You can experience the fragrance of his silence, it is almost tangible.

The organized religions are all dead; the churches, the temples, the mosques, the synagogues... they are all graveyards of the past. And the sooner we convert them into museums the better, otherwise they are going to kill the whole of humanity -- they have already killed too much in every man. They have crippled everybody, poisoned everybody; their destruction is uncountable.

You are asking, Maneesha, "What is the religion of a rebellious spirit?"

Rebellion!

Rebellion is the religion of a rebellious spirit -- to rebel against all exploitation, to rebel against all discrimination, to rebel against oppression, to rebel against all kinds of spiritual slavery, to rebel against all kinds of superstitions. There is so much to rebel against.

And that is only half of **The Rebel**lion, because the other half is to rebel for -- to rebel against superstition is only half -- to rebel for the truth, to rebel for freedom, to rebel for love, to rebel for a new humanity, to rebel for a new man, a new society, a new kind of consciousness.

Rebellion has two parts. The negative part is against all that is ugly but has been worshipped for centuries, and the

positive part is for all that is beautiful but has been ignored for centuries -- not only ignored, but crucified, poisoned, murdered. Whenever any individual has tried the authentic religion of rebelliousness, his reward has been crucifixion. Hence I want so many rebellious people in the world that it will be difficult to find people to crucify them.
Mick had returned to his native town after many years overseas. "I hope," said the parish priest, "that you have been loyal to your faith while you have been away." "Indeed, Father," said Mick, "I have lied, I fought, I cursed, I robbed and I made love to women; but not for a moment did I forget the religion I was brought up in."

What is the point of all these religions? There are three hundred religions in existence in the world today. There are also millions of murders, suicides, rapes, robberies and continuous warfare, either in this part of the world or in another part of the world. What are these religions doing? And everybody is religious! Nobody is disloyal to his religion; he robs, he murders, he rapes, but he remembers that he is a Christian, that he is a Hindu, that he is a Mohammedan, that he is a believer in God, that he is a follower of Gautam Buddha.
What does all this following mean? Sheer deception, not only to others, but to yourself. It is strange -- so strange that it is almost unbelievable -- that there are three hundred religions in the world and there is no peace, no joy, no celebration, no holiness, no divineness anywhere. All these religions are fake. **The Rebel**lious spirit has to get rid of all these religions and create only a quality of religiousness without any adjective -- simply religious.

It has always been a problem.... In my whole life I have not been able to vote, for the simple reason that whenever the officers reached me to fill in the form so that I could be a valid voter, there was a clause, "What is your religion?"
I said, "I don't have any religion. I am a religious person."
They said, "But all the clauses have to be filled in."
I said, "Then you can take your form back. I am not so much interested in voting anyway, because it is an unnecessary anxiety when you have to choose between two idiots. Whom to vote for? -- whoever you vote for, you are voting for an idiot. It is better not to vote, at least your hands are clean. You can see: my hands are absolutely clean!"
Man's problems have increased as time has passed. It should have been otherwise -- that the problems would be less and less as man has become more and more cultured, educated, civilized. But the more he is cultured, the more he is civilized, the more he is educated, his problems have increased out of all proportion. And religions go on proclaiming that they have the cure for every disease, for every spiritual sickness. But man is suffering from spiritual sickness all over the world -- everybody is feeling hollow. And these religions have not been of any help; on the contrary, they have increased his problems by their wrong, unnatural, stupid teachings.

It was Mrs. Levy's third visit to the doctor for a cure from her cold. "Doctor," she complained, "nothing you have given me has been of any use. Mr. Levy complains that I keep him awake all night with my cough. Can you do something -- anything to cure me?"

"Okay," the doctor replied, "go home and have a hot bath and without drying yourself stand in the nude where there is a strong draft."
"Really," Mrs. Levy sniffed, "will that cure me?"
"No," replied the doctor, "but it will give you pneumonia, and I can cure pneumonia."

These religions have been giving you bigger diseases. Perhaps, in a certain way, when you have a bigger disease you tend to forget the smaller one.

I have heard about Mulla Nasruddin, that he was purchasing shoes in a shop. The shopkeeper said, "Mulla, are you mad or something, because you are trying on shoes which are not going to fit. You need shoes that are one size bigger."
Mulla said, "Don't disturb me. I have always used that size and I am going to continue to use that size. I am a man of principles."
The shopkeeper said, "It is up to you, but you will suffer the whole day. The shoes will pinch you."
Mulla said, "That's what I want."
The shopkeeper said, "But why do you want that?"
He said, "You don't understand the psychology of it. Suffering the whole day, when I come home and take off my shoes, it is such a relief that I say, `My God!' -- it brings such pleasure. Without these shoes, life is nothing but misery. The whole day they keep me away from all miseries. I don't have enough energy to look at other miseries. What my wife is saying, who has ears to hear her? My shoes are pinching me so badly that I am only hearing

my shoes. She goes on talking to herself -- she has become accustomed to monologues.
"Business is bad, things are going from bad to worse, but nothing worries me. My only worry is my shoes. The shoes keep me away from all the miseries of the world; and in the end, before going to bed, taking them off gives me such relief that I sleep so relaxedly, so deeply.... And you are suggesting that I wear shoes that are one size bigger? You are going to destroy my life!"

These religions have provided you all with shoes that don't fit -- shoes which may have fit somebody five thousand years ago. They have given you pants which don't fit. They are making a mockery of you, because those shoes are not made according to your needs, those pants are not made for you, those shirts are not made for you. Everything that these religions are supplying for you has been made by somebody else for somebody else far back -- centuries before. Nothing fits; everything gives nothing but pain.

But these religions have been teaching you: blessed are those who suffer, blessed are those who live in misery, blessed are those whose lives are of hostility, asceticism, self-torture, because they shall inherit the kingdom of God. So just to inherit the kingdom of God you go on wearing shoes that don't fit, caps that are so loose that you cannot see -- they cover your eyes. Clothes that are either so small that you want to jump out of them or so loose that a crowd can live inside them -- the whole family can be accommodated.

The Rebellious man cannot accept any of this idiocy. His religion is his intelligence. His religion is his consciousness.
His religion is his awareness.
And out of his awareness, he becomes as free as a bird on the wing, as beautiful as a lotus in the pond, and as joyous as a cuckoo singing from the mango grove. He starts living for the first time, and he knows that life is the only God there is -- there is no other God.
The Rebellious man is a pagan. He worships the trees, he worships the stars, he worships the rivers, the mountains. He worships man, he worships everything that is alive -- because wherever there is life, there is godliness.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
NIJINSKY WAS ONCE ASKED WHY PEOPLE OF THE SAME CENTURY ALL SEEM TO BE ALIKE. HE ANSWERED: "IT IS THE RESULT OF THEIR CLOTHING, BECAUSE THE CLOTHES DICTATE OUR MOVEMENTS." COULD YOU PLEASE TALK ABOUT CLOTHES AND THE NEW MAN?

Gayan, first it has to be understood that Nijinsky is a great dancer but understands nothing about human consciousness and its growth. What he says is partially true. When asked why people of the same century all seem to be alike, he answered, "It is the result of their clothing, because the clothes dictate our movements."
It is a partially true statement, but it is not only the clothes -- the whole educational system is similar, the upbringing of

people is similar, their superstitions are similar, their political ideologies are similar, their food is similar. All these things together -- not only the clothes; that is only one of the similarities -- give people of one certain period a sameness.

Society does not like unique people; it wants everybody to be part of the herd. Hence, hair should be cut in a certain way, clothes should be worn in a certain way, food should be eaten in a certain way. What should be eaten, what should be read, what is acceptable to the culture and what is not -- all these imposed things give a similarity to almost everybody. It destroys individuality and uniqueness.

Clothes also play a great part. You are asking, "Could you talk about the clothes of the new man?"

Before I say anything about your question, I would like you to understand something about clothes. No animal except man uses clothes. And there was a time when even man was not using clothes. Clothes are unnatural. But is has been a long time since we dropped our natural nakedness and adopted clothes.

The reasons are two. One is that man came out of the jungles, where he was a hunter and lived only by hunting, and he became a cultivator. He started creating small villages which turned into big cities. When he was just a hunter, there were neither rich men nor poor men. When he became a cultivator he soon had to discover money, because he could not go on accumulating his products from the field -- he had to sell them.

The barter system that started in the beginning proved to be too complicated. For example, you had milk, more than you needed, and you needed more fruits. You had to find a man

who had more fruits, for one thing, and secondly was in need of milk. It was such a complicated problem. Sometimes you came across a man who was willing to give you fruits, but he had no need of any milk. The exchange was not possible. And the exchange had to be quick, because milk is such a product that tomorrow it will be spoiled. Fruits are such a product... maybe they can keep a little longer, but they will also become rotten.

It became more and more difficult; and when things become difficult, a solution is always bound to appear on the horizon. Man has intelligence enough to solve his problems; he just needs a challenge. He invented money, currency. You need not find another man to exchange your product with; you can simply sell your product to anybody. The invention of money was a tremendous change for the whole structure of society. There were powerful people; stronger people, weaker people. Those who were stronger managed to become kings or big landlords -- these are beautiful names for robbers, thieves, murderers.

In England the lords are still respected. They are the children of people who had taken possession of the land from many other people, expelling them from their lands. Slowly slowly, they started accumulating arms, armies and security forces.

One of the things that came with private property, with money, with land, with houses, was the private ownership of women. Before that, the woman was not under private ownership; she was a free individual just as man was. But now the people who had money wanted it absolutely guaranteed that their son was really their son, not somebody else's. And the beauty of their woman had to be

kept hidden; her body had to be kept hidden. For the first time she was not for all, she was private property.
Clothing started with private property. First it was the woman who was forced not to be nude. And as the woman became clothed, man started feeling embarrassed. He started feeling that he is like the animals, naked -- and the woman is clothed. Naturally he followed.
After thousands of years, because we have used clothes, our skin, our bodies are no longer strong enough to remain naked in the cold winter, the hot summer, in the pouring rains. Most of us would die. We need protection. Our bodies have lost the resistance which the animals still have.
The new man will certainly go through a change about everything, including clothes. Clothes will be allowed just to protect your body, designed in a way that they give you enough protection in different seasons -- different kinds of clothes. But they will be only for the outside, in the marketplace. When you are in your own room, centrally heated or centrally air conditioned, there is no need to use clothes.
Clothes should be used only when necessary. Slowly slowly, bodies will regain the strength that they have lost. Sitting on your own lawn, there is no need for clothes. If the climate is good and is not against your body, it is absolutely stupid to wear clothes.
Clothes, on the one hand, have helped in protecting man; on the other hand they have destroyed much -- they have taken away much beauty. If people have to be naked, they cannot have big bellies; they will feel ashamed. What will the neighbors say?

Right now you can have big bellies -- as big as you want -- because only your faces show. Everything else is covered by clothes, and there are gadgets to make your body appear beautiful. Naked, you can appear beautiful only if you are beautiful. So only ugly people will use clothes in their gardens, in their parks, on their lawns, in their homes; and they will feel embarrassed that they have to use clothes. Clothes will not have the importance that they have right now.

This importance has been given by all the religions, who are against sex. The fear of nudity is the fear of sex. In the Victorian Age, particularly in England, very high class ladies used to cover their dogs with clothes -- because dogs after all are dogs. If they come across a girlfriend, then they don't care about any culture; in the middle of the road they start making love. So they were covered with such clothes that they could not make love.

Even the legs of chairs and tables were covered, because they are called `legs' and it reminds you of uncovered legs. So in very rich, noble families, families of lords, royalty, everything that even reminded them of the body and its nudity was covered.

Bertrand Russell lived a long life, almost a century; hence, he saw tremendous changes. One whole century passed by and he remained as young in his intelligence as ever, to the very last moment.

He remembers his childhood... he was an earl, belonging to the family of a lord. His grandfather was the prime minister of England. He remembers perfectly well that in his house dogs were not allowed to be naked, chairs were not allowed to remain with naked legs. Women wore such clothes as

you can see in museums or in the pictures of history books -- they touch the ground and you cannot see the legs or the feet of the woman. Even to see the feet of a woman was enough to create a sexual idea in people's minds, a sexual arousal.

Today, even a naked woman can pass by, particularly in my place, and if somebody is doing his work he will not even bother to look at her -- it is her business. If she feels good, then why should she be unnecessarily prevented from having a direct contact with the sun or the moon or the rain? If she loves to dance in the rain, and if you are interested you can take your guitar and help her dance with a tune, but otherwise it is none of your business.

The Rebellious society I have been talking about will allow people to use clothes when they are needed, where they are needed.

For example, in the city of Poona... I don't think that this city is ever going to be rebellious, because the people are dead -- they have died long, long ago. Now, you cannot expect them to be rebellious, so there is no need to create disturbances in the graveyards. When you move through graveyards naked, the dead men will toss and turn in their graves unnecessarily. Why disturb them? They are fast asleep and asleep forever.

But whenever you are in a place where people understand the freedom that nakedness gives you... and you all know it. In your bathroom, when you are naked, you have a certain freedom, as if your handcuffs have been removed -- a certain cover that was compulsorily surrounding you has been put aside. Just to feel your body against the wind, against the sun, against the rain, has a tremendous beauty,

liveliness, naturalness. It will very quickly reduce all the ugliness that bodies have gathered because clothes were protecting them -- they grow ugly behind the clothes.

I have known people... for example Muktananda's master, Nityananda. He could not do anything other than lie down flat because his belly was so big; and to carry it here and there, it was such a heavy load a crane must have been needed! So he used to just lie down flat; and when I saw him, I could not believe my eyes. His belly was so big -- almost like a mountain -- with a small head on this side, and two small legs joined on the other side.

I inquired of the man who had taken me there -- he was a minister in Maharashtra. He was Nityananda's follower and he was insisting that I see his master, so I agreed. I said, "Okay, I am going that way. His ashram is just on the way, thirty miles from Bombay. So I will stop there; I would love to see him for a few minutes."

I asked him, "Just tell me one thing: whether Nityananda has this belly or the belly has Nityananda? -- because the belly is so big and Nityananda is so small, almost negligible! The belly is everything."

And I said to him, "People who go to climb Mt. Everest, Edmund Hillary and others, unnecessarily waste their time there. They can just come here and climb on Nityananda's belly. And keep a photographer here -- whoever climbs first will become an historical figure, because it seems to be very slippery!"

He was continuously polished, massaged -- oil was poured on him. And those who were his worshippers were massaging him. Nobody even knew how to massage....

The new man would love to have beautiful bodies around, healthy bodies, more resistant against natural forces. But it is not a philosophy of nudism, it does not insist that you have to be nude everywhere and anywhere. It simply gives you the freedom that whenever clothes are needed.... In a Rotary Club, in a Lions Club, if you go nude you will not look like a lion at all. You will look just like what you are. In a Rotary Club, if everybody arrives nude it will be very difficult to recognize who is who.

We recognize people by their clothes. Otherwise, the king and the beggar nude, the beggar may look far more beautiful, because he is seasoned, he has lived through rains, through summers, through winters. He is more alive, his skin has more strength and power. The king will look poor; he looks great in his clothes.

It is perfectly good that a policeman has a uniform; otherwise what identification is there that this fellow is the police commissioner? You will have to give them bells to ring or some kind of thing to show that, "I am the police commissioner, here comes the police commissioner," because a naked man doesn't even have pockets to keep his identity cards in -- so you will have to allow clothes.

I am not in favor of nudism, I am in favor of natural living, according to the circumstances. In your home when you are playing with your children, there is no need for any identity. You don't have to be a supreme court judge, you don't have to be a great doctor, you simply have to be a human being. Eating, there is no need for clothes. And when your houses are well air-conditioned in summer, you can be nude; well heated in winter, you can be nude. And

once in a while you can enjoy being nude in the park, in your garden.
And in every commune the new man will create a place where people are not expected to have clothes, like swimming pools. Just in formal places, Rotary Clubs, Lions Clubs, you can have beautiful clothes.
To wear clothes once in a while means you will enjoy them more. You will also enjoy your nudity more, because you have a freedom of choice. But this is possible only when sex and the naturalness of human beings are accepted in their totality. It is the denial of sex that is behind the clothes.
Because I affirm everything natural, I affirm your nudity with my total heart. But you have to be very sensible, because right now **The Rebel**lious society has not yet come into existence. The old society has forgotten to die; it goes on living although its time is passed. Perhaps death has forgotten to destroy it or it has forgotten how to die -- it just goes on living! But its time is very limited. By the end of this century the old society will be gone, and the coming of the new man will bring in every dimension of life -- newness, new qualities.
Yes Gayan, even about clothes: clothes will not be compulsory, they will be optional. They will be according to your decisions, not an enforcement by the government or by the society. And the more you can live without clothes, the healthier you will be, the longer you will live -- and you will live with less sickness. A deep affirmativeness about your body, about other people's bodies, will give you a new sense of respect, which has disappeared.

Right now the situation is that even if your own body is brought nude before you -- without the head, because the head will be there watching -- you will not be able to recognize it. In the second world war when millions of Jews were destroyed by Adolf Hitler and his people, they cut off their heads and threw their bodies into trenches. When their families heard they went there, but they could not recognize who was who because they knew only the faces.

Even the wife had not known her husband's whole body; even the husband had not known his wife's whole body. Without the head, he was at a loss to recognize who his wife was, and for her, who was her husband. Mothers could not recognize their children. We have become accustomed only to the face, and we have forgotten the whole body. It is a very partial way of living.

The Rebellious man and his society will be making every effort to make your life total. There is nothing wrong with the naked body. But please, don't misunderstand me. Don't start moving on the streets of the dead city of Poona naked, because the government is only waiting for some excuse. You have to be alert not to give any excuse to them -- they are bringing all kinds of false charges against the ashram. We will fight their false charges in the courts -- we are fighting.

But they are absolutely worried that our people are not giving them any chance to say that we have disturbed the peace of the town, or that we have created an antagonism for the dead people of Poona. They think that they are very highly cultured, they think that they are very religious. And their religion is so poor and their culture is so bogus that

they cannot tolerate a young couple holding hands, just holding hands and going for a morning walk. That is enough to disturb their souls; their spirituality starts having earthquakes.
Don't give them earthquakes. We have to exist here like an island. Be completely away from the dead people! Even to disturb them is to be related in some way. I don't want you to be related to them at all. It is perfectly good that they are dead and it is perfectly good that we are alive, and between the dead and the alive there is no need of any relationship. But the new society, the society of my vision, will allow you every freedom, and the freedom to be nude will constitute one of the basic freedoms.
So as far as Poona is concerned, behave according to the rules of the dead; that is wiser.

Mrs. Tanelli has recently arrived in America from Italy. At a school gathering she is cornered by Mrs. Goldberg.
"And on our tenth anniversary," Mrs. Goldberg informs her, "my darling husband gave me a mink coat."
"That's-a nice," Mrs. Tanelli replies.
"On our twentieth anniversary he gave me a twenty-four carat ring," Mrs. Goldberg continues.
"That's-a nice," says Mrs. Tanelli.
"And what wonderful things has your husband done for you?" Mrs. Goldberg asks.
"Well," replies Mrs. Tanelli, "right-a after we come to America he send-a me to a finishing school."
"Really," said Mrs. Goldberg, "and what did they teach you there?"

"Well," Mrs. Tanelli says, "I used to say, `Bullshit!' and now I say, `That's-a nice!'"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #11

Chapter title: The failure of revolution
6 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
NINE YEARS AGO I FELL IN LOVE WITH CAMUS' BOOK, "MAN IN REVOLT", IN WHICH HE COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT ALL ATTEMPTS TO ABOLISH INJUSTICE THROUGH REVOLUTIONS ARE BOUND TO FAIL. RATHER, HE SAYS, THE ONLY WAY IS TO CREATE JUSTICE THROUGH LIVING IT.
IS CAMUS' REVOLT JUST ANOTHER EXPRESSION OF WHAT YOU WERE CALLING REBELLION?

Devaprem, Camus' book, MAN IN REVOLT has many great insights in it, but he still remains a philosopher. He preaches, but he does not practice. You are asking me that in this book, MAN IN REVOLT, "he comes to the conclusion that all attempts to abolish injustice through revolutions are bound to fail." That's a great insight.

It seems there is something intrinsic in the very mechanism of revolution that makes it bound to fail. First, the revolutionary is created by the old society against which he is revolting; his values, his ideals are not much different from the old. The only difference for him is that the right people are not in power; otherwise, everything is right. Only the right people have to be in power, the wrong people have to be removed, and the revolution will be accomplished in all dimensions of life.

This is a basic fallacy. It is not a question of right or wrong people. The whole society has been conditioned to live in a reactionary way, not in a revolutionary way; it has been conditioned to be slaves not masters. Hence, when a few people revolt against the powers -- to change the power structure, and replace the old establishment with themselves -- only then do they find that what the old establishment was doing, they, too, have to do; otherwise, there will be immense chaos.

But then it is too late to understand. And slowly slowly, they themselves turn into the same kind of people that they have thrown out -- in fact, worse, because now they know the taste of power, and they also know how they have thrown out the people who were in power before them. Soon there will be a new generation coming, which will start talking about revolution -- because nothing has been changed. They are more alert to repress any possibility of revolution because they know how they threw out the old power structure; they are not going to be thrown out in the same way. They will not allow freedom of speech, which is a basis for any revolution to happen, and they will crush every individual who does not follow their structure.

For sixty years in the Soviet Union, the communist regime has proved far worse than the regime of the czars that it had revolted against. At least in the regime of czars, it was possible to create a revolution; but under a communist regime it is almost impossible. They don't allow it from the very beginning. All publications are government owned, radio is government owned, television is government owned. In fact, now, in the name of communism, private property has been taken over by the state. So to call the Soviet Union a communist country is not right -- it is state capitalism.

In America, there are many capitalists, and their large number gives a certain feeling of movement and change, and the possibility of revolution. In the Soviet Union, there is only one communist, and that is the state itself. All power, all wealth, all land, everything belongs to the state; man has been denuded completely of all ownership.

The educational institutions are all run by the government. You read only what the government wants you to read, you listen only to government radio stations, and on the television you see only what the government wants you to see.

You cannot have another political party in opposition to the Communist Party because it is not a democracy -- it is a dictatorship of the proletariat. It is just a name, dictatorship of the proletariat; but in the name of the proletariat, it is the Communist Party which is the dictator. It is the same small group of people who have been ruling for sixty years, and total power is in their hands.

Joseph Stalin, who established communist rule in Russia, killed at least one million people in his own land. These

were the same people for whom the revolution was preached; and of these million people, most of them were revolutionaries. He had to kill them because now those revolutionaries were a risk. To let them live was dangerous because they were asking continually, "What happened to the revolution?" Only the people in power had changed, but the revolution seemed to be happening nowhere; all was the same. Instead of many capitalists, now there was only one capitalist, the state, which certainly made it immensely powerful; and there was no opposition party, there was no question of any opposition.

It is well known -- there is no evidence to prove it, but there is every possibility of its being true -- that as the revolution succeeded, Lenin, the leader of the revolution, and Trotsky, his second in command, his right hand, Commeneau, Zinoviev, and other great communist revolutionaries were killed one by one.

Lenin was given small doses of poison every day, under the pretext of giving him medicine. It was his wife who confessed it -- that Stalin never allowed any other doctor except his own to take care of Lenin; and his condition went on worsening. Stalin did not want him to die immediately because, in Lenin's name, he first wanted to establish himself securely. Stalin was only the secretary of the party; his contribution to the revolution was not much, he was not a well-known figure in the nation or internationally.

Lenin was the founder of the revolution, and Trotsky was the most influential leader -- even Lenin was not such a charismatic leader. Stalin kept Lenin alive, but at most half-alive. While slowly slowly poisoning him on the one hand,

on the other hand he went on taking more and more power into his own hands. When Stalin was completely in control, Lenin was finished.

Lenin never ruled over Russia. After the revolution he was continuously sick; he was kept sick. Then Commeneau was caught, Zinoviev was assassinated, and Trotsky, who was the defense minister, escaped Russia fearing that now Lenin was dead his number was going to be up.

And you cannot conceive the inhumanity of man to man. The day Stalin's assassins reached Trotsky's house... he had already left the Soviet Union just a few hours before. They found only his dog in the house, and it seems almost unbelievable, but Stalin ordered the dog to be assassinated immediately -- just a mad mind corrupted by power. And he sent professional murderers to find where Trotsky was, he had to be killed -- he could not be left alive anywhere in the world.

And Trotsky had escaped to an unknown part of Mexico, far away from the Soviet Union, at the other end of the world. But they finally found him, and he was brutally murdered by being hit on his head repeatedly with a hammer. His whole skull was broken into pieces.

He was writing a biography of Joseph Stalin so future generations would know that just to change the people in power is not enough -- Stalin had proved to be far worse than the Czars. It is a big volume, almost one thousand pages; and a rare biography written by an enemy, so sincere, so truthful. When he was hit on his head from behind with a hammer, he was just finishing the last line of the biography. His blood is on the last pages of the book.

The book is still kept in some museum in Mexico, his handwritten book with his blood on it.
All the other leaders who had been the great revolutionaries were killed, one after another, because these people were dangerous. They were still talking about revolution, and Stalin recognized the fact that no revolution was possible. It was good to talk about it before the revolution, but now that the responsibility has fallen on your own shoulders, you have to forget all about revolution. You have to establish yourself and your party in power with such force that nobody can destroy your power.
There is a beautiful story.... When Stalin died and Khrushchev became the prime minister, his first speech was to the highest inner circle of the Communist Party, called the Presidium. While he was speaking, he said, "Now I have to confess that Stalin was one of the greatest criminals. He knew only one thing: either you are for him or you are his enemy. And for the enemy, there is nothing other than death."
Somebody in the back of the auditorium shouted, "You have been with him for all these forty years. Why did you remain silent?" Khrushchev laughed and said, "I would like the honorable comrade to stand up, so that I can see who is raising the question."
Nobody stood up, and Khrushchev said, "Do you understand? If anybody stands, tomorrow he will be dead. After tomorrow, he will never be heard of again anywhere in the universe. I was also in a similar position."
The whole country became a concentration camp. And they have used methods against human beings which have never been used by any other government or any other power.

First, they would make an arrest if there was any suspicion... if a man had talked to someone against the Communist Party, against the government; or he had written a letter to someone indicating a slight difference with the Communist Party -- he would be arrested immediately.

And these procedures would be followed: for fifteen days he would be in police custody, and the police would not allow him to sleep; they would inject him so that he could not sleep, not even a wink. They would inject chemicals to disturb his mind, to erase his memory; they would create a false madness in the man. And then after fifteen days, the man would be produced before the court. The government attorney would say, "He has been arrested because he is not in his right senses -- he is insane."

Such a beautiful facade... and then the court would go through its procedures: the judge would ask the man, "What is your name?" And the man would look all around, because he has forgotten everything, his memory has been erased. And naturally, the judge has to declare him mad. He has to be sent into a madhouse where he will be killed; nobody will ever know what happened to him in the madhouse. Or people will be sent to Siberia where life is worse than death. Death is a rest... Siberia is not a place to live, it is a place to suffer.

This has continued up to now; the revolution has utterly failed. And this was the greatest revolution as far as history is concerned; the greatest experiment, on the largest scale, with a profound philosophy to support it.

The same happened to the French Revolution and to the Chinese Revolution. The very mechanism of revolution is such that its success is almost impossible.

If you want to remain in power, you have to be violent, destructive -- particularly destructive of those people who have revolutionary ideas. Those ideas were great and good against the older regime, but they are not good against the new regime in which you are powerful.

And all the promises have to be forgotten completely because they prove to be utopian. For example, the Russian revolutionaries had promised that they would dissolve marriage, but they never did it because the Communist Party saw that if marriage is dissolved... it is the basic unit of the nation. It would become impossible to keep the nation together, and they wanted their nation to dominate the whole world.

They were against nationalism before the revolution, but afterwards Soviet Russia became a holy land. Now they wanted their power to become more and more spread all over the world. They were now imperialists, no longer against nationalism, although they continued to speak beautiful revolutionary language. They were very articulate; before the revolution they had learned all that language. Now they started talking about an international communism; but "international communism" was to be nothing but a Soviet imperialist state.

Before the revolution in China, Mao Zedong, the leader of the revolution, was a follower -- very intimate follower -- of Joseph Stalin. But once Mao came into power, there was immediately a conflict because Stalin wanted China also to be part of one communist block. That meant Mao's own

lust for power had no place -- China would also become one of the republics of the Soviet Union. Mao resisted it and they became enemies. China and the Soviet Union, both communist countries, became so antagonistic to one another that one can see why it is difficult to have an international government. Some nation will try, in the name of international government, to exert its own lust for power and rule over the whole world.

Camus was right that all attempts to abolish injustice through revolutions are bound to fail; and he was also right when he said, "The only way to create justice is through living it." That comes very close to my idea of the new man, **The Rebel**: each individual living in a revolutionary way, on his own, having no power over others, because power certainly corrupts.

But the difference is that Camus was only a philosopher; he himself never lived the life of a rebel. He lived the life of a very respectable man, honored by the society with a Nobel Prize, honored around the world as a great thinker, novelist, a creative genius. If he had lived the life of a rebel he would have been on the cross. Can you ever conceive of Jesus Christ receiving a Nobel Prize? His prize will always be crucifixion.

One of my sannyasins got the Nobel Prize for economic theories; he is also the secretary of the Nobel Prize committee. Being my sannyasin, listening to me and reading my books, he spoke with the king of Sweden, who is the president of the Nobel Prize committee. He said to him, "You have given me a Nobel Prize -- what about my master?"

And the king said, "Never, never again mention his name, because that will destroy your credibility with the Nobel Prize committee -- they will throw you out as its secretary."
And when he informed me of what happened -- that they are not even ready to listen to my name -- I said, "That's perfectly right, I don't belong to these people who get Nobel Prizes; I belong to those people who get crucifixions. If there is any committee that crucifies people, then my name will be on the top of the list."
It is not only the case with Camus but with all philosophers. They come very close to great insights, but they never practice them; hence they remain beautiful ideas in their books -- people enjoy them.
One of my sannyasins in Australia is trying to publish three of my books. He had come to see me to get my approval for his plan. His plan is very diplomatic. The book is called THE FIRST GOLD NUGGETS, and he does not have my name in the author's place, but just "The Master." The second book is called MORE GOLD NUGGETS BY THE MASTER; and the third book is called THE GOLD MINE, and then he reveals my name.
He said, "I have given these first two books to a few of my friends and they were simply overwhelmed -- they said they are going to be bestsellers. But when I mentioned your name, their faces immediately changed. They said, `Don't create unnecessary trouble.'"
And he had come to ask me, "Can I do it? So when people have read the first two books, they will purchase the third and then they will come to know whose books they are."
I said, "This kind of deception may be a good business strategy" -- he is a great salesman, he has earned millions

just selling things in the marketplace -- "it is a good way to market the product, but I would not like that to be done at all."
And since then, I have not heard anything from him, or what happened to those books, because they were going to be published in time for Christmas -- which has passed many months ago. Perhaps he has dropped the idea: to put so much money into publication, and then because of my name those books will not get the profit that he had visualized.... It is a strange world. People are ready to appreciate what is written in those books if it is written only by a philosopher or by an anonymous entity, "The Master." But if they know it is written by me... they know I mean business.

Father and son, both great philosophers and both as lazy as possible, were sprawled in their chairs one day. The father said, "Simon, go out and see if it is raining."
"Pa," said Simon, "can't you call in the dog and see if he is wet?"

But nobody is ready to go out, even to see whether it is raining or not.
As a philosopher, Camus had many insights which may look similar to mine -- they are, but he is only a philosopher. I am a rebel, not a philosopher, and that makes such a difference -- exactly the difference between a Nobel Prize and crucifixion.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE INDIVIDUAL ANARCHISM OF BAKUNIN AND **THE REBEL** OF YOUR VISION?

Azima, I love Bakunin and his philosophy of anarchism, but he too, is an impractical, unpragmatic philosopher. He simply goes on praising the beauties of anarchism: no government, no armies, no police, no courts. And I absolutely agree with him. But he had no idea and no plan for how this dream could be made into a reality.
Looking at man, you will need the government; looking at man, you will need the police. Otherwise there will be a multiplication of murders, rapes, thefts... life will be a chaos. Anarchism would not come, only a chaos. People would start making gangs, those gangs would exploit the weaker people and life would not become better, it would become worse.
Bakunin's anarchism is a utopia, a great dream. I don't talk about anarchism. My own understanding is if we can transform man, if we can bring more and more people to meditation, if we can make more and more people unrepressed, living an authentic, natural life, sharing their love, having a great compassion for everything living, a reverence for life itself....
These individual revolutionaries, these individual rebels are not just political rebels, they are also rebelling against all the past conditionings. Mostly they are religious rebels; they are finding their own center of being. There are more and more people who are becoming individuals who can rejoice, and who are not going to betray the earth; who are not in favor of any unnatural way of life preached by all the

religions. If these individuals spread around the world like a wildfire, then anarchism will be a by-product, not the goal.

For Bakunin it is the goal. He hates governments so much -- and he is perfectly right in his hate, because governments have been doing so much harm to the individuality of people. He is against all laws, courts and judges, because these are not to protect justice, not to protect the weak, not to protect the victim -- they are there to protect the power, the establishment, the rich. Behind the name of justice, they are enacting a tremendous conspiracy against man.

And Bakunin has no idea why men become rapists, he is not a psychologist. He is a great philosopher of anarchism. The future will owe tremendous respect to people like Bakunin, Bukharin, Tolstoy, Camus, because although they were not very scientific thinkers at least they created the idea. Without providing the foundation, they started talking about the temple.

My whole effort is not to bother about the temple but to make a great foundation; then, to raise the temple is not difficult. Anarchism will be a by-product of a society which is free from religions and religious superstitions; which is psychologically healthy, non-repressive, which is spiritually healthy, not schizophrenic, which knows the beauties of the outside world and also the inner treasures of consciousness, awareness. Unless these people exist first, anarchism is not possible; it can come only as a by-product.

In America, they are so afraid of the anarchist that when they interviewed me for my immigration into America, this was also a question, that I should commit, in writing, that I am not an anarchist. I said to the man who was doing the

interview, "I am not an anarchist of the category of Bakunin, Bukharin and Tolstoy, but I have my own anarchism. And you need not be afraid about it, because anarchism is not my goal; my goal is to create individual rebels."

The idea of rebellion is not new, but the idea of rebellion combined with enlightenment is absolutely new -- it is my contribution. And if we can make the majority of humanity more conscious, more aware, with a few individuals reaching to the highest peak of enlightenment, then their rebellion will bring anarchism just like a shadow, following on its own accord.

BELOVED MASTER,
FIRST, ANANDO WAS FREAKED OUT THAT THERE WAS A GHOST IN HER ROOM; NOW THAT HE HAS DRIVEN OFF IN YOUR CAR, SHE IS FREAKED OUT THAT HE HAS LEFT HER. IT LOOKS TO ME THAT ANANDO HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE GHOST. IS THIS TRUE?

Vimal, Anando certainly has fallen into a deep respect and love for the ghost. She has not fallen in love with the ghost as a girlfriend, she is a married woman. But I have heard this morning that she has found a ghost girlfriend for the old gentleman and the girlfriend is sitting here. Don't be deceived by the mustaches, those are false. She is also persuading the ghost to come to the discourses, but she thought it would be easier this way. If the girlfriend comes first, then the old man will also think that there is no harm.... "These people are harmless and I can go and read my newspaper."

Anando is certainly no longer afraid. At first she was freaked out, but now if the ghost is not there, she misses him. It is a far nicer ghost than the holy ghost of the Christians, because he is a Hindu ghost, and a Hindu ghost respects the virgins very much... although Anando is married she is still virgin. So the ghost respects her very much.

I have heard a question: "How do you know Christ was not born in Italy?" And the answer to the question I have found is: "They could not find three wise men and a virgin in Italy!"

But Anando is now getting more and more involved. She has found a ghost girlfriend and is hiding her with the mustache, just by the side of Kaveesha Devi -- who is a black magician, who knows more about ghosts than anybody else here. She is doing her best to keep the old man in her room. Once the girlfriend is there, perhaps he will not try to escape by sitting in the Mercedes or in the Rolls Royce. Perhaps he thought about me and did not enter into the Rolls Royce. Otherwise both cars were there... he is certainly a great gentleman.

The lady of the house was shocked. "Mary," she said, "I find your bra hanging from the light, your petticoat in the fridge and your knickers on the sofa. Is it true that while I was absent you entertained my son here last night?"
"Well," Mary replied, "I hope so, I did my best."

And Anando is also doing her best. Last night when I passed through her room, all these things were there: a beautiful, lady's high-heeled shoe on the table, with a bra

sitting on the shoe, knickers and everything else; she must be preparing for the girlfriend, she is doing hard work. This is a good religious attitude, to be respectful. Even though the body is gone, the consciousness is there; the body is gone but the life is there. And not all ghosts are bad people. Most of them are ghosts because they don't fit in heaven and they don't fit in hell: they are rebels, so they remain in between.
This old man seems to be a rebel, and as Anando becomes more acquainted with him she may inform us more and more because now they are on talking terms -- the dialogue has started. Now we have to see where it leads, and many people are interested to know; her room has become the most mysterious place in the whole commune.
Just a joke for Anando's ghosts -- now there are two, that's why I am saying ghosts.

Old Tom, Dick and Harry are sitting in the park, discussing whose memory goes back the farthest. "I remember," says Harry, "I remember being taken to the church and someone splashing water on me."
"Ah," says old Tom, "that's nothing, I can remember being squeezed something terrible and coming out into this bright room and being spanked."
"I got you both beat," says Dick, "I remember going to a picnic with my father and coming back with my mother."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #12

Chapter title: The magical door of eternity
6 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN **THE REBEL** AND THE ENLIGHTENED ONE?
IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE A REAL REBEL WITHOUT BEING ENLIGHTENED?

Anand Rupen, it is possible to be a rebel without being enlightened. It is also possible to be enlightened without being a rebel. But both will be half-hearted; something will be missing, something which is very essential. It will be almost like a corpse -- the soul is missing.
A rebel who is not enlightened is living in blindness, unconsciousness, darkness. He does not know what is right and what is not right -- he has no clarity of vision. He cannot open up other people's hearts for the birth of a new humanity -- he himself is not born yet. His rebelliousness is nothing but a kind of thinking in his mind.
He is a revolutionary thinker, he is a philosopher, but he does not know exactly what will end this night, and how we are going to bring the dawn; how the sun will rise, how the birds will sing again and the flowers will open. But he can dream, he can think. In the past there have been many philosophers who have been accepted as rebels, great

rebels, but nothing has come out of them except some beautiful fragments of thoughts -- unconnected, unscientific, non-pragmatic, impossible to be transformed into reality.
You must have heard the definition of a philosopher: a blind man, on a dark night, in an unlit house, searching for a black cat which is not there. But the trouble does not end here -- there are many who have found it! They gave descriptions of the black cat, and because nobody else has seen it, you cannot refute them either. They don't have any evidence -- but neither have you! So whatever these blind philosophers go on saying is accepted without being refuted.
It is not refuted on other accounts either -- because the establishment is not worried about these rebels and their rebellious thinking. They know perfectly well that their thoughts are nothing but soap bubbles; in their deep sleep, they have been chattering.

Mick and Joe are returning home from a tour of some vineyards in Italy, where they have been generously entertained by their hosts. "Mick, are we near the city yet?" asks Joe.
"Yes," answers Mick, "we must be. We are knocking down more people."
"Drive slower, then," says Joe.
"What do you mean, drive slower?" says Mick. "You are driving."

A rebel who is not enlightened is a rebel who is blind -- not only blind, but also drunk -- and his rebelliousness is a kind

of reaction. That is the original meaning of the word `rebel' -- fighting against something, fighting back. He can see that something is wrong, something has to be destroyed. His life is not free, so there must be chains on his feet, handcuffs on his hands, and they must be broken; he has to free himself. But these are all assumptions.

One thing is certain: he knows misery, he knows suffering. He knows that his humanity has been reduced to almost the same level as animals; that his pride has been destroyed, his dignity has been completely erased. He is aware at least of what has been taken away from him and he starts fighting against it. His rebelliousness is a reaction, negative. It is fighting against something, not fighting for something.

I would like to add to the meaning of `rebel' a positive side too, which is not there in the dictionaries. The dictionaries are all, without exception, giving only one meaning: fighting back, fighting against. But what is the use of fighting back and fighting against, if you don't have a clear perception -- for what? If you don't have a vision of the future, and a better future with more rejoicing, then there is no point in unnecessarily fighting. But **The Rebel** who is not enlightened will remain negative in his approach; hence he will remain half.

The enlightened man who is not a rebel is, in the same way, also half. He knows what has to be achieved, he knows the potential of man, he knows the faraway distant glories possible to humanity. But he is not ready to fight against the existing society, the existing slavery, all the obstacles and hindrances that are between the future and the present, between the old man and the new man. This kind of enlightened man has existed, and he was worshipped --

worshipped by the old people, traditional and orthodox, conventional and rooted in the ancient heritage.

This enlightened man has a vision of a better future, of a better man. But he has not the guts to fight for it -- to fight against the traditional, conventional structure of society and the old mind, which is conditioned and rotten -- because he lives on their charity, he lives on their respect, honor and worship. He is not courageous enough to renounce all the respectability that they are bestowing upon him; to forget being called a saint and a sage by the rotten old past. He cannot just be a nobody, condemned, perhaps crucified, but fighting against what is wrong, fighting for that which is right and will be a blessing to all.

So both have been there: the unenlightened rebel and the wise man, enlightened but not rebellious. I want you to understand it very clearly that unless a man is both enlightened and rebellious simultaneously, he is not whole. He is incomplete, he is not entire; something is missing. He is not rich, not as rich as he could have been if there were nothing missing in him.

My conception of the enlightened man is that of a rebellious, totally rebellious man. To me rebelliousness and enlightenment have become almost a simultaneous phenomenon, a harmonious unity, an organic whole. Hence I say unto you that I am bringing into the world a new man -- a new rebel and a new enlightened being both together in a single person, in each individual. This synthesis has become absolutely necessary.

The past has seen a Gautam Buddha, utterly enlightened but not rebellious. That's why he was not crucified but worshipped, even by kings, emperors, learned people of his

century. There was no fear in the establishment of those days that Gautam Buddha was a danger to them.
I have talked about Bakunin, Bukharin, Camus. All these are rebellious thinkers, but unenlightened. The society has not crucified them either. Society knows that their words are impotent, that they cannot ignite a wildfire in the hearts of humanity. People will read their books as entertainment; more than that is not possible as far as their writings are concerned. Hence, the society has not only tolerated them but respected them, rewarded them with great prizes.
My rebel will be not only a philosopher, he will be an experienced, awakened being. His very presence will threaten all the establishments of the world. His presence will be a challenge to all that enslaves man and destroys his spirit. His presence will become a great fear in all those who are immensely powerful, but know perfectly well that their power depends on the exploitation of men, on keeping man retarded, on destroying man's intelligence, on not allowing man to have his own individuality, his own original face. Just a few rebellious enlightened people around the world and all the thrones of power will start shaking.
I can see not only one Jesus on the cross, I can see thousands of Jesuses on the cross. But their death will be the resurrection of a new humanity, a new consciousness all over the world. Their life will be a tremendous contribution to beautify this world, and their death will also be an even greater contribution: to give man back his dignity, his humanity, his spirituality.

We need thousands of crosses, and thousands of Jesuses hanging on those crosses. Only then the sleeping humanity may perhaps feel that it is time to get up and do something.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
EXISTENCE SHOWERS ME SO MUCH -- TO THE POINT OF BRINGING ME HERE TO YOUR DOORSTEPS. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE THAT SOMEONE LIKE ME DESERVES SUCH BLESSINGS, FOR WHICH I AM DEEPLY GRATEFUL. ONLY YOUR COMPASSIONATE HEART IS ABLE TO STILL RECEIVE ME HERE. OH MAN OF MEN! MUCH OF WHAT I'VE DONE I DARE NOT SAY ALOUD, AND THE REST HAS BEEN THE TRIVIA OF IGNORANCE. NOW THE PAST MUST SLIP OUT HERE, IN YOUR PRESENCE; EVEN THOUGH THE MIND IS WARY OF THE OUTCOME.
MOST BELOVED FRIEND, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING AT ALL, AND I WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU, AND ANYONE IN THE COMMUNE WHOM I MAY HAVE TAKEN FOR GRANTED, OR ADVANTAGE OF. AND I ASK YOU, MASTER, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN ME THAT I DON'T SEE?

Nivedano, the question that you have asked is very rare and unique. It is significant to recognize one's ignorance, most significant. Because the moment one recognizes his ignorance, it goes through a transformation, it becomes innocence. That is the only difference between ignorance

and innocence. Ignorance goes on saying, "I know." Innocence comes to the realization that, "I don't know a thing, I'm utterly ignorant."

That is the first important thing about your question -- the recognition of ignorance; with such humbleness, without any idea of what you are doing, that you are already going through a transformation just by asking the question. You are no longer ignorant, but just innocent like a child. And only that innocence can understand what I am going to say to you.

You are asking: "What do you see in me that I don't see?" I see you. And that's what you don't see, because you never go inside deeply enough -- deeply enough to encounter yourself. You go round and round, but always outside yourself. You have to step down inside, into the depths of your unconscious, in the darkness where your roots are. People don't look within themselves, out of fear. But the darkness within has nothing to be afraid of. It is another name of silence -- utter peace. Light is a disturbance, but darkness is never a disturbance. And the deeper you go, you will find new depths which you have never even dreamed of.

And when you reach to the very last core of your being, there is suddenly an explosion. You have encountered yourself; you have seen your face in a mirror. You have recognized who you are.

You are not your name, you are not your body, you are not your mind, you are not your feelings, and you are not your heart. Anything that you have ever been identified with has nothing to do with your reality. You are only a pure witness -- this is what I know about you, and you don't know.

I know this about you, because I know this about me. We are all made of the same stuff, called consciousness. The moment one knows oneself, he has known all the secrets of life, existence, consciousness. Nothing remains unknown to him; all the mysteries and all the secrets suddenly open their doors to the witness. You have just to find your witnessing self. And don't wait, thinking that somebody else can do it for you. That inward-going has to be done alone; there is no way to take a companion with you.

This is one of the greatest privileges of human beings: that nobody can enter into their interiority; their freedom is absolute, no interference is possible. The body can be killed, but the consciousness cannot even be touched. The body can be burned, but the consciousness will not be affected in any possible way. Even nuclear weapons have no power to reach to the consciousness. The witness will always be beyond everything that can happen to you. It will always be a witness to it; hence it will be always beyond it.

Nivedano, what I am seeing in you... I am provoking you, persuading you, seducing you to know it for yourself. Because with it come all the joys and all the blessings of existence. With it comes suddenly the spring that never leaves.

Without knowing it, life is a sheer wastage. Without knowing it, you are already dead; you were never born. Only by knowing it are you born in reality; and you attain to an eternal, immortal existence -- deathless, beyond any fear, beyond any sickness, beyond any poverty, beyond any suffering. The golden key that can open the magical door of eternity is within you. But you go on carrying the key within you, and searching for it all over the place.

There is a beautiful story about one of the most significant women who has ever lived -- Rabiya al-Adabiya. One evening, as the sun was just setting... she was very old, perhaps ninety years. And she was searching outside on the street for something she had lost.

A young man saw her, and just out of compassion for the old woman -- he was a stranger to the village, he had no idea who she was -- he just asked: "What are you searching for? Can I be of any help? You are very old, the sun has set, and it is becoming darker; it will be impossible for you to find it. Just tell me; I am not engaged in any other work, I can help you."

Rabiya laughed. She said to him, "Thank you for your kindness, stranger."

He said, "Why do you call me stranger?"

She said, "Because nobody of this village would have come to help me; they think I am mad. And perhaps they are right. But I have lost my needle."

The young man said, "Such a small thing like a needle, with your so-ancient eyes, in the darkening evening, how can you hope? -- just tell me exactly where it has fallen. Perhaps -- because the road is big -- if you show me the exact spot, I may still be able to find it."

Rabiya said, "It would have been better if you had not asked that question, because I have not lost it on the road. I have lost it inside my house, but there is too much darkness. I am a poor woman, I don't even have a lamp. Thinking that inside there is so much darkness, finding the needle would be impossible, I was searching outside because there was a little sunlight at the time that I started the search."

The young man said, "Then perhaps your village people are right. You have lost your needle inside the house, and you are searching for it outside! But your madness has a method in it, you have a certain rationality. The reason is, because inside the house there is so much darkness, finding it would be impossible. And outside there is a little light yet, perhaps there is some possibility. But if you have not lost it there, the light will not help."

Rabiya said, "But this is what everybody else in the world is doing, and nobody calls them mad. They have all lost their treasures within themselves and they are all searching for them outside, because outside there is more light. Because all the senses open outside, it is easier to search there."

Nivedano, the question is not, Where is it easier to search? The question is, Where have you lost it? You know perfectly well you have not lost it outside yourself. You cannot remember any incidents when you lost your treasures: your consciousness, your being, your love, your blissfulness, your silence, your innocence. Nothing is outside. And if you have not lost it outside... there are not many sides in the world; there are only two. It is just a simple arithmetic: if you have not lost it outside, you must have lost it inside.

Inside there is darkness -- about that I agree. But that darkness is not a hindrance -- that is my experience. That darkness is immensely helpful, because it is peaceful, it is silence. That darkness is luminous; it is a different kind of light. That's why in the beginning you feel it as darkness, but as you go deeper, slowly slowly it starts becoming a different kind of light that you have not known before.

You have known lights which need fuel -- even the sunlight needs fuel. The sun is being exhausted of its fuel every day, and scientists say that, at the most, this sun can last another few million years. And then suddenly one day it will have lost its light, and there will be darkness all over.

Every day there are stars which become dark -- bigger stars than your sun. Because they have lived far longer than your sun, they have exhausted their fuel. Outside, all light is dependent on fuel; inside is a totally different quality of light -- it does not need any fuel. That's why it is eternal; it cannot be exhausted.

What appears as darkness in the beginning, slowly slowly becomes luminous. And the day it becomes totally luminous -- that's what is called enlightenment, you have come to the true light. Up to now you have seen only shadows of light in the outside world; you have not seen the authentic light which knows no beginning, no end.

Just gather courage, you have nothing to lose. What can you lose? What have you to lose? So why be afraid? Just go inside, fearlessly -- it is your own territory, it is your own being. And once you have found just a ray of light, that is the beginning of the greatest experience of life. Nothing is comparable to it, in bliss, in benediction.

Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,

PLEASE, A LITTLE HELP. JUST A JUICY JOKE FOR THIS COCONUT PALM COMING FROM GOA.

Dhyan Om, I had always known that you are a nut. But I was not aware that you are a coconut. That is a revelation. Latifa will enjoy this coconut from Goa immensely.
She was enjoying herself when you were in Goa, feeling a great peace, smiling, looking very happy. Just when you informed her that, "I am coming in a week"... since that day she has not smiled. Although you had not come, but just the idea that the nut is coming back. And now it is going to be even more difficult: you have become a coconut.
Why torture that poor, old German lady? She was never so old before she met you -- she was a young woman. But your company is so great that when I look at Latifa I say, "My God! What has happened to poor Latifa? From a young woman she has become an old lady." But the whole credit goes to you, Dhyan Om.
And it is strange that you are asking for a joke. Okay -- here is the joke.

Mr. Marx rings his home. A strange voice answers. "Who is that?" he asks.
"The maid, sir."
"But we have no maid," he says.
"Your wife engaged me this morning," she said.
"Oh, all right. Let me speak to my wife."
"Well, sir, she is upstairs in bed with a man, and..."
"What!" he shouts. "Look miss, whatever your name is."
"Pauline, sir."
"Right, Pauline. You want to earn ten thousand dollars?"
"Ah, yes sir."

"Then go to the hall cupboard and you will find a loaded shotgun there. Go upstairs and kill my cheating wife and that bastard with her."
"Yes, sir." Marx waits; he hears two shots, and then the maid's voice: "All right, sir. What shall I do now?"
"Throw them in the swimming pool until I get home."
"Sir, what swimming pool?"
"This is 973-60452," Marx asks shakily, "is it not?"

Now, Dhyan Om, do you get it?
It is difficult for coconuts. It is the first time a coconut has heard a joke, but try to find out. It is going to be a difficult thing, because Latifa is German and she cannot figure it out either. You will have to go around and ask -- somebody must have got it.
And if you find nobody, then write another question.

Question 4
BELOVED MASTER,
WORKING AS A DOCTOR, I WAS ALWAYS IN SEARCH OF TRUTHFUL METHODS, WHICH WERE EITHER LOGICAL, WHEN THEY CLAIMED TO BE SCIENTIFIC, OR SIMPLY STATED FACTS, WHICH WORKED IN A TRUTHFUL WAY. I WAS ALWAYS VERY FORTHRIGHT IN CHALLENGING ANYTHING THAT SEEMED TO BE A LIE, OR SIMPLY STUPID. I WAS AMAZED TO FIND HOW MUCH IGNORANCE THERE WAS EVEN IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, AND ENJOYED EXPOSING THIS. THE OTHER NIGHT, WHEN YOU SAID THAT BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE OF THE SAME PROFESSION THERE IS

ALWAYS COMPETITION, I FELT THESE WORDS ENTER MY HEART LIKE A SWORD. IS WHAT I THOUGHT TO BE REBELLION SIMPLY COMPETITION AND ARROGANCE?

Devaprem, it is not your fault. We are brought up in such a way that competition becomes our very life. Our whole educational system is competitive, and our whole society is based on that competitive system. You have to be successful, and competition is the way. Unless you are successful, the society condemns you as a nobody, good for nothing.

This competitiveness enters into our very bloodstream, so we become absolutely unaware of its always being there. Even in the name of searching for truth, there is competitiveness: who finds it first, who becomes the pioneer, the founder, the discoverer. Even in a field like humbleness -- which one would think is outside the area of competitiveness -- even there you will find the same spirit, the same competitive egoistic arrogance; then you are competing to be more humble than anybody else.

I have often told the story about three Christian monks who met on a road. They had their monasteries close by in the mountains; they had become friendly and they used to meet. One day they were sitting under the trees, in the shadow. It was a hot sunny day, and they started talking about their monasteries.

One of them said, "I don't want to offend you in any way, but I must say the truth: that as far as scholarship is concerned, my monastery is the best out of all the three monasteries we represent here."

The second monk said, "I have to concede, a fact is a fact, your monastery is certainly more scholarly; more attention is paid to knowledge. But you should never forget that as far as discipline is concerned, you are nowhere in comparison to our monastery. Our monastery is perhaps one of the greatest monasteries in the world; with such perfect discipline, asceticism, sacrifice, with a single desire to serve Jesus Christ and God."

The third man said, "You are both right, but as far as humbleness is concerned, we are the tops."

Even humbleness! As far as humbleness is concerned, "We are the tops, you are nowhere" -- competitiveness has entered so deeply in us. It is not rebellion, Devaprem, but only competition and arrogance. But whatever you have been doing, you can do far better if you drop competitiveness and arrogance; because all the energy that is involved in these will be released, will become available to you for rebelliousness.

You have to gather all your energies, which are divided into many, many parts and focus them into a single-pointed, arrow-like life. All has to be dedicated and devoted to rebellion; then too, you will be searching for the truth, but not with a competitive spirit. Then the search will be a sheer joy, without any comparison with anybody else. Then, too, you will be humble, but without any comparison, because comparison destroys your humbleness.

Humbleness simply means, I am nobody -- and how can a nobody be at the top?

Humbleness simply means, I get out of this horse race that is continuously going on in the society, for money, for

power, for prestige, for knowledge, for saintliness. I am simply out of this routine; I am no more part of this madness, and this mad society. I love truth, I will try to find it; I love research, scientific or spiritual. I will do it, but my doing will be totally independent of anybody else, it will simply be my own love affair.

Devaprem, as far as I know you, you are a very simple and loving person. That's why the realization came so quickly to you, and you were shocked. There are many people who are competitive, who are arrogant; they are not shocked. They have thick skulls and it is very difficult for anything to penetrate into their skulls. They have grown such buffers around themselves that whatever shock comes to them the buffer absorbs it, it never reaches them.

You don't have any buffers, you are a simple person, just like a small child. Hence, you immediately recognized that "What I thought to be rebellion was not so; it was only competition and arrogance."

If people listen with love and simplicity, then whatever I am saying... just listening to it is enough to bring a revolution to your heart; you are not to do anything else. If you have heard it, it is more than enough; your vision, your perception is changed. The shock will do the transformation.

But most people are in a real mess.

An old lady is so impressed by the sermons of the missionary, that she tells her friend, "Do you know," she said, "he can preach about hell as if he was born and reared in the place."

Two little girls were going through their textbook on religious instruction. "I am past original sin," said one. "That's nothing," said the other, "I am beyond redemption."

Our so-called religious educators, our rabbis, our bishops, our priests are all so full of bullshit -- in India there is a little difference, they are full of holy cow dung -- that to reach them is almost impossible.

God gets the word up in heaven that the United States of America is a pretty depraved place. Not having time to spare himself, he sends Mother Teresa as his delegate. Her instructions are to visit each of the cities, and to report back to heaven on what she finds.
The first report is not long in coming: New York, Mother Teresa says, is filled with unimaginable sin and violence, and she is leaving immediately. Boston is no better and is full of child molesters. The cities of the South are everywhere full of heavy drinkers and sex offenders. Mother Teresa's next stop is Chicago, but she can't stand the depravity there for more than a few days, so she hops on a plane to Los Angeles... no word for three weeks. God finally gets concerned, so he gets her number from information and calls her up.
"Hello," God says.
"Hello," comes a mellow voice, "this is Terry here. I am not home right now; if you would like to share your thoughts..."

Mother Teresa has become Terry; such is the impact of society. In Hollywood you cannot remain Mother Teresa

very long. Rather than changing Hollywood, Hollywood will change you.

The whole world is full of a competitive spirit, egoism, power trips behind beautiful names and labels. If you take those labels off and look inside, you will see an ugly reality. Even behind humbleness you will find ego; and purified ego, very subtle ego, is more dangerous than the ego of the gross people.

Behind your so-called celibates you will find all kinds of sexual perversions; behind your religious people you will not even have thought about what is the reality at the back door. At the front door there is one face, at the back door there is another face; and this other face is diametrically opposite. There is pure hypocrisy everywhere.

It is good, Devaprem, to understand clearly what you are doing. Never do it for wrong reasons -- even if the goal is right, if the means are wrong, you will never reach the right goal. The means also have to be right for the end to be right. If just the end is right, and you don't take much care about the means, you will be in for a great surprise when you reach the goal. Wrong means cannot lead you to right goals.

But that's what is being taught to us -- wrong means for right goals. Everybody has become trained in wrong means, and in the end, everybody finds only frustration, a great despair, a feeling that "I have wasted my life, but now it is too late." You cannot get back your life and the time that you have lost.

But I say to my people, you have reached me in the right time. There is still time for you to change everything, to

change yourself completely into a new being, into a new man, into a rebellious spirit.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #13
Chapter title: Shadows of the dead
7 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
ARE YOUR SANNYASINS ALL REBELS?
IS IT TRUE THAT A REBEL IS BORN AND NOT MADE?
OR ARE WE BORN REBELS BUT TAMED AND CONDITIONED BY OUR SOCIETIES?

Jivan Mary, one who is not a rebel will not come close to me. The very fact that he comes close to me, becomes an initiate, is proof enough that he is a rebel. All my sannyasins are rebels; no other kind of people can be my sannyasins. Those who are not rebels are going to be against me, because whatever I am saying goes against the whole past of mankind -- all its traditions, cultures, civilizations, religions.
Unless one is ready to disconnect himself from the past and the shadows of the dead, he cannot become a sannyasin;

because my sannyas has no past, it has only future. It has no connections with the past, it is discontinuous with all that is old and dead. Its only concern is for the future growth of your being, your consciousness, your whole individuality.

That's exactly the meaning of being a rebel: to live according to your own light, howsoever small, and find your way in the unknown future. Give all the opportunities, accept all the challenges of the unknown fearlessly, as if you are the first people on the earth.

The past is a burden, and if you are attached to the past you cannot move a single inch. You are burdened with a mountain, your potentiality is going to be crushed. That has been happening for centuries -- people are living so burdened, so conditioned, that there is no possibility for them to be themselves. They are Christians, they are Hindus, they are Mohammedans, but they are not themselves.

My sannyasin does not belong to any ideology, to any philosophy, to any theology. He is pure of all that is rotten, he is pure of all that has passed; his eyes are fixed on the future. And he is seeking and searching his own growth without any fear of the crowd, the masses -- which don't have any individuality of their own. They are sheep, a crowd of sheep.

My sannyasin is a rebel. He comes out of the crowd, stands alone like a lion, finds himself -- his path, his dignity, his freedom.

You are also asking, "Is it true that a rebel is born, not made, or are we born rebels but tamed and conditioned by our societies?"

Jivan Mary, a rebel is born, not made. In fact, nothing that is significant in human life is manufactured, is made. It is all intrinsic, inborn -- you bring it with your life into the world. But you are born in a society, in a crowd; and that becomes a calamity, because the people you are born among and the people you will be growing with have no respect for individuals, particularly for children. They think that their children are their possessions, and their whole effort is to fulfill their own incomplete ambitions through their children.

They are frustrated; they have been running after shadows, they have not been able to attain any fulfillment. Now their only desire is that what they have not been able to do, their children will do. At least there will be some satisfaction because their children are part of them, their blood -- through their children they will live.

And this idea of living through children is immensely dangerous. It means you will not allow the child to be himself -- he has to be somebody that you want him to be. And you cannot have any idea... there is no way to find out what the child was going to be if he were given freedom and support just to be himself. You help the child but you help the child with a condition, spoken or unspoken, that "You have to be the fulfillment of our desires, the representative of our longings, the completion of our ambitions."

That's why nobody is what he was meant by nature to be -- he is somebody else. And you cannot be happy with being somebody other than yourself. You can pretend, but you are only playing a role imposed upon you; you are not being authentic and original. If you are a Catholic, can you

think that if you had been left alone by your parents and the society, without any imposition to be a Catholic, you would have been a Catholic? Then the whole sky is open to you, to choose.
If you choose according to your own inclination, according to your own intuition... it is very strong in children but, slowly slowly, becomes weaker. The voices of the parents and the teachers, the society and the priest, become louder and louder. Now if you want to find out what is your voice, you will have to pass through a crowd of noises.
It is a tremendously beautiful experiment for meditators just to watch inside -- whose voice is this? Sometimes it is your father, sometimes it is your mother, sometimes it is your grandfather, sometimes it is your teacher; and those voices are all different. Just one thing you will not be able to find easily -- your own voice; it has been always suppressed. You have been told to listen to your elders, to listen to the priest, to listen to the teachers. You have never been told to listen to your own heart.

You are carrying a still, small voice of your own, unheard, and in the crowd of voices that have been imposed upon you, it is almost impossible to find it. First you will have to get rid of all those noises, attain a certain quality of silence, peace, serenity. Only then will it come, as a surprise, that you also have your own voice. It was always there like an undercurrent.
Unless you have found your natural inclination your life is going to be a long, long tragedy, from the cradle to the grave. The only people who have been blissful in the world are the people who have lived according to their own

intuition and have rebelled against any effort by others to impose their ideas. Howsoever valuable those ideas may be, they are useless because they are not yours. The only significant idea is that which arises in you, grows in you, blossoms in you.

Jivan Mary, everybody is born a rebel because everybody is born to be an individual in his own right. Everybody is born not to be a part in a drama but to live an authentic life, not to be a mask but to be his original face. But no society till now has allowed people to be themselves. Once in a while a person has escaped -- a Gautam Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Chuang Tzu, a Kabir. These people suffered all the condemnation of the society, but they found the joy of being themselves. All the condemnation of the society was nothing in comparison to the joy that they found. They suffered laughingly....

When al-Hillaj Mansoor was killed by the orthodox, the traditionalists, because he was saying things which were rebellious, almost a million people gathered to see this ugliest possible murder. The crucifixion of Jesus seems far more cultured, because al-Hillaj Mansoor was cut into pieces: his legs were cut off, his hands were cut off, his eyes were taken out -- piece by piece. This was a torture perhaps no other man has ever gone through, but there was a smile on his face. Under all this inhumanity, barbarousness...

One of the men who was cutting off his hands could not resist the temptation to ask, "Why are you smiling? Even I am feeling immensely miserable, sad and guilty. But this is my duty, this is my job. Why are you smiling?"

And what Mansoor said is something to be remembered. He said, "I am smiling because you are killing somebody else; you are not killing me -- that is beyond your capacity. I know my self, which no fire can burn and no sword can kill. You can cut the body... I am just smiling at the foolishness of you, and the emperor who has ordered this stupid act."

Everybody is born a rebel, that's why it is so easy to transform anybody who is still alive. Just a little understanding, a little encouragement, and he can be helped to drop his whole past and be reborn. Everybody can become a rebel.

A female gorilla was turning down all her male suitors. The zoo desperately needed some baby gorillas and the zookeeper was at a loss as to what to do about it. While driving home that evening, the keeper notices a hairy Italian man walking about without a shirt on, and pulls his car up alongside him.

"Hey," he calls, "I will pay you five hundred dollars if you will come to the zoo tomorrow morning and make love to our female gorilla."

"Vai a fanculo buddy," says the offended Italian, "you have some nerve!" And he storms off.

At home that night he relates the incident to his wife, who throws up her hands and cries, "Mamma mia! We are so poor, we need-a the money. So tomorrow you-a go and make love-a to this gorilla, or don't-a come home to-a mamma."

The next morning, at the zoo, the Italian is about to climb into the gorilla's cage when he turns to the zookeeper and

says, "Look, I will make-a love to this-a gorilla on three conditions: First-a, I don't-a have to kiss it. Second-a, I do it once. And third-a, when the kids are born you raise them as-a Catholics."

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
DOESN'T THE WORD `REBEL' IMPLY FIGHTING AGAINST SOMETHING? THE WORD ITSELF COMES FROM LATIN, REBELLARE, FIGHTING BACK. WHEN YOU SPEAK ON **THE REBEL**, YOU SPEAK OF IT IN A POSITIVE SENSE. ARE YOU CHANGING THE MEANING OF THE WORD?

Rabia Prabhudasi, I am not changing the meaning of the word; I am making it complete. The meaning that has been given to it is only half... just the negative meaning; and no negative can be without a positive. It is true, the word `rebel' comes from Latin, rebellare, fighting back. But that is only half of the meaning; the other half has been missing for centuries, from the very beginning. Nobody has bothered to complete the whole meaning of the word. Fighting against is only the beginning part. But fighting for what?
And it is not only with the word `rebel', it is with many words. `Freedom' has only a negative nuance in people's minds -- freedom from. But nobody asks about freedom for. Freedom from is an essential part, but only a negative part. Unless you have a positive goal, your freedom from is meaningless. You should also be clearly aware of what you are fighting for: What is the goal of your freedom?

`Rebel' and `rebellion' have been condemned, and this is part of the condemnation -- that they have been given only the negative meaning by the linguists in the dictionaries. Nobody has raised the question, "Rebellion for what?" -- which should be very essential to ask. To me, the negative part is only the beginning, but not the end. The positive part is the end, and completes the whole circle.

You rebel against that which is dead, and you rebel for that which is living. You rebel against superstitions, and you rebel for truth. Otherwise, what is the need to rebel against superstitions? Every rebellion is incomplete and futile if it is only negative. Only the positive will make it meaningful, significant.

And always remember about all words -- if the society has kept only the negative meaning, that means it is against those words. Not only is it against actual rebellion, it is even against the word rebellion; it has given it a color which is negative. To give it a positive color, a positive beauty, will mean a support for it.

I am not changing the meaning, I am simply completing it; it has been incomplete too long. It needs completion, and the last finishing touches, so that it can regain the beauty which has been taken away from it.

Society has been very cunning about every direction in life -- about words, about language, it has manipulated everything so that it becomes supportive to the establishment. Even language has to be freed from the chains which have been put over it by the past. Beautiful words like `rebel', `revolution', `freedom', all have to be redeemed from sheer negativity. And the only way is to make the positive the center of the world; the negative will

be only a preparation for the positive. You prepare the ground for a garden; you take away the weeds, you take away the unnecessary growth of wild plants, and their roots -- this is the negative part.

But just taking away the weeds, the wild plants and their roots, and cleaning the ground, is not enough to make a garden. It is necessary, but not enough. You will have to plant roses also; that will be the positive part. You will have to plant beautiful flowers, beautiful trees. The negative part is only a preparation for something positive to happen.

Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,

IS SANNYAS A TRAINING FOR REBELLION? ARE YOU PREPARING US TO BE WARRIORS, FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT TO BE INDIVIDUALS IN A SOCIETY WHICH LABELS TRUTH AS LIES, AND CALLS LIES THE TRUTH?

I HAVE JUST READ DAVID YALLOP'S BOOK, "IN GOD'S NAME", IN WHICH HE CLEARLY LAYS OUT THE ROLE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MURDER, TERRORISM, EMBEZZLEMENT, DRUG RUNNING, AND MAJOR AND CONTINUING SWINDLING OF INCREDIBLE SUMS OF MONEY; MANIPULATION OF POLITICS IN AMERICA, ITALY, SOUTH AMERICA, POLAND... THE LIST IS AS IMPRESSIVE AS IT IS FAR FROM THE MESSAGE OF THE CARPENTER FROM NAZARETH. WILL YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Devageet, David Yallop's book is a tremendous contribution towards understanding the murderous instinct of the Catholic church. The same is needed to be done about every religion -- because they all are doing the same thing, more or less. Perhaps the Catholic church is the best example because it is the most organized religion in the world, and the greatest in numbers -- seven hundred million people are Catholics.

And that religion has committed every crime that you can imagine. It has burned thousands of women alive, by fictitiously labeling them as witches. There is no devil anywhere, and there are no witches anywhere. But these women were chosen to be destroyed because they were competitors to the Catholic religion. They were carrying the older and more ancient tradition of the days when the world was pagan. They were nature worshippers.

And for Catholicism that is the worst crime -- because that means there is no need of a God, nature is enough. There is no need of a Jesus Christ as a savior, because nobody is drowning. And there is no need for the Catholic priests and their confessionals, because nature knows nothing as sin.

These women were burned alive because they were pagans. But just to burn them because they were pagans was not enough of an excuse. They had to be condemned in such a way that their being burned alive could be supported rationally. First, they were tortured for days together: special mechanisms were invented to torture them.

When, six years ago, I had a bad back and I was in tremendous pain, the doctors brought a small mechanism; they call it traction. It pulls you -- your legs in one direction, your hands in another direction -- to fix your

backbone. I asked the doctors, "Do you know who has invented this machine?" They were not aware.
It was invented by the Catholic church to torture the so-called witches. Sometimes their legs would come off the body; sometimes their hands would come off the body. It was just a coincidence that one woman who was suffering from a bad back for years, and nothing had been of any help... when she was tortured on this mechanism, she was amazed -- her back pain disappeared. So the traction machine is a contribution of the Catholic church, and later on it moved to the hospitals.
And after a week or two weeks of continuous torture -- no food, beating, not allowing them to sleep -- the women, in a kind of helplessness, finally confessed. Because unless they would confess, the torture would continue. So what was the point? You could not escape.
The church was very powerful; it was not only the religion, it was also the government. It had all the powers of religion and all the powers of the government, of the state; so whatever they asked, the women confessed. The priests dictated the confession. They told them that they had to confess that they were having a sexual relationship with the devil -- with full details.
And they had to confess it in the court. The full details were given to them -- that the devil has a forked penis, not an ordinary penis. Forked, so that he could enter the woman from both her entries simultaneously. And those poor women had to confess in the court, and then the court ordered them to be burned alive because they had committed the gravest sin.

The church's power has remained, although its state power has shrunk to eight square miles in the Vatican. But it is still a kingdom -- an independent nation. And the pope is also the head of a state. Right now the manager of the Vatican's bank is in hiding, because the Italian government has an arrest warrant against him. But they cannot enter the Vatican, it is an independent country -- and his crimes have been found to be great.

The pope runs perhaps the greatest mafia in the world. And the pope's bank in the Vatican turns all the income from drugs into legitimate money -- the black money into white, millions of dollars per week. And the head of the bank is now being sought by the Italian government. There is an unbailable arrest warrant, and the police are waiting around the Vatican for him. But the pope has rewarded him, he has been made a cardinal; he was only a bishop.

The pope has been spending money on his world tours as no other pope has ever done before. Just a few months ago, in Australia, he spent more on his tour than the queen of England did when she went there. Almost every year he has been spending millions of dollars for his worldwide tours. And all this money comes from heroin and other drugs.

It is strange how blind humanity is. And these people go on speaking beautiful words; they preach against drugs, yet their whole empire depends on drugs! They condemn everything which they themselves practice. They condemn homosexuality, and almost fifty percent of Catholic priests are homosexuals. This is a very conservative estimate; the percentage is probably more than that. What to say about the monks in the monasteries?

One of the predecessors of this Polack pope was himself a homosexual. Before becoming a pope he was a cardinal in Milan. He had a boyfriend, and it was the talk of the town. Then he became the pope, and the first thing he did was to appoint his boyfriend as "secretary to the pope." The whole world knew that he was a homosexual. The Catholic church is against homosexuality, and the head of the church is a practitioner of homosexuality! -- absolute dishonesty, insincerity.

Millions of people have been killed in the name of religion and God in the crusades, jihads and other religious wars. David Yallop's book, IN GOD'S NAME, is a great contribution, "in which he clearly lays out the role of the Roman Catholic church in murder, terrorism, embezzlement, drug-running, major and continual swindling of incredible sums of money; manipulation of politics in America, Italy, South America, Poland...."

Recently the pope declared that the church should not take part in any kind of politics; that Christian priests, monks, bishops, and cardinals should remain beyond politics. And while he was saying all this, he was sending millions of dollars to a political party in Poland to fight against communism.

These people have so many faces! If you are not to take part in politics, then why should you be interested in the communist party not remaining in power in Poland? And where did you get millions of dollars to support the opposition?... from drugs.

But this is not new. This has been going on since the crucifixion of Jesus. If that poor carpenter's son had known that this is what was going to be the ultimate result of his

teachings, Jews would not have been needed to crucify him; he would have committed suicide himself!

What David Yallop has done for the Catholic church should be done for all religions: a deep research into their workings. And you will not find them less criminal than the Catholics.

Look at what happened to Buddhists. Gautam Buddha was born in India; his impact was so tremendous that almost the whole country was under his influence and millions of people became Buddhists. But once he was dead, what happened to those millions of Buddhists? They were murdered, they were burned alive, they were driven out of the country. The whole of Asia is now Buddhist, because those people who escaped India just to save their lives reached China, Korea, Vietnam, Thailand, Burma, Japan, Sri Lanka -- they moved all over the Far East. So the whole Far East is Buddhist -- but not India.

And in India there has not been a single Buddhist for twenty-five centuries. They could not simply evaporate -- such a tremendous movement. But because it was against brahminism, against Hinduism, Hindus could not tolerate it, brahmins could not tolerate it. It was destroying their whole profession, because brahmins have lived like parasites on people -- they don't do anything except religious rituals. And Buddha was against all religious rituals; he was against the VEDAS, which are full of nonsense.

While he was alive, the Hindus remained silent, because there was no argument to defeat him; what he was saying was so clear, so right and so timely, that it was impossible to have any confrontation. But once he was dead, there began a tremendous butchery against the Buddhists.

The same has happened against the Jainas. But nobody can say anything against these killings because the government immediately interferes -- under the pretext of "not hurting anybody's religious feelings." This is strange. People are murdered, and you should not say anything about it. Hence, there is not a single book in India comparable to David Yallop's book, because the government has to look to the voters, and the Hindus constitute the majority of voters. Nobody has written a history of what Mohammedans have done to Hindus or Jainas while they were ruling India; how many beautiful temples they destroyed, how many millions of art pieces which represented centuries of work. They have destroyed the statues, the temples. Nobody knows how many women they have raped, how many men they have forced to either be Mohammedans or to die. Because not all Mohammedans that are in India have come from Arabia -- many are converted people. And they were converted on the point of the sword, not by any intellectual conviction, not by proving that Mohammedanism is better than their religion. Mohammedans have used the sword as their only argument.

But not a single book exists to tell the story of continuous murder and rape for almost fifteen centuries; because Mohammedans are the second majority -- again the government is interested in their votes. You will be surprised to know that although Mohammedans have taken Pakistan, dividing India into two parts, still the number of Mohammedans in India is greater than in any other Mohammedan country in the world.

What happened in the partition when India and Pakistan were divided? So many people were burned, whole trains

were burned. Trains were coming from Pakistan burning, bringing burned corpses into India. Pakistan has erased Hindus completely, but nobody can say anything. If you say anything you immediately lose your right to freedom of speech, because you are hurting somebody's religious feelings. It is a strange phenomenon.

And rape has been one of the basic strategies of Mohammedans, because once a Hindu woman is raped by a Mohammedan, or even kept in his house for the whole night without any rape, the Hindu cannot accept the woman again. That is their tradition and their orthodox mind. She has become untouchable; she has to go back.

And how many Jews have been killed by Christians? And what a great conspiracy by America and England in creating Israel amongst an ocean of Mohammedans! Israel had not been in existence for centuries -- Mohammedans have been there; its name was Palestine. But this was a strategy, and such a subtle conspiracy, that even Jews could not suspect -- in fact, they asked for it. They wanted their own land.

After the second world war it was easier, because Palestine was under American and British troops. So they forced the Jews on the Mohammedans and created a new nation. But the nation is so small, and surrounded on all sides by Mohammedan countries. Since Israel has been created, they have been in continuous trouble. And Mohammedans will never leave them in peace, because it is their country, which has been forcibly taken from them.

It is a subtle strategy to keep the Jews in continuous trouble; they have suffered for almost their whole history of four thousand years. The greatest calamity was Adolf Hitler

-- he killed six million Jews. And now the second conspiracy of Christian nations is the creation of Israel. This is to keep the Jews always, forever in trouble.
Every religion should be looked into, researched, and the public should be made fully aware of what these people have done to humanity. And all this nonsense that their religious feelings might be hurt should not be paid any attention to. You go on committing crimes against man and, when something is said about it, your "religious feelings" are hurt.
One of the Mohammedan caliphs, Omar, destroyed the greatest library in the world, the library in Alexandria. It contained the ancientmost scriptures from Atlantis, a continent which had sunk into the ocean, and from Lemuria, another small continent that had also gone under water. These were natural calamities -- or perhaps man-made, there is no way to find out -- but the library contained all their history, all their religions, all their art.
Omar went with his armies to Alexandria, it was the greatest seat of learning in those days. In one of his hands he had the Holy Koran, in the other hand he had a burning torch. He asked the chief librarian, a great scholar, "You have to answer two questions: First, is there some literature in the library which goes against the Holy Koran? If your answer is yes, I am going to burn it. If your answer is no, then too, I am going to burn it. Because if everything in this library is consistent with the Holy Koran, then the Holy Koran is enough. What is the need of having such a big library?"
He did not allow the chief librarian to answer; he answered himself. There was no alternative, either yes or no -- in

each case he was going to burn the library. And he set the library on fire. The library was so big that it took six months to put the fire out. But he destroyed a great treasure which cannot be recovered in any way.
Devageet, the religions have done immense, incalculable harm to all human values, to human life, to human understanding, to human evolution. And it is time that they should all be mercilessly exposed because that will prepare the ground for the birth of my rebel, for the birth of a great rebellion against these ugly institutions. It will bring the whole of humanity into a loving relationship, without nations, without religions; but with a deep religiousness, with a great respect for life, and great gratitude for existence.
All that is needed is a widespread rebelliousness, particularly in the younger generation, because they are going to live in the future. The past should not be repeated.
You are asking, "Is sannyas a training for rebellion?" Yes, Devageet.
"Are you preparing us to be warriors, fighting for the right to be individuals in a society which labels truth as lies, and calls lies the truth?"
Yes, Devageet.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #14
Chapter title: As below, so above

7 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I BOW MY HEAD TO YOUR LOTUS FEET. FOR YEARS I HAVE LOVED STORIES OF GURDJIEFF AND ZEN MASTERS WHO HIT THEIR DISCIPLES SO HARD THAT THEY GET IT.
THE OTHER NIGHT YOU STRUCK YOUR SCALPEL SHARP -- NO ANESTHETIC -- REMOVING A CANCER THAT'S BEEN THERE FOR LIVES. IT HURT, BUT THE PATIENT FEELS HEALTHIER AND EVEN LONGS WITH A PASSION TO EXPOSE MORE AND MORE. PART OF ME SAYS, "NO, THIS IS JUST GREED AND EXHIBITIONISM." IS THERE A RIGHT WAY TO EXPOSE ONESELF TO A MASTER?

Indivar, learn not to listen to your mind, it always leads you astray. Its advice is always categorically poisonous. Rise above your mind; only from that height can you see clearly. To be in the mind is to be in the clouds. Just a little higher and the sky is clean; you can see the farthest stars.
Your heart was understanding absolutely and exactly what the situation was. Immediately your mind started interfering and saying, "No, this is just greed and exhibitionism." It is neither greed nor exhibitionism, because both are part of the ego. And I have not hit you, but the ego which is pretending to be you. It will try to protect itself in every way. But once you start understanding the language of the heart, the subtle nuances

of your innermost being, the ego becomes powerless, loses its domination over you.

You are asking, "Is there a right way to expose oneself to a master?" Every way is right as far as exposing yourself is concerned. Expose in any way -- but expose! Open your windows and doors, become vulnerable. All ways of opening are right, and all ways of closing yourself are wrong. There is no right way of closing, and there is no wrong way of exposing.

I have heard that you went to every person who had been bowing down his head in love, in trust and gratitude, and offered your apology. That makes you an authentic sannyasin. Any pseudo-sannyasin would have escaped and started creating lies and rumors and allegations against me. But instead of doing that, you went to sannyasins to offer your apology.

You proved your mettle, you proved your dignity, you proved your understanding; and you proved that you are courageous enough to be humble, courageous enough to put your ego aside. Now let this incident not become just a memory, a faraway remembrance. Let this become your moment to moment understanding, becoming deeper, becoming clearer. And it will bring you immense blessings. Just a little bit of understanding can bring a tremendous revolution in your life. All seeds are small -- the trees may grow high, almost touching the stars, but the seeds are very small. This is just a seed that has fallen into your heart; now allow it to grow. Give nourishment to it, support it, remove all hindrances in its path; and a small seed, which seems to be nothing special in this moment, may bring thousands of flowers.

Just a little waiting, just a little patience for the spring to come... it always comes. We miss it if we don't have any seeds in our heart -- spring comes and goes, nothing blossoms in us. If we have seeds in our heart, then the coming of the spring is understood by every cell and fiber of our being, and the blossoming of our potential becomes a reality forever. The inner spring only comes -- it never goes.

"Dear Mother," wrote Paddy to his old, old mother. "I am sending some pills that a witch doctor gave me, and if you take one it will take years off your life."
Paddy came home a few weeks later, and there was a beautiful young woman outside his house, rocking a pram in which a baby lay sucking a bottle. "Where is my mother?" asked Paddy.
"Don't be silly," said the woman, "I am your mother. And those pills were marvelous."
"Imagine that," said Paddy. "Only one pill -- and what is more, you were able to have a baby."
"Are you crazy?" cried the woman. "That is not a baby. That is your father. He took two."

Greed can be dangerous; but there has been no greed, only a misunderstanding. There has not really been greed or exhibitionism. But mind will always use that strategy: whenever you are moving in the right way, the mind will suggest that something is wrong. And the strangest thing about mind is, when you are going wrong it will remain silent; it will not say anything at all. Take it as a criterion: when mind says that something is wrong, do it. When mind

says something is right, don't do it. That's how one gets free from the fetters of the mind.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
PLEASE EXPOSE ME. IS THIS WHAT ZARATHUSTRA CALLS "THE CRUEL HONESTY"? IS SINCERITY A HIGH VALUE IN LIFE? BELOVED MASTER, DID I GET THE JOKE? CAN YOU GIVE ME THE RIGHT NUMBER TO PHONE? DO I NEED TO BE SENT TO GOA, OR CAN YOU AND THIS BEAUTIFUL COMMUNE FORGIVE ME, SO I CAN START AFRESH?

Dhyan Om, it is not what Zarathustra calls "The cruel honesty," it is a very mild form. But if you insist on being a nut, I may have to use cruel honesty too. But your nut has to be broken.
You are asking, "Is sincerity a high value in life?" It is the highest value in life. A life which is not sincere is not worth living at all. A life which is not sincere is fake -- it is pseudo; you are playing a role in which your heart is absent, you are saying things which you don't mean. You are living as if on somebody else's behalf. And you call it life! Sincerity and life are synonymous.
You are also asking me, "Did I get the joke? Can you give me the right number to phone? Do I need to be sent to Goa, or can you and this beautiful commune forgive me, so I can start afresh?"

The first thing -- you could not get the joke, neither could Latifa get it. You were both discussing it and you could not come to a conclusion about what it means.

I had told you beforehand that Latifa will not get it -- that is her German heritage. If she were capable of getting the joke she would not be with you either. The very fact that she is with you is enough proof that she is also a hard German -- you may be a hard coconut, it does not matter. There is no need to be worried about the joke. Just start listening more attentively. One misses a joke only when one is not listening attentively, because the moment of understanding a joke is a very small moment. You may have heard the whole joke, but just before the punch line there is a small turning. The turning is so small, delicate and subtle, that if you miss it you cannot connect the punch line with the rest of the joke that you have heard -- and then you are at a loss.

A joke is a beautiful method to check on your awareness -- whether you are simply hearing, or listening too. There is no need to have a phone number. I can give you the right phone number -- even to God -- but there is no need to bother anybody.

Just listen to the tape again or see the video again. However hard a coconut you may be, there must be some juice inside. You will get it. And it is one of the mysteries of jokes that they cannot be explained -- once you explain a joke, it is no longer a joke. Its whole beauty lies in simple and immediate understanding. No explanation can help; an explanation can only destroy the whole joke. And I am here; I will tell you as many jokes as you want till you learn to get it.

There is no need either to go to Goa. Why harass people in Goa? Harass my people; they are accustomed to all kinds of nuts. And anyway, in India, the coconut is thought to be a very religious, sacred fruit. It is offered to God; there is no other offering which is better than a coconut.

So be here, harass my people -- particularly Latifa, because she has to learn how to go beyond love and how to go beyond relationships. Unless you are related to nuts, it is very difficult to go beyond. It is only the great nuts who have helped people to go beyond all relationships, renounce all relationships, learn to meditate, and just be alone.

You are absolutely needed here. First help Latifa. When you see that she has gone beyond, then there are other people waiting in a queue. And the more people you enlighten, the more is your virtue. You may not become enlightened yourself, but you are a great public servant.

And as far as forgiving you is concerned, there is no need to mention it. You are already forgiven.

And you are asking, "... so I can start afresh" -- that sounds a little dangerous. What do you mean by starting afresh? Simply drop being a coconut! There is no need to start the same thing afresh. A fresh coconut or an old coconut, they are not much different; there is no generation gap. At least in coconuts there is no conflict, they are very traditional fellows. So please, don't start afresh, just stop being a coconut. And don't go anywhere else. Remain here so that I can go on hitting you. Sooner or later the understanding will dawn upon you that you are a human being, not a coconut.

A very simple joke for you, so simple that if you miss it, then be ready for a great hit that will break your skull completely.

A lion is walking down a jungle path and comes across a monkey. "Who is the king of the jungle?" he asks.
"You are," replies the monkey.
"That's right," says the lion and walks on.
He soon encounters a giraffe. "Who is the king of the jungle?" he asks.
"You are," says the giraffe, bowing down his head.
Finally the lion approaches an elephant. "Who is the king of the jungle?" he asks.
The elephant wraps his trunk around the lion, lifts him up, and hurls him against a coconut tree. After a few moments, the lion recovers, gets up, shakes the dust off, staggers back to the elephant and says, "Just because you don't know the answer, there is no need to get pissed off!"

Question 3
DEAR FRIEND,
ARE DACOITS AND VIKINGS REBELS? IF SO, ARE THEY BORN THAT WAY OR MADE, TURNED INTO REBELS? WHICH HALF OF THE DEFINITION DO THEY FULFILL, THE NEGATIVE SIDE OR THE POSITIVE ONE?

Bhai Mehta, the dacoits and the Vikings are not rebels at all, they are part of a criminal society. Your so-called kings and emperors are great dacoits; the dacoits operate on a smaller scale, but they belong to the same category.

The society depends on exploitation, oppression. A few people do it in an orderly way, a few people do it in a disorderly way, but their basic act is not different. A few people do it legally because they are intelligent and clever enough to use the law in their favor; and a few people who are not so clever and not so intelligent simply do the same thing but without using the law in their favor. They are condemned, but they are not rebels. They are part of this whole criminal situation that has remained prevalent from the very beginning of humanity till today.

Hence the question whether they are negative or positive does not arise -- they are not rebels in the first place. They accept the society, they accept its so-called justice, they accept its law. When they are caught they themselves feel that they are criminals, that they have done something against the rules of the game.

But who makes the rules of the game? -- bigger dacoits and bigger Vikings. Who are these people: Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadirshah, Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ivan the Terrible, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Benito Mussolini, Ronald Reagan... Do you call them dacoits, Vikings, or not? Just because they are clever enough to befool the masses, clever enough to dominate nations.... Napoleon Bonaparte used to say, "My word is the law." All these people, whether they say it or not, know perfectly well that they decide the rules of the game. Anybody who does not play the game according to their rules becomes a criminal. But he is not a rebel; he is simply not well-educated, he is simply not well-cultured. He does not know how to be a successful hypocrite. He may be a simple human being, but he also has ambitions. And he

does not know that he can fulfill his ambitions by the ordinary pathways to success -- he is not that intelligent. He finds a shortcut: he becomes a dacoit, he becomes a thief, he becomes a Viking. These are shortcuts to power, to fulfill ambitions, to be successful, to be rich, to be powerful.

The descendants of these dacoits -- if these dacoits were big enough, great enough -- became kings, queens and royal families. All the royal blood around the world belongs to the dacoits and the Vikings. You just have to go back to their forefathers, and you will find that in the beginning they were criminals who managed to be successful in controlling money, land, people.

The Rebel is simply against the whole game, not against the rules. He is rebelling against the game itself. He is saying that the game itself is criminal, that this society is not yet civilized, not yet cultured -- it is still barbarous.

You are also asking, "Are they born that way or made, turned into rebels?" The first thing I have cancelled -- they are not rebels. But whoever they are, they are born that way. They bring the seeds with their birth.

The latest research in biochemistry is immensely revealing. It says that to punish a criminal is simply unscientific, inhuman. The criminal is the way he is, not because of his own will, it is his chemistry -- he has inherited it. It is his hormones, his biology; it is his physiology, about which he cannot do anything. He is simply a victim of unconscious forces of nature. The more research that is being done about murderers, about rapists, about dacoits, the more it is becoming clear that they are born that way and punishment is not going to change them.

History is a witness that all our systems of punishment have utterly failed; they have never reformed any individual. On the contrary, our jails have become universities of crime where novices enter, amateurs enter, and come out seasoned criminals -- well-qualified graduates under great criminal teachers inside the jail. You are sending amateurs to live with very experienced criminals.

In the jails, the whole atmosphere says one thing: to commit a crime is not crime, but to be caught is a crime. So learn the art of how to commit a crime without being caught, and then there is no question of your being a criminal.

The research categorically proves that our whole system of justice is a system of injustice, and that our whole idea of reforming people through punishment is absurd and stupid. It is not well founded on either reason or science.

What is needed is that the man who is found committing some act against humanity has to be hospitalized or sent to the psychiatrist. He needs compassion and he needs treatment, not punishment. Punishment is a revenge by the society because he is not following your rules, because he is going against the crowd, because he is creating his own law.

All law enforcement authorities continuously insist, "Don't take the law into your own hands." And who has given them the authority to take the law into their own hands? Just because the crowd is with them... and the crowd consists of cowards, weaklings. The crowd wants to protect itself against the strong people; it joins hands and then it becomes a tremendous force.

The dacoits are really strong people, men with great pride. Your judges, your generals cannot face them individually. They are powerful because the crowd of cowards is behind them, because the armies are with them, because all the weapons and arms, jails, police forces and national guards are with them. So even cowardly judges are capable of sentencing a strong, proud man, who had the guts not to play the game according to your rules. He wanted to play according to his own rules. But he is not against the game; that has to be remembered.

The Rebel is against the very game itself -- this game of exploitation, this operation of reducing millions of people into slavery, millions of people into poverty; collecting all the money into a few hands.

Just the other day somebody was telling me that there are only fifteen rich people in the whole of India. And the population of India right now is nine hundred million. In nine hundred million people, only fifteen people are rich! These are the real dacoits! These are the Vikings, these are the criminals!

But they are respectable. They will be awarded prizes from the president, because whatever they have done, they have done according to the rules. They are clever enough to find loopholes in the law; they can hire the best legal experts to find the loopholes and to use those loopholes. They have enough money to purchase the politicians; they have money to purchase the judges. Particularly in this country, every government official is for sale -- you just have to find the right price.

In my childhood I used to hear that slavery had ended. Later on I discovered that this is a fiction. Slavery is

absolutely in existence because you can purchase any man -- even the president of the country or the prime minister of the country. You just have to know the right price and the right agent. Everybody is for sale in the marketplace, if not openly, then from the back door.

The Rebel is one who simply sees the ugliness of this whole game. He wants to disconnect himself from the whole human past. He longs to create a new way of life where there will be no exploitation, where there will be no poor and no rich, where there will be no money as a means of exchange. He wants a world where there will be nobody superior and nobody inferior; where finally there will be no need of any government, no need of any judges, any courts, armies, and nations.

If a person is sick -- somebody is a thief and is caught stealing -- he needs the compassion of all. He has to be taken to the right person who can help change his chemistry, to give an injection of the right hormones to bring him into balance. All the rapists around the world will know, all the murderers will know, that if they are feeling a desire to murder -- before that desire becomes too much and they become possessed by it, they have to go to the right experts: "Just please examine me. What is wrong with my chemistry, what is wrong with my body, what is wrong with my mind? I am feeling a tremendous urge to murder."

Rapists have been found to have more male hormones than other human beings. Those hormones possess them, and whatever they do is done almost in madness. It is not their crime, they are born with it.

In fact, in a right kind of civilized society, every child should be checked from the very beginning, to see if he is balanced in every possible way. As he moves from class to class each year, he should be checked to see that everything is in balance. By the time he comes out of the university, he will have a balanced style of life. That will be true culture. You can expect him to always behave in a human way. The idea of murder or dacoity or suicide or rape will simply not arise in his mind. Now these are established scientific facts -- I am not proposing a philosophy.
Abhay Mehta, I am sorry I could not agree with anything that you have asked, because your whole question is based on misunderstanding.

When George Moore, the Irish author, was eighty, he was asked how he managed to have lived such a long life. "I believe," he said, "that it is due to the fact that I never smoked, drank or touched a girl until I was ten years of age."

The doctor told Hymie Goldberg that he would need a slight operation. "Would you like a local anesthetic?" he asked.
"Hang the expense," said Goldberg. "Get the best, use imported... what do you mean by local anesthetic?"

It is very easy to misunderstand in many, many ways, particularly my idea about **The Rebel**, because my rebel is not a revolutionary in the old sense. He is not a political being. He is against all ugly politics and there is no other kind in existence -- there has never been.

My rebel is not a political being, because all revolutions have failed. To change society by changing its government has not been a successful idea because people who reach to power, rather than changing the society, are changed by power. It has happened so often that you cannot simply ignore it as an exception; it is the rule.

Here in India, we have seen this country struggle for freedom and sacrifice its best people -- like Bhagat Singh and Subhash Bose -- thousands, with a great dream that freedom would bring happiness to the people. The hope could not be denied because the revolution was led by Mahatma Gandhi, a man who was thought to be a saint, worshipped almost like a god.

The freedom came, and the people whom Gandhi had trained, who looked so innocent, so pure, so simple... It created great hope in the masses that if power came to these people it would not corrupt them -- these people who pray every day, these people who live in poverty, these people whose lives are an example for millions to follow.

The freedom came, and the power came into the hands of Mahatma Gandhi's followers, who were all mini-saints -- and power corrupted them all.

Instead of freedom, there has only been a frustration. And the frustration has deepened every day; the night has become darker and darker. The question is being raised in every heart: "Is this the freedom for which thousands of people fought and died? Is this the freedom for which we all dreamed, and hoped would bring joy and celebration to the people?"

It has not brought anything. It has simply made more misery, more poverty, more immorality, more corrupt

bureaucracy, more ugly politicians. It is a strange kind of revolution, but all the revolutions have done the same.

The Rebel is not a revolutionary; he doesn't believe in changing the society by changing the government. He believes in changing individuals, in changing himself, and spreading the flame from individual to individual. It seems to be a long way, but perhaps there is no shortcut.

Unless individuals change, they cannot change the government and they cannot change the society. We have tried many times -- in the Soviet Union, in France, in China, in India -- to bring the change from above; it does not come.

The Rebel believes in changing from the very roots.

His fight is not only political, his fight is multidimensional. He has to fight all rotten traditions, he has to fight all superstitious religions, he has to fight all dirty politics, he has to fight ugly systems of education.

He has to create a new man: meditative, silent, loving, understanding, intelligent, and spread it like a wildfire. He has hope and trust that people have lived for such a long, long time in misery, that it is time to bring the transformation. It will not come from above, it will come from below.

Question 4

BELOVED MASTER,

AFTER SCRIBBLING AND SCRATCHING, I ATTEMPT TO ASK A QUESTION ON WHAT UNDERSTANDING IS, BUT ONLY FIND MYSELF CAUGHT IN MY MIND. HOW IS IT THAT WE KNOW AND HAVE NAMES FOR FEELINGS, EMOTIONS,

MOODS AND MIND SPACES, AND HOW IS IT THAT WHEN ATTEMPTING TO PHRASE A QUESTION, EVERYTHING FALLS SHORT?
WHAT IS UNDERSTANDING? ARE MIND AND UNDERSTANDING HELPFUL TO A REBELLIOUS SPIRIT? CAN THE MIND AND THE HEART REALLY WORK TOGETHER?

Prem Ratna, first, understanding is never of the mind; understanding is always from the beyond. Mind is only a mechanism. It is, in fact, in scientific terms, a biocomputer. A computer can function very efficiently, but first you have to feed it with all the information that you want; then you can ask any question concerning the information that you have already implanted in it. But you cannot ask a new question; the computer will be absolutely at a loss. It is only a memory, it is not intelligence.

Mind is a biocomputer -- and very complicated. In fact, scientists say that the greatest computers that exist today in the world are not comparable to the biocomputer in an ordinary, average human being.

An intelligent man's mind is capable of containing all the information that is in all the libraries of the world -- it is almost infinite. But it has no intelligence of its own; it is a memory system. You feed it certain information, it will keep it on record. Whenever you want, it will supply it.

Intelligence is of the being. Hence, a man of meditation becomes a man of understanding. He may not be very informative, he may not be very knowledgeable, but his responses will show great intelligence and great understanding in small but new situations.

I have heard about a Zen master... The emperor of Japan had gone to see him. He always wanted to ask a question to a man who is thought to be enlightened, and this master was well known as an enlightened man. The emperor, with great courtesy, bowed down and asked the master, "I have come with a question: Is there a hell? Is there a heaven? -- or are they simply fictions created by the priests?"

The Zen master looked into the eyes of the emperor and said, "You idiot! You doubt the wisdom of the ages? You should first learn how to behave with an enlightened man. This is not the way of asking a question!"

The emperor could not believe... nobody in his life had ever called him an idiot; and he had not done anything he could even rationalize as supporting the absurd outburst of the Zen master. He was a great samurai, a warrior, and he could not tolerate this abusive language and this insult. And he was no ordinary man, he was the emperor of the whole country. He pulled out his sword -- and the master sat there. He was just going to hit and cut off his head, when the master laughed and said, "Here opens the doors of hell!"

Suddenly he stopped, seeing the meaning of the master -- he has answered his question. But the master is not a knowledgeable man, he believes more in actual situations. He has created the situation to show him the way to hell.

The emperor started putting his sword back into its sheath, and the master said, "Here opens the door to heaven!"

There was great silence for a moment and the master said, "Have you another question? Have I answered you rightly?"

The emperor touched his feet and said, "I have asked the same question to many great scholars, learned professors,

and they have tried to explain -- they quoted ancient scriptures, they gave arguments in support of, or against. But nobody convinced me. You have not said a single word in support of heaven or hell, and you have dissolved my question."

The master said, "No question can be answered, only understanding can be provoked, and I provoked your understanding. For a moment you were not in your mind. Remember that space. Bring that space again and again, because that is the space from where understanding flows."

Meditation is the source of understanding. Mind is a collection of information and knowledge.

Secondly, Prem Ratna, you are asking, "How is it that when attempting to phrase a question, everything falls short?"...

Because all questions can be framed only through the mind, by the mind, in language.

But the authentic questions arise in your being, in silence, like whisperings without words; and the mind is incapable of translating them into words. So when you are feeling a question, you know what you want to ask; but the moment you start writing it, you suddenly feel that what you have written falls very short -- it is not the same question that you were feeling.

It is not only with you, it is with everyone; it is not only today, it has always been so and will always remain so. No question can be justified by your inner consciousness because whatever arises there is beyond language, beyond mind, beyond their capacities.

Naturally you will ask, "Then what to do?" You will have to learn to ask in silence, and you will have to learn to

listen in silence. Neither have you to ask it, nor have I to answer it.
And you will receive the answer.
And the question will disappear.
So all that you have to do is to deepen the silences of your heart, to go more and more towards meditation; away from mind, away from language, away from words. And if in deep silence there is a quivering of question, I am here. You need not ask it -- I will answer it.
I may not answer through words, but I will find a way... perhaps through a gesture, or perhaps just looking into your eyes, or perhaps just being silent for a moment. But I will answer it. You just have to ask it in silence, without words.
How will you know that I have answered? You will know because it will no longer be there -- the question will disappear. You won't get any answer as such, but the question will be gone.
The function of the master is not to go on answering you, the function of the master is to create a situation in which all your questions dissolve and you are left without questions.
That beautiful space without questions is the answer. I'm saying the answer for all your millions of questions.
And thirdly, you are asking, "Can the mind and the heart really work together?" They can work together, but it is one of the greatest arts -- you will have to learn a certain discipline. As they are, they are far away from each other; they speak different languages. Mind speaks in words, in thoughts; heart speaks in feelings, moods, but no words. But there is a certain art in bringing them together, in making a bridge -- and then they can function in harmony.

What I am calling the silences of your heart will create the bridge. Meditation will be the bridge between your mind and your heart. On the one side it will be able to communicate with the mind, on the other side it will be able to communicate with the heart. It will be a translator between two centers within you which don't speak the same language.

But it is a very subtle art, and very few people have been able to attain to it: a few poets, a few musicians, a few mystics. Musicians have been the closest because they use music instead of language. It can express the language; it can also express the feeling and the mood. It can join the heart and the mind. The poet speaks through language, but what he says comes from the heart; he speaks his heart through the mind.

These are great disciplines, but the easiest way -- because that will open other doors too -- is meditation. Just becoming silent, utterly silent, you will find mind and heart coming closer. In the silence, there is a communion. The mind speaks not, the heart says nothing, but they are both overwhelmed by the understanding of meditation and they start functioning in a harmony. But remember, whether through music or poetry or dance or meditation, the art is very subtle.

I'm reminded of a story.... Three of Japan's greatest swordsmen stand poised for a competition to begin. An enormous crowd has gathered for the event. Emperor Wu nods his head and an attendant releases a fly from a small container. Whoosh! Quicker than the human eye, the sword of the first samurai neatly splits the fly into two parts. The crowd roars its approval. Another nod from the emperor

and a second fly is released. Whoosh! Whoosh! The second samurai has hardly moved, but before him lies the fly, cut cleanly into four pieces. The crowd gasps in disbelief.
Wu studies the third samurai for a long moment, then nods to the attendant who releases another fly. The third samurai makes an impressive flourish with his sword, but the fly can still be heard buzzing around. He resumes his stance as the fly buzzes off into the morning sky. Laughter and giggling ripple through the crowd.
Emperor Wu thinks he's being mocked and made into a laughingstock. He's furious. "I will have your head for this, you insolent samurai. That fly got away."
"I know," smiles the samurai wiping his sword, "but he will never make love again."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #15

Chapter title: This is not a place of entertainment
8 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
MY HUSBAND IS VERY MUCH ANNOYED WITH YOU AND YOUR SANNYASINS AND WITH ME, BECAUSE I CROSSED ALL THE LIMITS. HE COMES TO THE ASHRAM WITH ME, BUT HE DOESN'T LIKE

THE IDEA OF LISTENING TO YOU. HE COMES TO THE GATES OF THE TEMPLE, BUT HE NEVER WANTS TO LOOK UPON THE LIVING IDOL. MASTER, WHAT PREVENTS HIM?

Yog Shukla, the question that you have asked is apparently simple, but in reality is complicated and has many implications to be understood. The first thing: it is not personally concerned with your husband. The most basic thing is the structure of the Indian mind -- it is the oldest mind in the world, obviously the most rotten. It has been dead for centuries; it has not functioned. It has forgotten to function at all.

The Indian contribution to humanity, as far as intelligence is concerned, is very limited. Yes, there have been a few mystics, but they also have been uncreative, unrebellious; they have not hammered against the rottenness, the deadness of the mind of this land. On the contrary, they have all been supportive of it. And the intelligentsia of this country has proved the most impotent in the whole world. It has not invented anything, it has not given any scientific insight to the world. Its foundations are not logical but superstitious.

The most amazing thing is that a few mystics like Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Patanjali, Gora, and Kabir... these great peaks of consciousness have been born here, unfortunately. I say unfortunately because the Indian intelligence has not imbibed their spirit, it has only worshipped them, and worshipping is a way of escaping from something. By worshipping you are saying, "It is beyond us. You are special people, we are the ordinary, common humanity. At

the most we can worship you." But nobody has accepted the challenge or the possibility of having the same experiences and the same exploration of their own subjectivity as any Gautam Buddha, as any Kabir, as any Farid.

But they have given a false notion to the country, which has proved immensely dangerous. Because of these few people, these few flowers, the whole country has been turned into one of the most hypocritical societies.

Everybody talks about spirituality, it seems the whole country is spiritual; and I have been around the world -- I have not found a more materialist country than this. It talks about God, about soul, but that is only a facade. Deep down it thinks only of money, power, prestige. But it has a very ancient mask, so glued to its original face that it has almost become its second nature.

I have traveled all over the country for decades and I was surprised that everybody is repeating, like parrots, things which don't mean anything to them. The person does not even know the meaning of what he is saying; but he is repeating the scriptures, the VEDAS, the UPANISHADS very accurately. That can be done by any machine -- it needs no intelligence.

Because of this hypocrisy your husband has not heard me, and I don't think he has read me. I don't think he knows anything about me. Still he is very much annoyed with me. The people who are annoyed with me are the people who don't know me. Such insincerity has entered into the very being of people that they don't give a simple consideration to the fact that, before you are annoyed with someone, you can at least give him an opportunity to explain himself to

you. Then you are free to be annoyed; nobody is preventing you. But they are afraid of listening, they are afraid of coming close, they are afraid of entering the gate of this temple.

The reason is that they know very well, deep in their hearts, that if they listen to me, if they come inside the temple, they will have to drop their annoyance. They will have to drop their antagonism, they will have to drop their ego. They know they will have to accept their ignorance -- that's what is hurting them.

Without coming close to me, they can remain annoyed, irritated, angry -- that is simple. But, coming close to me, it is almost impossible to remain annoyed; you may not agree with me, but you cannot be annoyed, you cannot be an enemy. Disagreement is not enmity.

The fear, deep in their soul, is that they may find what I am saying agreeable -- it is better not to listen to me, not to come close, not to open their hearts. The fear is very real; and this is not only with your husband, it is with millions of people. If you ask them what they know about me, if you ask them what is my approach to life, what is my philosophy, what is my attitude towards religion, they will not be able to answer a single question. They know nothing; but to protect their knowledgeability, which is impotent, it is better not to hear me because hearing me, there is a danger: they may have to change their ideas about me.

This country has become so dead and so afraid of change that for centuries it goes on and on following superstitions. Nobody raises a question, nobody asks for any evidence. There has not been any rebelliousness shown in the whole

history of this land, just a kind of ready willingness to be slaves -- spiritually, psychologically, socially, politically. For two thousand years this country has been under slavery, under different small tribes, which is absolutely a wonder, because the country is so big and the tribes that have ruled over it were so small. This country could have destroyed them without any difficulty, but it simply accepts everything so that it has not to change. Change seems to be the greatest fear in their minds.

Your question is, "My husband is very much annoyed..." Ask him about what? -- because I don't know him, and he doesn't know me. There are some fundamental rules before you can make somebody your enemy. First, you have to be a friend; without friendship you cannot create enmity. He is absolutely ignorant about me; just provoke him, ask him what he is annoyed about?

And what is the fear in listening to me? If you are right, then by listening to me you will become more convinced of your rightness. But for thousands of years this has been the teaching in this country: don't listen to anybody who is saying something strange, different from you, because he may convince you and then come the problems of change. It seems to be comfortable to remain as you are; change seems to be arduous.

This country has become a dirty pool; it is no longer a river which continues to clean itself just by its flowing and moving into new lands, into new territories. This country has stopped all movement, perhaps five thousand years ago. It is not a contemporary land, it is lagging behind so much that it seems almost impossible that it can be made contemporary.

Ask your husband why he is annoyed with me. Have I hurt him? Have I disrespected him? Have I in any way harmed him? And if he feels that my ideology is wrong, he has to be very deeply acquainted with my ideology before he can say that. If he is not even willing to listen to me, that simply shows the impotence of his soul.

There is an ancient story of a man, whose name had become Ghantakaran because he used to hang two big bells by his ears. While walking, those bells would ring and he would not hear anybody -- he did not want to be disturbed in his convictions, in his faith, in his beliefs. People have forgotten his name: Ghantakaran means a man with bells hanging by his ears. But this man is very representative of almost all the Indians. They are all "Ghantakarans," particularly your husband.

You are saying, "He is very much annoyed with you and your sannyasins, and with me, because I crossed all the limits." The Indian husband thinks that the wife is only a possession. He does not give respect to the woman as a human being. He is just an owner, a possessor; the wife is only a private property, he has purchased her. The very institution of marriage in this country is a permanent prostitution and nothing else.

Naturally he will be annoyed with you -- you have proved more intelligent, more daring. You have risked your relationship, you have risked your future. You have gone ahead of him, you have proved him to be a pygmy in comparison to you. Naturally he is annoyed with you. Husbands, particularly, have lived in this country with the idea that the woman is a slave and they are the masters. Their arrogance and egoism are such that they have been

telling women, "Your god is your husband; there is no other god for you." Millions of women had to be ready to be burned with their dead husbands, because the husband was suspicious that after he has died, his woman may fall in love with somebody else. He wanted to dominate her even when he is dead, and the only way was that the wife also commits suicide.

And those women who refused lost all their dignity in the society, because the society is made by men, by the husbands. They were treated as corrupt, because if they had loved their husbands they would have jumped into the funeral pyre. They should have been burned alive -- that would have been a proof that they loved the husband.

Strange, I have not found a single book -- and this country has immense literature, perhaps more than any other country -- in which somebody has questioned about the husband when the wife dies; because no husband has ever jumped into the funeral pyre and committed suicide with her. In fact, when the wife's dead body is burning in the fire, the husband is planning for a new marriage -- just on the funeral ground, people start talking about where to find a wife for him. The old wife is still not burned completely; she is burning, and the husband is planning for a new marriage.

There is another standard for the woman, totally different from the man. He is the master, he has not to prove anything. The woman has to prove her loyalty, her faithfulness; the man is not asked to prove anything.

So your husband is bound to be annoyed with you because you have proved more intelligent, more alert, more of a

rebel. He has not the guts, and you have guts; this must be hurting him immensely.

But it is now your task to challenge him. If he is annoyed with me, ask him, "What are the reasons?" And tell him, "If you have any courage as a man, then come to this temple, ask your questions. Unless you prove that your thinking is right, you have no authority to be annoyed -- you need to apologize."

But he must be a superstitious man. "He comes to the ashram with me," you say, "but he does not like the idea of listening to you. He comes to the gates of the temple, but he never wants to look upon the living idol. Master, what prevents him?" -- his Indian heritage, his dead past, all his dead ancestors, his forefathers. He is carrying a great, mountainous burden on his shoulders.

This is not a place of entertainment; once he gets in here, he is going for surgery without knowing it. My whole effort is to cut people from the past, the dead, the shadows of the dead, and to open them up for the future -- to create rebels. I don't give any belief, I give you only a deep longing and thirst for truth so that you can seek and find it on your own. Unless you find the truth by your own self, all your knowledge is simply a burden, a poison, a force destructive of your intelligence and your very soul.

But the whole country lives with the idea that they are the only people in the world who are spiritual and the rest of the world is materialist; and I have never seen anybody more materialistic than the Indians. They cling to money as their very soul. They cling to everything worldly, which their saints go on condemning. They worship the saints, and they hope that in some future life they will also

renounce the world. But right now, they are as possessive of things, of properties, of power, as I have not seen around the world in any other people. And they live with this egoistic idea that this is the only land that is spiritual -- just because they have produced a few mystics.

Just because a land produces a few scientists does not mean that the whole land has become scientists. Just because a country produces a few great poets does not mean that the whole country has become poetic. The same is true about the mystics: just because a few flowers have blossomed down the centuries, it does not mean that you are a garden. You are a desert, utterly dry and without any juice, and you are annoyed with me because I am trying to create some oases, some gardens, some people who have juice, some people who are really spiritual -- without being against materialism. There is no need; one can be spiritual and use all that matter provides. One can use all that which science and technology produce, for one's spiritual growth. But they will not listen to me.

You can see here people from all countries.... I am a foreigner in my own country -- it is very rare to find an Indian, and if they come, their purposes are not for a spiritual search. A few Indians have come to steal things, a few Indians come to have a lazy life, not doing anything and asking for all the comforts. And they write letters to me that they have come to the ashram just to meditate. We have no objection, you can meditate -- but don't ask for food, and don't ask for clothes, and don't ask for a roof, because that is not part of meditation. Just meditate.

And what is your meditation? -- because you have come here to meditate, and others have come to make houses for

you and bring money for your comforts. You will simply repeat your old idiotic chanting, which is not meditation at all. You cannot participate in my meditations; your inhibitions are such that, because women are also here, you are afraid, trembling inside -- it shows your sexuality and sensuality, which are repressed.

A few Indians come because they think that here they can live an uninhibited life and the society will not know about it. But their reasons are never spiritual.

It is a strange phenomenon, but perhaps there is some undercurrent of logical and rational reasoning behind it. Because they have condemned the world for centuries, they have not improved the world, and they have not improved their own richness. The whole country is poor. Fifty percent of the country is going to die by the end of this century, and when five hundred million people die, the remaining ones will not be able to live either. What kind of life will it be when you are surrounded by corpses and there will be no one even to take those corpses to the funeral grounds? And all kinds of diseases will spread. But they will not listen to me.

Thirty-five years ago, I started telling Indian people that it is time they stopped producing so many children. At that time the population of the country was only four hundred million. But I was stoned, my meetings were disturbed, efforts to kill me were made -- and they never listened to what I was saying. Now they have doubled the population, more than doubled, and by the end of this century -- just thirteen more years -- India will have the largest population in the world.

For the first time it will go ahead of China; up to now China has had the largest population, but they have come to their senses and they have started planning. The lowest estimate for India is one billion people, and the highest estimate is one billion and eight hundred million people. It seems to be inconceivable how this country is going to survive at all. It does not need to explode any nuclear bombs, it will destroy itself by producing more children. But they were against me because children are gifts of God. There is no proof of any God; and if God has any intelligence, then he cannot go on increasing the population. Either he is an imbecile, retarded, or just another Indian.

The landlord had robbed the poor farmer's daughter of her virginity, but he wanted to be just, so he sent for the mother of the girl to come to him. He said to the mother, "You must know, I can't marry your daughter, but I wish to compensate her. I will settle five thousand rupees on the child and give a further two thousand rupees to your daughter. For yourself, I have five hundred rupees."
The mother was left a little breathless. "The blessings of all the saints be on you. The blessings of all the gods be on you. The blessings of all the sages," and she paused as an awful thought struck her. "Ah, heavens, sir," she said, "if she has a miscarriage, will you give her another chance?"

Money is all. In the name of character, it is all hypocrisy. Even those you think are saints have their hidden side. The most arduous and self-torturing saints are the naked monks

of the Jainas. They have renounced everything, even clothes.

Just a few years ago two naked saints were found near Calcutta beating each other, so they were brought to the police station and asked, "What is the matter? You don't have anything, so what are you fighting for?"

The younger one, the disciple, revealed the fact that all Jaina monks carry a small woolen brush just to clean the ground where he is going to sit -- woolen so that no ants or anything are killed, soft wool. But they had made the handle of that brush hollow, and they were carrying hundred rupee notes inside. The fighting started because the disciple was not ready to have equal shares; he had more money than the master.

The Jainas of Calcutta tried to hush up the case, and it is very easy in India: they just bribed the police. The saints and the police are not different; they bribed the journalists so they wouldn't publish it. One of my friends wrote me that, just to protect their prestige, the Jainas have not allowed those saints to be exposed. But those who have renounced everything are still carrying money, are still carrying the desire to have more, are still ready to fight, hit each other, be violent.

It is a strange country: it has forgotten all the great teachings of the mystics, it lives following the stupid priests who know nothing as far as experience is concerned. And they are against me, because I have been exposing them for thirty-five years continuously.

The richest man in India, Jugal Kishor Birla, had offered me a blank check if I would preach Hinduism around the world. He would make every arrangement, pay all the

expenses. I told him, "You are talking to the wrong man. I will expose your Hinduism; I cannot preach it. You can keep your blank check for somebody else."
He could not believe it. He said, "I'm willing to spend millions of rupees for you."
I said, "Millions or billions don't make any difference. I will say only what I see as right, and I will condemn whatever is wrong, to whomever it belongs -- Hindus or Mohammedans or Christians, I don't care."
All the religions are annoyed with me, but their annoyance shows that they don't have any answers to my questions; whatever I am saying, they are incapable of refuting it.
The pope, every year, declares a blacklist of books that Catholics should not read. All my books are on the pope's blacklist of books that Catholics should not read. One of the publishers of England, Sheldon Press, published eight of my books; the manager was very much interested in what I was saying. I was not aware that it was a deception: Sheldon Press is not an independent press, it is part of England's church, meant to promote Christianity -- they had created it as if it is an independent publisher, not a Christian publisher.
As the archbishop of England became aware that the manager published eight of my books, he freaked out. Immediately, all those eight books were withdrawn from the market. I was informed that now they will not be able to publish any of my books, and the books that they have published, they have withdrawn from the market.
Then sannyasins found out the reason -- because those books were selling so well. The manager explained to them, "I am sorry. It is really a Christian press to propagate

Christianity. Without their knowledge, I published those eight books because I love those books. But now my job is at stake, so I have to withdraw them."

We asked that he give those books to our center at cost price; the archbishop was not willing -- they should be destroyed! So they were sold to a company which purchases wastepaper and recycles it. They suffered a loss, but they destroyed the books.

It is going to be one individual against the whole world; and a few fellow travelers who are courageous enough to be with someone who is going to be constantly harassed by governments in every possible way, by religions in every possible way.

Ten Christian associations have put a case against me in the court in Kanpur, because I said that there is nothing holy in the Holy Bible -- on the contrary, it is five hundred pages of pure pornography. And I am simply talking about facts, because the Holy Bible is there and anybody can open it and read it. Ten Christian associations together put the case in a court where the judge is a Christian, so an unbailable arrest warrant was immediately issued against me.

We had to fight immediately in the high court of Allahabad for a stay order, and take the case into the high court. It is so simple that I don't need any advocate to argue the case. I can just go on reading those five hundred pages, and ask the judge, "Are these pornographic or not? And if these are not pornographic, then there is nothing pornographic in the whole world's literature."

And this is the situation not only with the Bible; the Hindu PURANAS are far worse -- so ugly and obscene. But to say anything of truth is to create an antagonism in the ignorant

masses who don't read their PURANAS, who don't read their Bible. The priests only go on talking about the beautiful passages; those five hundred pages are not mentioned.

The Jews avoid, from their TORAH, the Song of Solomon, because it is so sensuous, so sexual that they feel ashamed. But it is the only beautiful, the only artistic, aesthetic thing in their whole book. They avoid talking about it; it is not mentioned in their synagogues. They can neither take it out, because it is in their holy book, nor can they accept it, because it goes against their inhibited mind. It is purely a love song, so juicy that perhaps there is nothing to parallel it in the whole literature of mankind. Each word has a sensuality, an aliveness. How it entered into their holy scripture nobody knows.

In the Hindu PURANAS... it is so obvious a fact, but nobody is going to talk about it.

It is my destiny to be condemned by the whole world. Your husband is not an exception, he is just an ordinary part of the ignorant masses. But you have taken a courageous step; now try to bring your husband closer to me. And one thing is certain: he is henpecked, because he comes up to the gate to leave you. You just have to create a little tantrum, and he will come inside to listen to me. Just act a little bit, nag him every day, harass him in every possible way, don't leave him in peace for a single moment. No husband can defeat a wife -- that much is an absolute scientific fact.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT THE ULTIMATE CREATIVITY IS IN CREATING FULFILLMENT, AND THAT THE HIGHEST ART ONE CAN LEARN IS THE ART OF LOVING, AND THAT THE ULTIMATE CREATIVITY AND THE HIGHEST ART ARE BORN OUT OF A KNACK -- MEDITATION.
MASTER, ISN'T THIS THE WHOLE OF **THE REBEL**?

Satyadharma, last night I received your note asking that your question should be returned because you were afraid I may hit you. So a few things for you and for all: once you have given the question to me, you cannot ask for it back. Secondly, I don't hit everybody: I hit only very special people like Dhyan Om, who has turned into a coconut. I have to hit, and the person who gets the hit should be grateful, because I am taking every trouble to hit him. I hit only when I see somebody deserves it, has earned it, is worthy of it.
I will not hit each and every person, only very special people. Dhyan Om has something unique in him that has to be brought out; so if it is necessary, I will hit him again and again. But each hit is out of love and out of compassion; no one should take it as an exposure before everybody. You are here in a commune of friends and fellow travelers. Nobody is going to take advantage of your vulnerability or your exposure. In fact, everybody will feel enriched because he also has something similar -- perhaps not in such a great measure -- and he can throw it away. Seeing how I have been hitting Dhyan Om, you should feel more loving towards him, more compassionate.

Between you and me there should not be any secrets, and you should not be afraid of other sannyasins. So although you have asked that the question should be withdrawn, I have refused to withdraw it. And the most interesting thing is that there is nothing in your question which needs a hit. But I can understand why you became afraid. You became afraid that I am going to hit you because your question is only intellectual. It is a beautiful question; it contains my whole message. I was not going to hit you, but now I have to hit; otherwise you will feel frustrated.

Your question is only an intellectual question. I will read it and you can see that it has not come out of your experience. Unless a question comes out of experience, it is meaningless; howsoever beautifully put, howsoever articulate, it does not carry any significance without experience. It should come from the deepest silences of your heart, not from your mind.

You are saying, "I have heard you say that the ultimate creativity is in creating fulfillment." Have you done anything in that direction? You have heard me saying it thousands of times; how many more times would you like to hear it? The longer you go on hearing it, the more you become deaf to it. You become accustomed to hearing it. If something appeals to you, if something rings bells in your heart, then don't wait, don't postpone, do something; experiment and experience whether what I have been saying has any validity or not.

Your question is, "... that the ultimate creativity is in creating fulfillment. And that the highest art one can learn is the art of loving, and that the ultimate creativity and the highest art are born out of a knack -- meditation. Master,

isn't this the whole of **The Rebel**?" Are you simply going to ask questions and listen to the answers? Or are you going to transform those answers into reality, into experiencing? Your question is absolutely beautiful, but just out of the mind. You have not tried to find any creativity, and you have not been experiencing any fulfillment through it. You have not entered into the world of the art of loving, and you have not tried meditations either. And of course **The Rebel** will not be born unless you have meditation, a creativity, a deep fulfillment, and a great love overflowing in you.

Your question is beautiful; alas, it is only from the mind. If it had been the same question from the heart and from your experience, you would not have feared and you would not have asked that it should be taken back. What made you afraid? -- just the fact that you are repeating like a parrot whatever you have heard.

Here you are not just to hear.

Here you have to go through the transformation.

Here you have to go through the fire so that all rubbish is burned, all the old and rotten is destroyed, and the new, the fresh, is born.

That new and the fresh is **The Rebel**.

The local church minister had heard that the harmless little weekly parties he had organized for his young members were really orgies. So he wangled himself an invitation to see what was going on. After a few harmless games and a little background music, things started to heat up, and more and more people began to undress. The minister retired to a

bedroom to pray furiously. He had not been there for very long when a smashing girl walked in, stark naked. "Do you want me?" asked the parson.
"Not particularly," she replied. "But I drew you in a raffle."

Your religious leaders, your so-called philosophical thinkers, particularly the priests, are articulate in giving beautiful words, writing beautiful treatises; but deep down they are carrying all the inhibitions of the common man. The priests are the only people in the world who know nothing about God. They are professionals; God is their profession. They know nothing about human nature. They know all the ideals that have to be imposed on man, and deep down they are also human beings.
So when he sees a beautiful, naked, smashing girl he forgets the prayer; otherwise he is furiously praying. Why furiously? That furiousness is to avoid the inner repressed sexuality. He is creating a great noise around himself, so he can forget what is arising in him. But when the girl walks in the room naked, he forgets the prayer and immediately asks, "Do you want me?"
What happened to the furiousness and the prayer?
Whatever you do, you can never get rid of your nature. It is always there; it just needs the right opportunity and it will be expressed.
It was quite right for the girl to reply, "Not particularly, but unfortunately I drew you in a raffle." This must have hurt his ego immensely. First, he forgot his prayer; secondly, the girl says, "Not particularly"; thirdly, the girl says she has won him in a raffle. The priest must have been in a great shock.

As civilization has grown, there are more heart failures than ever before. And you will be amazed to know that nobody in the whole history of man has ever suffered a heart failure while making love. On the contrary, medical science says that the people who go on making love will not suffer any heart failure; it is the greatest protection against heart failure -- but very strange.

Celibates have more heart failures. What happens, what goes wrong in their mechanism? Their hearts and their minds go on becoming separate and farther away from each other. The heart remains natural, but the mind becomes filled with great ideas. It is dangerous to have great ideas in the mind, of which the heart is not even aware. Those great ideas and the unaware heart will create a rift in you, a split, a tension that can grow to the extent of a heart failure.

If you have a great idea in your mind, let it sink deep into your heart; otherwise it is dangerous for your life. You have heard about creativity, you have heard about fulfillment, you have heard about love, you have heard about meditation... are you going to keep all these filed in your memory system? Then you are creating a rift between your mind and your heart, which is one of the greatest dangers. The heart remains unfulfilled, and the mind never does anything else -- it is only a filing system. It simply files your ideas, keeps a record.

It is the heart which brings transformations.

So if you are intelligent, being convinced of a certain idea, don't wait; don't let it be simply filed. Try to make it a part of your life, of your blood, of your bones, of your heart, of your marrow. Unless an idea becomes alive in you, throbbing in your heart, it is just a burden -- a dangerous

burden. Then it is better not to have it, because the empty mind is closer to the heart.

When the mind has great ideals it becomes a great ego and it starts having a sense of mastery. But it is a slave, it is not a master. It is a servant -- a good servant -- but the worst master.

Your heart has to be the master, and your mind has to be a servant. Then there will be a harmony between the two -- a harmony that will bring great rejoicing, great contentment, great peace, a peace that passeth understanding.

But don't simply ask questions from the mind. This is not a university where knowledge is imparted; it is a mystery school where experience has to be transferred and communicated.

Allow your heart, be vulnerable, open, so that it can beat with my heart. I am just an excuse, because my heart is beating with the heart of the whole universe. It will be too big of a jump for you to let your heart beat with the universe; it will be more simple and a smaller step to beat with my heart. Be in harmony with me, and suddenly one day you will realize that I was just an excuse and your heart is beating with the universe: you are in harmony with the trees and the mountains and the stars. You have come home.

This harmoniousness will create the greatest rebellion in you -- rebellion that cannot be suppressed, a rebellion that cannot be destroyed, a rebellion that is going to spread like a wildfire. It has never happened before. You should feel blessed to be pioneers of a great revolution which is going to give birth to a new man and a new humanity.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #16

Chapter title: Live is on the razor's edge
8 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I FIND MYSELF BEING DEEPLY TOUCHED BY YOUR VISION OF **THE REBEL**. I ALWAYS PRIDED MYSELF IN BEING A NONCONFORMIST. LAST NIGHT IN A DREAM I SAW MYSELF BEING PERSECUTED FOR LIVING REBELLIOUSLY AND I BECAME AFRAID. WAKING UP, I REALIZED THAT WHAT I USED TO THINK OF AS REBELLION WAS ACTUALLY A SAFE GAME FOR ME, WELL WITHIN ACCEPTABLE LIMITS.
NOW I SEE THAT **THE REBEL**LIOUS SPIRIT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT IS SOMETHING VERY SCARY, AND YET SOMETHING I TREMENDOUSLY LONG FOR.
BELOVED MASTER, IS FEELING THIS INSECURITY PART OF BECOMING A REBEL?

Prem Paigambar, it is an old association, and a misunderstanding, that to be a nonconformist is to be a

rebel. The nonconformist is a reactionary; he acts out of anger, rage, violence and ego. His action is not based in consciousness. Although he goes against the society, just to be against the society is not necessarily to be right. In fact most of the time to move from one extreme to another is always to move from one wrong to another wrong.

The Rebel is a tremendous balance, and that is not possible without awareness, alertness, and immense compassion. It is not a reaction, it is an action -- not against the old, but for the new.

The nonconformist is only against the old, against the established; but he has no creative conception of why he is against it, no vision of the future. What will he do if he succeeds? He will be at a loss, and utterly embarrassed. He has never thought about it. He has not felt the embarrassment because he has never succeeded. His failure has been a great shelter for him.

When I say reaction, I mean your orientation is basically dependent: you are not acting out of freedom and independence. It has very deep implications. It means your action is just a by-product; it also means that your action can be controlled very easily.

There is a small story about Mulla Nasruddin. He was a nonconformist, a fundamental reactionary, an absolutely negative mind. If his father would say, "You have to go to the right," you can be certain he would go to the left. Soon the father became aware, and then there was no problem. When he wanted him to go to the right he would say, "Please go to the left," and he would go to the right. He was disobeying, he was nonconformist, but he was completely

unaware that he was being dictated to, ordered, controlled and doing actually what his father wanted him to do.
Slowly slowly, he also became aware -- "What is the matter? Before, my father used to be very angry that he had told me to go right and I went left. I am continuing to be as disobedient as ever, but now he never complains."
Soon he figured out the strategy. One day the old father and Nasruddin were both crossing the river with their donkey, and on the donkey was a big bag of sugar. The bag was leaning more towards the right, and there was a danger that it might slip and fall down into the river.
The father was behind and he knew, "If I say, `Move the bag towards the left,' I have got such a strange son that he will move it immediately towards the right, and the bag will fall into the river and all the sugar will be lost."
So he shouted, "Nasruddin, move the bag towards the right," hoping that he was going to move it to the left according to the old experience. But by this time Nasruddin had also figured it out. He said, "Okay," and he moved the bag towards the right and the bag fell into the river!
The father said, "What happened, are you no longer disobedient?"
He said, "Now I will decide each time whether to be obedient or not. I will not have a fixed philosophy but I will move according to the situation, because you have been cunning with me, you have been cheating me. I'm your son and still you have been cheating me! You have been ordering me in such a way that I should disobey. From today onwards be alert -- I may obey, I may disobey. From today I am not going to be predictable, controllable, in your hands anymore."

The nonconformist is always in the hands of the society and the establishment. The establishment just has to be a little more clever and cunning, and then he can use the nonconformist very easily, without any difficulty.

But the establishment can never use **The Rebel** because he is not reacting to the establishment. He has a vision of the future, of a new man, of a new humanity. He is working to create that dream, to transform it into reality. If he is against the society, he is against it because the society is a hindrance to his dream.

His focus is not on the establishment; his focus is on an unknown future, a potential possibility. He acts out of his freedom, out of his vision, out of his dream. His consciousness decides which way to go.

That is the difference between reaction and action: reaction is always determined by your enemy. Perhaps you have never thought about it -- that in reaction the enemy is in a dominating position, he is deciding your action. What you are going to do, the enemy can decide.

The Rebel is simply beyond conceivability to the old establishment, the rotten society and the dead humanity; because it cannot have even a fragmentary view of the great dream that **The Rebel** is carrying in his soul. All his actions are coming out of that dream. They go against the society, but that is just a coincidence. He is not against the society, he is for a new man. His approach is positive, not negative.

He is not angry against the old society, he is full of pity and compassion. He knows how much the old man has

suffered, how much and how long he has lived in misery. How can he be angry? He cannot even complain.
He is creating the new world so that this misery and this suffering and this ugly society disappears and man can live more naturally, more beautifully, more lovingly, more peacefully, enjoying all the riches that existence makes available, all the gifts of life which are invaluable. Freedom, love, silence, truth, enlightenment, the ultimate flowering of your being -- all are available to you. The hindrances just have to be removed. All the old structures were creating more and more hindrances and obstructions against your growth. If **The Rebel** is against those obstructions, it is to enable the new man to live without fetters, to live without imprisonment, to live outside the concentration camps and to live a life as free as a bird on the wing... as free as a rosebush dancing in the rain, in the sun; as free as a moon moving in the sky beyond the clouds in utter beauty, blissfulness and peace.
The Rebel is a totally different kind of man from the nonconformist. It was good that you recognized that to be a nonconformist is not to be a rebel. Never forget it, because to be a nonconformist is very easy, but to be a rebel needs a tremendous transformation in your being.
To be a nonconformist is so cheap. Look at the punks -- these are nonconformists -- who have cut off their hair on both sides, just keeping a small line of hair in the middle, and that too they have painted in psychedelic colors. Young men, young women... young men with half their mustaches shaved off and the other half painted, or the full mustache painted in the whole rainbow of colors -- these are the nonconformists! It is very easy. You can have the buttons

of your pants in the back, and you are a nonconformist. It will be a little difficult, it will need a little discipline, but it is very cheap -- and very stupid, too.

A woman who is an actress and a model in Italy was sitting at the main crossroads in Rome, naked, asking people to become members of her political party. Those who were willing to become members of her political party could play with her breasts and kiss her. There was a crowd, and people were standing in a line enrolling as members of her political party. Just in a single day she enrolled ten thousand people!

Now she has declared that she is going to run in the election for membership in the parliament. And the way she is going to campaign and persuade people to vote for her, is that she will be sitting in a convertible car, naked; she will stop the car for whoever wants to vote for her, and hug the man, kiss the man.

This is certainly nonconformism! She will become a member of the parliament; she can even become the prime minister of Italy if she simply tells all the members, "If you vote for me to be the prime minister of the country, I will make love to you in this very parliament hall." She is one of the most beautiful actresses in Italy, and the most beautiful model in the whole of Europe.

It is easy to be nonconformist, but what can she deliver to humanity? Her kisses won't help, neither will her tits. All this is good as a joke, but she cannot bring a blissful existence to the world or to her own country.

The nonconformist down the ages has done every kind of stupid act. It annoys people, irritates people, but it does not help any transformation in the world. And you, as a

sannyasin, should not be interested in this kind of circus, in this kind of stupid entertainment. You can become famous very easily....

One man in America, Robert Ripley, in the beginning of the century, became world-famous in three days -- and he did nothing. He just walked backwards in New York, keeping a mirror in front of him in both hands so he could see behind him, and he moved backwards. Naturally he attracted attention. Everywhere a crowd gathered; all the newspapers published his photo. He became headline news -- he was the first man who had traveled the whole of New York City backwards. It became such a famous act.

Finally he traveled the whole of America backwards, creating great news everywhere. People were welcoming him like a saint, and all that he was doing was carrying a mirror. It is good for a circus, but it is not going to help to bring any new values in life, any new colors, any new flowers, any new blessings to people.

It is good that you have understood it -- but don't forget it. And it is significant that the same night you had a dream where "I saw myself being persecuted for living rebelliously."

You have been a nonconformist but you have never had any dream of being persecuted, because the nonconformist at the most becomes an entertainment, a laughingstock. Who cares to persecute him? Who has time to persecute him? But just the idea, the change in your mind that real rebellion is a totally different thing, immediately brought a dream. This is significant. Your unconscious immediately warned you to be careful!

To be a nonconformist is simply an old accepted thing. It is part of the establishment and the old rotten society. Nonconformists have always existed, nobody has crucified them. They are not a danger to the society or the vested interests.

It was a warning from your unconscious that you saw yourself being persecuted in a dream. "... and I became afraid. Waking up, I realized that what I used to think of as rebellion was actually a safe game for me, well within acceptable limits. Now I see that **The Rebel**lious spirit you are talking about is something very scary, and yet something I tremendously long for. Is feeling this insecurity part of becoming a rebel?"

First, it is certainly risky, dangerous. It is only for those who have the lion's heart, who have guts and who have the dignity of human beings. It is not for all.

Only a few rebels are needed to create a rebellious society; the others will follow suit, but they will not, on their own, be rebellious. If **The Rebel**lious people create a society, the crowds -- just as today they are part of the society -- will become part of **The Rebel**lious society. But they cannot do anything on their own, for the simple reason that it is scary.

But as far as I am concerned, and my people are concerned, anything that is dangerous, risky, scary, should be accepted as a challenge to your manhood; should be accepted as a challenge to your courage, to your spirit, to your very soul. It is dangerous -- that's why it should be longed for. A man who lives without danger does not live at all. The only way to live is to live dangerously, always moving on a razor's

edge. Then life has a freshness, youthfulness, and a moment to moment intensity, a moment to moment totality, because the next moment is not certain at all.

Those who are living conveniently, comfortably, a middle-class life... the term "middle-class" is abusive; one should not live a middle-class life. These are the people who go on clinging to the past, clinging to corpses, clinging to rotten principles, meaningless rituals, because they are afraid even to raise a question. Their convenience is more valuable than sincerity. Their so-called middle-class comforts are more valuable to them than a life lived with intensity and fire.

A sannyasin is taking initiation to become a flame, with a longing to live dangerously, dropping all conveniences, comforts, moving always into the unknown.

But the beauty is that when you live dangerously and you don't have any certainty, any guarantee, any insurance for tomorrow, you live today to its fullest extent. You squeeze the juice of every moment to its totality, knowing perfectly well you may not have another chance.

You love, but your love is not superficial. You live, but your life is a fire. And even a single moment of intense love and living is more valuable than a whole eternity of futile worship, superstitions, dead ideals, slavery, bondage.

God is speaking to Moses on Mount Sinai, and Moses is shaking his head in disbelief at what God is saying to him. With his face upturned to heaven he says, "Alright, God, now let me get this straight. You are telling me that we are the chosen people, and you want us to cut off the tips of our WHAT?"

God, being a gentleman, cannot use the word. And Moses, being a prophet, also cannot use the word. So how they managed it is a mystery, because God remained silent. Perhaps it was Moses' own discovery -- he had to answer to his people and he could not show his ignorance!

Jews have suffered only because of this strange idea that they accepted -- that they are the chosen people of God. This seems to be absolutely... either Moses dreamed it, or he had taken marijuana on Mount Sinai -- because I know marijuana grows on Mount Sinai. But something went wrong, and he went back with the idea, "We are the chosen people." Once this got into the heads of Jews it became part of their ego, and nobody raised a question.

I have looked into many Jewish scriptures, old and new, into many commentators -- even very logical and very significant philosophers like Martin Buber -- but nobody raises any question about this stupid idea that Jews are the chosen people of God. It is so comfortable, so convenient, but it has created their whole misery for four thousand years, because nobody else will accept it.

Everybody has his own idea. Hindus think they are the chosen people of God, and that God gave to the Hindus the first holy books in the world. Hindus were the first to become a civilized nation, and they have one of the most perfect languages, Sanskrit, which they claim is the only language that God understands. So if you are praying in any other language you are simply wasting your time.

Just here in Poona, a man is teaching women for the first time in history.... He thinks he is a revolutionary; he is just a nonconformist. He is teaching women Sanskrit rituals, what sutras have to be repeated in marriage, so then the

woman priest can perform marriages -- which has never happened in the whole of history. But the problem is that those women don't know -- they are not even educated -- they don't know the meaning.

The man was asked a few days ago by a journalist, "You are teaching these women these Sanskrit sutras, preparing them to be priests in temples, in marriages, in other ceremonies, but they don't know the meaning."

And do you know his reply? He said, "It is not a question of their knowing the meaning. God understands it, so whether they know it or not is absolutely meaningless. It is the right prayer -- that I know -- and it is the right prayer that God understands. The woman who is re-peating it is superfluous, whether she knows the meaning or not."

He thinks he is being very rebellious! -- but nobody is condemning him; people are taking it as a joke. And nobody will call those women to perform marriages. He can prepare them, and nobody will call those women into their temples to worship. He can go on preparing them -- that does not matter unless temples call them to be priests, unless people start calling them for marriages, childbirth, death. That's why nobody is bothering about him.

But his answer shows a great fallacy that Hindus have carried for thousands of years -- that Sanskrit is the language of God, the only language he understands and the only books that he has written. And Hindus are God's chosen people; he has taken all his incarnations in the Hindu fold.

The Germans think that they are the purest race, and this was the conflict, this was why they wanted to destroy the Jews, because two peoples cannot be the chosen people of

God; one has to be completely erased. When Adolf Hitler succeeded in killing six million Jews it became more and more certain to the Germans that he was right, because God was not protecting the Jews and he was not punishing Adolf Hitler either.

It is very cheap to conform to a society in which you are living, never asking any questions even if you feel that something is stupid. But just to save your convenience you are selling your soul. You are becoming a spiritual slave. A rebel refuses to be enslaved in any way -- not even by God... by man is out of the question.

Friedrich Nietzsche's statement that "God is dead and now man is absolutely free," is a statement of a rebellious soul. His argument is clear. In another place he says that "Man and God cannot coexist, because God will exist only with God as the creator and man as the created. We cannot tolerate this indignity, this insult; hence we declare that God is dead and man is supreme. Now nobody is above him."

Certainly these are dangerous paths. But those who have followed these paths have enjoyed life in its absolute glory, have lived life in utter ecstasy. Those who have remained middle-class sheep, crowds, waiting for the shepherd to come and to save them -- their life is so lukewarm that it is neither hot nor cold. It is just a kind of tea which you would not like to drink -- neither hot nor cold, just lukewarm. Don't live a lukewarm life.

Harry's strong-minded wife, Martha, took him shopping to buy a pair of trousers. "Do you want buttons or a zipper?" asked the shop assistant.

"Zipper," replied Harry quickly.
"Very good, sir," said the assistant. "And do you want a five inch zip or a ten inch?"
"Ten inch," Harry said before Martha could interrupt.
When they got outside, Martha was furious. "You," she said, "you and your ten inch zip! Why, you remind me of the man who lives next door to my father. Every morning he goes down to his garden, unlocks his garage, opens the eight-foot double doors and then wheels his bike out."

Don't live a life on a bike.
What I am saying certainly creates a feeling of insecurity. But what is security? Is there anything secure in life? Does security exist at all, or is it just an idea, a consoling idea that man has created for himself? What security is there? The people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki had gone to bed with absolute security; I don't think even a single person amongst those two big cities, two hundred thousand people, had gone to bed with any idea of insecurity. And by the morning there were only fires and dead bodies. Not a living thing was left, not even trees, not even birds, no animals, no man. All life simply disappeared. What security is there?
Do you think those six million Jews had ever thought that the gas chambers would be their end, that within a minute they would simply be going out of the chimneys as smoke in the sky? What security is there?
There has never been any security. Death can come any moment, and it always comes without any notice, without any warning. Still, we go on living with the idea of security, and whenever the idea of being a rebel, a

rebellious spirit, arises, immediately we think of security. But you don't have any security!
The Rebel understands it: there is no security -- hence, don't ask for it. Live in insecurity, because that is an actual fact of life. You cannot avoid it, you cannot prevent it, so there is no need to bother about it. Don't waste time unnecessarily.

In the days when Disraeli and Gladstone were political enemies, the British houses of Parliament rang with their heated debates. Once Gladstone shouted at the prime minister, "Sir, you will come to your end either upon the gallows or of a venereal disease."
Disraeli adjusted his monocle and replied with unruffled calm, "I should say, Mr. Gladstone, that depends on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress."

Take life at ease. Be unruffled, and move with strength and power and dignity into the unknown, into the dark, joyously, dancingly. You have nothing to lose but everything to gain.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF A TRUE REBEL THAT ALLOWS HIM TO DESTROY THE OLD STRUCTURES, STAND UP AGAINST THE WHOLE WORLD, AND STILL REMAIN NON-SERIOUS?

Samvedo, the secret is not much of a secret. It is an open secret... the true rebel has an understanding of the

momentariness of life, of the certainty of death; hence nothing can make him afraid, nothing can make him compromise. In such a momentary life one is absolutely able to live without any compromise, and when death is certain, there is no need for compromise at all.

Because life is so short, **The Rebel** can do whatever he is capable of with his total being, whatever he enjoys to create and whatever needs to be destroyed for that creation to happen. He is not destructive; even if he has to destroy it is always in the service of creation. And still he remains... because he is not a reactionary, he has no complaint against anybody; he remains playful, because all creativity is playfulness. He is non-serious, because seriousness is also part of the old man.

The new man, **The Rebel**, has a tremendous sense of humor. He can laugh in the face of death. While living, while fighting, while creating or destroying, he is never serious, he is giggling with joy. He is not a miserable person -- that's what he is revolting against. He wants the whole world to be filled with laughter, he wants to create religions based on laughter as the most fundamental doctrine.

And what is there to be disturbed about -- even if the whole world is against you? It really makes you stronger, gives you more nourishment, because it strengthens your conclusions that whatever you are doing is a rebellious act. Otherwise, the whole world would not be against you.

The very beauty of being a rebel showers one with flowers, because by being a rebel you go to your ultimate heights and to your ultimate depths.

After many years, the ultra-orthodox sect had built their giant computer in Tel Aviv. It was light-years ahead of all other machines, and it had been invented for the purpose of answering one question only. So that fateful day, in fear and anticipation, the question was fed to the mechanical brain, "Is there a God?"
The computer flashed, whirled and out came the answer: "There is NOW."

The computer is declaring himself God! Now, do you want to take it seriously?

"Goldberg, is it true that you have joined the Catholic church?"
"Yes," said Goldberg, "I joined it last week."
"But," said his friend, "you have always been a Jewish rabbi!"
"I know," said Goldberg, "but I have only got six months to live and I thought if anybody has got to lose a member, it had better be those buggers."

Take life as a beautiful joke. There is nothing to be serious about.

The late, unlamented, Adolph Hitler was at one time troubled by unusual dreams. He sent for his dream interpreter, who told him the forecast that he would die on a Jewish holiday. "But which one?" asked the apprehensive Fuhrer.
"Any day you die will be a Jewish holiday," was the answer.

Just look around life. It is so ridiculous, so humorous. Only people who are blind can be serious; with eyes, it is impossible to be serious.

Harry was fixing his car outside his house. He had the hood off, the car up, and his head inside, when a drunk came by.
"What is the matter, old man?" the drunk asks Harry.
"Piston broke," said Harry.
"Ah," commiserated the drunk, "pissed and broke -- so am I, so am I."

Just be watchful, look all around and you will be surprised how many beautiful things you are missing.

"Harry," asks his wife, "if we had a four-minute nuclear warning, what would you do?"
"Make love to you," answered Harry.
"Yes," said his wife, "but what about the other three minutes?"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #17
Chapter title: The solitary lion and his tremendously beautiful roar
9 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS A BEAUTIFUL AND ENLIGHTENED CHAP LIKE YOU DOING WITH A MOTLEY CREW SUCH AS WE? ACTUALLY, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING.
JUST, PLEASE, DON'T STOP DOING IT.

Maneesha, every crowd is a motley crowd, but no individual is motley. Every individual is an authentic consciousness. The moment he becomes a part of the crowd, he loses his consciousness; then he is dominated by the collective, mechanical mind.
You are asking me what I am doing? I am doing a simple thing -- bringing out individuals from the motley crowds, giving them their individuality and dignity.
I don't want any crowds in the world. Whether they have gathered in the name of religion, or in the name of nationality, or in the name of race, it does not matter. The crowd as such is ugly, and the crowd has committed the greatest crimes in the world, because the crowd has no consciousness. It is a collective unconsciousness.
Consciousness makes one an individual -- a solitary pine tree dancing in the wind, a solitary sunlit mountain peak in its utter glory and beauty, a solitary lion and his tremendously beautiful roar that goes on echoing for miles in the valleys.
The crowd is always of sheep; and all the efforts of the past have been to convert every individual into a cog in the wheel, into a dead part of a dead crowd. The more

unconscious he is and the more his behavior is dominated by the collectivity, the less dangerous he is. In fact, he becomes almost harmless. He cannot destroy even his own slavery.

On the contrary, he starts glorifying his own slavery -- his religion, his nation, his race, his color. These are his slaveries, but he starts glorifying them. As an individual he belongs to no crowd. Every child is born as an individual, but rarely does a man die as an individual.

My work is to help you meet your death with the same innocence, with the same integrity, with the same individuality as you have met your birth.

Between your birth and your death your dance should remain a conscious, solitary reaching to the stars; alone, uncompromising -- a rebellious spirit. Unless you have a rebellious spirit, you don't have a spirit at all. There is no other kind of spirit available.

And you can rest assured that I am not going to stop! That's my only joy -- to make as many people as possible free from their bondages, dark cells, their handcuffs, their chains; to bring them into light, so they can also know the beauties of this planet, the beauty of this sky, the beauties of this existence. Other than that, there is no God, and no God's temple.

In freedom you can enter the temple. In a collectivity, in a crowd, you simply go on clinging to the corpses of the past. A man living according to the crowd has stopped living. He is simply following like a robot.

Perhaps robots are also a little bit more individual than the so-called individual in the crowd... because just now in Japan there are one hundred thousand robots -- mechanical

men -- working in the factories. Suddenly, within these two months, a strange phenomenon is happening. The government is worried, the scientists are worried, and they have not been able to find any explanation. Up to now the robots have been working silently; nobody had ever thought that they would suddenly start a rebellion. But ten people have been killed within two months.

A robot is working -- and a robot works according to a computer, according to a pre-programmed plan; he cannot go in any way that is different from the program that has been fed into it. But, strangely enough, these ten robots suddenly stopped working, got hold of some man who was around, and just killed him. The figure of ten men being killed is from the government -- it cannot be true. No government speaks the truth.

My own experience is that it is always good to multiply all the figures given by the government by at least ten. If they are saying ten persons have died, one hundred persons must have died, or more. They are trying to pacify the masses -- "Don't be worried, we will find what went wrong." But they have no idea.

In fact, any act that is not programmed into the computer, the robot is not capable of doing -- and these were not the programs. The robots showed some sign of freedom, they showed some sign of individuality, some indication of rebellion.

Computers cannot answer any new questions. They can answer only questions for which information has already been given to them. Naturally they don't have any intelligence, they have only a memory system, a filing system which records. Of course, they are perfect in their

efficiency. No man can be that perfect, once in a while you forget. And it is absolutely necessary, for life to go on, to forget most of the unnecessary things that are happening every day -- otherwise your memory system will be too loaded. But the computer is a mechanism. You cannot load it too much, it has no life.

I have heard... a man was asking a computer, "Can you tell me where my father is?" He was just joking with the scientist who was working on that great computer, and the computer said, "Your father? He went fishing just three hours ago."

The man laughed and said to the scientist, "You are creating a stupid computer. My father has been dead for three years."

And he was shocked that the computer laughed -- for which it was never programmed -- and said, "Don't be gullible. It was not your father who died three years ago, it was only the husband of your mother. Your father has gone fishing three hours ago; you can go to the beach and you will meet him."

Right now this is only a story, but looking at the actual facts happening in Japan, the story takes on a certain reality.

But man in the crowd has always behaved blindly. If you pull the same man out of the crowd and ask him, "What were you doing? Can you do it alone, on your own?" he will feel embarrassed. And you will be surprised to hear his answer: "On my own I cannot do such a stupid thing, but when I am in a crowd something strange happens."

For twenty years I lived in a city which was proportionately divided, half and half, into Hindus and Mohammedans.

They were equally powerful, and almost every year riots happened. I used to know a professor in the university where I was teaching. I could never have dreamed that this man could put fire to a Hindu temple; he was such a gentleman -- nice, well educated, well cultured. When there was a riot between the Hindus and the Mohammedans I was watching, standing by the roadside. Mohammedans were burning a Hindu temple, Hindus were burning a Mohammedan mosque.

I saw this professor engaged in burning the Hindu temple. I pulled him out and I asked, "Professor Farid, what are you doing?".

He became very embarrassed. He said, "I'm sorry, I got lost in the crowd. Because everybody else was doing it, I forgot my own responsibility -- everybody else was responsible. I felt for the first time a tremendous freedom from responsibility. Nobody can blame me. It was a Mohammedan crowd, and I was just part of it."

On another occasion, a Mohammedan's watch shop was being looted. It was the most precious collection of watches. An old Hindu priest... The people who were taking away those watches and destroying the shop -- they had killed the shop owner -- were all Hindus. An old priest I was acquainted with was standing on the steps and shouting very angrily at the people, "What are you doing? This is against our religion, against our morality, against our culture. This is not right."

I was seeing the whole scene from a bookstore, on the first story in a building just in front of the shop on the other side of the road. The greatest surprise was yet to come. When people had taken every valuable article from the shop...

there was only an old grandfather clock left -- very big, very antique. Seeing that people were leaving, the old man took that clock on his shoulders. It was difficult for him to carry because it was too heavy. I could not believe my eyes! He had been preventing people, and this was the last item in the shop.
I had to come down from the bookstore and stop the priest. I said to him, "This is strange. The whole time you were shouting, `This is against our morality! This is against our religion, don't do it!' And now you are taking the biggest clock in the shop."

He said, "I shouted enough, but nobody listened. And then finally the idea arose in me that I am simply shouting and wasting my time, and everybody else is getting something. So it is better to take this clock before somebody else gets it, because it was the only item left."
I asked, "But what happened to religion, morality, culture?" He said this with an ashamed face -- but he said it: "When nobody bothers about religion, culture and morality, why should I be the only victim? I am also part of the same crowd. I tried my best to convince them, but if nobody is going to follow the religious and the moral and the right way, then I am not going to be just a loser and look stupid standing there. Nobody even listened to me, nobody took any notice of me." He carried that clock away.
I have seen at least a dozen riots in that city, and I have asked individuals who have participated in arson, in murder, in rape, "Can you do it alone, on your own?" And they all said, without any exception, "On our own we could not do it. It was because so many people were doing it, and

there was no responsibility left. We were not answerable, the crowd was answerable."

Man loses his small consciousness so easily into the collective ocean of unconsciousness. That is the cause of all wars, all riots, all crusades, all murders.

Individuals have committed very few crimes compared to the crowd. And the individuals who have committed crimes, their reasons are totally different -- they are born with a criminal mind, they are born with a criminal chemistry, they need treatment. But the man who commits a crime because he is part of a crowd has nothing that needs to be treated.... All that is needed is that he should be taken out of the crowd. He should be cleaned -- he should be cleaned from all bondages, from any kind of collectivity. He should be made an individual again -- just as he had come into the world.

The crowds must disappear from the world. Only individuals should be left. Then individuals can have meetings, individuals can have communions, individuals can have dialogues. Right now, being part of a crowd, they are not free, not even conscious enough to have a dialogue or a communion.

My work is to take individuals out from any crowd, Christian, Mohammedan, Hindu, Jew; any political crowd, any racial crowd, any national crowd, Indian, Chinese, Japanese. I am against the crowd and absolutely for the individual, because only the individual can save the world. Only the individual can be **The Rebel** and the new man, the foundation for the future humanity.

The teacher is asking three boys in her class, "What was your mother doing when you left for school this morning?"
"Doing the washing," says Tom.
"Cleaning the bedroom," says Dick.
"Getting ready to go out and shoot ducks," says Harry.
"What! What are you talking about, Harry?" asked the teacher.
"Well miss," says Harry, "my dad has left home, and she threw her knickers on the fire and said she was going back to the game."

People are imitators. People are not acting on their own grounds; they are reacting. The husband has left her; that brings a reaction in her, a revenge -- she is going back to the game. It is not an action out of consciousness, it is not an indication of individuality.
This is how the collective mind functions -- always according to somebody else. Either for or against, it does not matter; either conformist or nonconformist, it does not matter. But it always is directed, motivated, dictated by others. Left to himself, he will find himself utterly lost -- what to do?
I am teaching my people to be meditators, to be people who can enjoy aloneness, to be people who can respect themselves without belonging to any crowd; who are not going to sell their souls for any awards and honors and respectability or prestige that the society can give to them. Their honor, their prestige and their power is within their own being -- in their freedom, in their silence, in their love, in their creative action -- not in their reaction. What others do is not determinative of their life.

Their life springs from within themselves. It has its own roots in the earth and its own branches in the sky. It has its own longing to reach to the stars.
Only such a man has beauty, grace. Only such a man has fulfilled the desire of existence to give him birth, to give him an opportunity. Those who remain part of the crowd have missed the train.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
THE OTHER NIGHT DURING DARSHAN, LISTENING TO YOUR ANSWER TO NIVEDANO'S QUESTION, I HAD TEARS RUNNING DOWN MY FACE. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE SEVEN YEARS I'VE BEEN WITH YOU, I COULD NOT ONLY INTELLECTUALLY UNDERSTAND, BUT REALLY FEEL THAT TO LOOK INSIDE ONESELF IS THE ONLY WAY TO FIND THE REAL TREASURES OF LIFE. EVEN THOUGH I AM FEELING THIS SO STRONGLY, IT DOESN'T MAKE IT EASIER TO MEDITATE, TO LOOK INSIDE.
IN THE PAST MY FAVORITE SUBJECT FOR YOU TO TALK ABOUT HAS ALWAYS BEEN LOVE AND RELATIONSHIPS. NOW, I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF HEARING YOU TALK ABOUT MEDITATION.
BELOVED MASTER, COULD YOU PLEASE SPEAK ABOUT VIPASSANA MEDITATION?

Prem Sampurna, there are hundreds of methods of meditation, but perhaps vipassana has a unique status; just the same way as there have been thousands of mystics, but Gautam Buddha has a uniqueness of his own. In many

ways he is incomparable, in many ways he has done more for humanity than anybody else. In many ways his search for truth was more sincere, more authentic than anybody else's.

Why am I reminded of Gautam Buddha? I am reminded of Gautam Buddha because you have asked a question about vipassana meditation. That is the meditation through which Gautam Buddha became enlightened.

The very word vipassana in Pali, the language in which Gautam Buddha spoke... he was perfectly acquainted with Sanskrit; as a prince he was well educated in the highest literature of those days. But when he started speaking he never used Sanskrit because Sanskrit was the language of the intellectuals, of the brahmins, of the priests, not of the people.

It has never been a living language. It has a uniqueness among all the languages of the world -- it has been spoken only by the learned, by the scholarly amongst themselves; and because of its unknowability, the masses have been mystified by it. Translated, it contains nothing special, and sometimes it contains nothing but bullshit, but it has a very musical sound.

Its construction is the most perfect of any language in the world. It is very exhaustive -- fifty-two letters in the alphabet, English has only twenty-six; it means the other twenty-six sounds are unavailable in English. Sanskrit is twice as rich because it can express all possible sounds, it has not left a single sound out of its alphabet. Subtle nuances have also been taken into account -- sounds which are very difficult to pronounce, sounds which are rarely

used by anyone, but which are possible to use, have been included.

But Gautam Buddha decided to speak in the language of the masses. It was a revolutionary step, because the languages of the masses are not grammatically right. Just by use, by ordinary people changing their tone, their sound, the words become easier; they are not complicated.

We have seen this happen to English in India. English was the language of the bureaucracy, of the people who were in power, of the British Empire. But a few words were bound to enter into the local people's languages. And the transformation is worth seeing; it will explain to you the difference between a language which is really living, alive, because rough people use it... it has the quality of a wildflower, the quality of a forest, not of a well-clipped British garden.

People have an uncanny sense to change words into their simplest form; for example, the English word `report'. Even the faraway villagers who don't come in contact with educated people have to use that word -- once in a while they have to go to the police station. But in the villages of India the word `report' has become `rapat'. Report is a little difficult, rapat is more alive.

`Station' is a word that is bound to be used by the people of the lowest education or no education. In Punjab it has become `satation'; in other parts it has become `teshan', but nowhere is it `station'.

Pali is a language of the simple and in a way, innocent and ignorant people. Vipassana is their word. In Sanskrit it has its parallel, which the public has changed according to their convenience. In Sanskrit it is `vipashyana' -- that is a little

difficult. But in Pali it is simply vipassana. The meaning is the same. The meaning -- the literal meaning -- of the word is `to look', and the metaphorical meaning is `to watch, to witness'.

Gautam Buddha has chosen a meditation which can be called the essential meditation. All other meditations are different forms of witnessing, but witnessing is present in every kind of meditation as an essential part; it cannot be avoided. Buddha has deleted everything else and kept only the essential part -- to witness.

There are three steps of witnessing -- Buddha is a very scientific thinker. He begins with the body, because that is the easiest to witness. It is easy to witness my hand moving, my hand being raised. I can witness myself walking on the road, I can witness each step as I walk. I can witness while I am eating my food.

So the first step in vipassana is witnessing the actions of the body, which is the simplest step. Any scientific method will always begin from the simplest.

And while witnessing the body, you will be amazed at the new experiences. When you move your hand with witnessing, watchfulness, alertness, consciousness, you will feel a certain grace and a certain silence in the hand. You can do the movement without witnessing; it will be quicker, but it will lose the grace.

The Buddha used to walk so slowly that many times he was asked why he was walking so slowly. He said, "This is part of my meditation: always to walk as if you are walking in winter into a cold stream... slowly, alert, because the stream is very cold; aware because the current is very strong;

witnessing each of your steps because you can slip on the stones in the stream."

The method remains the same, only the object changes with each step. The second step is watching the mind. Now you move into a more subtle world -- watching your thoughts. If you have been successful in watching your body, there is not going to be any difficulty. Thoughts are subtle waves -- electronic waves, radio waves -- but they are as material as your body. They are not visible, just as the air is not visible, but the air is as material as the stones; so are your thoughts, material but invisible.

That is the second step, the middle step. You are moving towards invisibility, but still it is material... watching your thoughts. The only condition is, don't judge. Don't judge, because the moment you start judging you will forget watching.

There is no antagonism against judging. The reason it is prohibited is that the moment you start judging -- "This is a good thought" -- for that much space you were not witnessing. You started thinking, you became involved. You could not remain aloof, standing by the side of the road and just seeing the traffic.

Don't become a participant, either by appraising, valuing, condemning; no attitude should be taken about what is passing in your mind. You should watch your thoughts just as if clouds are passing in the sky. You don't make judgments about them -- this black cloud is very evil, this white cloud looks like a sage. Clouds are clouds, they are neither evil nor good.

So are thoughts -- just a small wavelength passing through your mind. Watch without any judgment and you are again

in for a great surprise. As your watching becomes settled, thoughts will come less and less. The proportion is exactly the same: if you are fifty percent settled in your witnessing, then fifty percent of your thoughts will disappear. If you are sixty percent settled in your witnessing, then only forty percent of thoughts will be there. When you are ninety-nine percent a pure witness, only once in a while will there be a lonely thought -- one percent, passing on the road -- otherwise the traffic is gone. That rush-hour traffic is no longer there.

When you are one hundred percent non-judgmental, just a witness, it means you have become just a mirror, because a mirror never makes any judgments. An ugly woman looks into it -- the mirror has no judgment. A beautiful woman looks into the mirror, it makes no difference. Nobody looks into it... the mirror is as pure as when somebody is being reflected in it. Neither reflection stirs it, nor no-reflection. Witnessing becomes a mirror.

This is a great achievement in meditation. You have moved halfway, and this was the hardest part. Now you know the secret, and the same secret has just to be applied to different objects.

From thoughts you have to move to more subtle experiences -- emotions, feelings, moods... from the mind to the heart, with the same condition: no judgment, just witnessing. And the surprise will be that most of your emotions, feelings and moods which possess you...

Now, when you are feeling sad, you become really sad, you are possessed by sadness. When you are feeling angry, it is not something partial. You become full of anger; every fiber of your being is throbbing with anger.

Watching the heart, the experience will be that now nothing possesses you. Sadness comes and goes; you don't become sad. Happiness comes and goes; you don't become happy either. Whatever moves in the deep layers of your heart does not affect you at all. For the first time you taste something of mastery. You are no longer a slave to be pushed and pulled this way and that way, where any emotion, any feeling, anybody can disturb you for any trivia.

In my village, in my childhood, I had a doctor, Doctor Hiralal Gotrey. Nothing was wrong with the fellow; there was only one thing just a little strange, but it cannot be said to be wrong: his wife was very tall and he was very small. The difference must have been at least one foot. The whole village laughed; people enjoyed Doctor Gotrey going out with his wife. And, by chance, he had a compounder of medicines who was far more beautiful than him -- younger, taller. He looked more like a doctor, and Gotrey looked like a compounder, as far as looks were concerned.

I had an idea and it worked. I went to the compounder and said, "Doctor Sahib, where is your compounder?"

The compounder said, "What?"

And the doctor became very angry: "What do you mean by addressing my compounder as doctor and asking him about the compounder?"

I said, "I can't do anything about it. The whole village thinks him to be the doctor. He looks like the doctor. You must be kidding."

He said, "I am being very serious, and if you don't listen I am going to come to meet your father."

I said, "You can come but please bring the doctor also, because then I can prove who is right." At that very moment his wife came out. The wife and husband may have quarreled about something, because she supported me. She said, "He is right; the compounder looks better than you. You are just a pygmy."

I said, "Listen, you were coming to see my father, and the doctor's wife herself..."

He said, "Stop! This is going too far. She is my wife!"

I said, "You cannot befool the whole world." Although the whole village had been a little curious, nobody had made it clear. I spread the news around the village that we had been in a misunderstanding: the little man who we used to think was the doctor is not the doctor, he is the compounder; and the big man who we used to think was the compounder is the doctor. And the wife belongs to the doctor not to the compounder.

Whomsoever I said this to told me that this solved the whole problem. They said, "How do you know this?"

I said, "I am coming directly from his dispensary."

From that day it became so troublesome that everybody would come to his dispensary and ask the doctor, "Compounder Sahib, where is the doctor?" And slowly slowly, he started becoming very angry. He started keeping a stick by his side, he started running behind people asking, "Why do you call me compounder?"

They said, "This is strange. You are the compounder -- the whole village knows it."

And the compounder was also enjoying the whole game, so he used to remain quiet. He would not say anything -- to say anything was dangerous. The doctor used to follow you

with his stick, you had to run -- although I knew all the small streets of the town, so I would give him a good run. He would be shouting that I had to stop this: "This boy is destroying my practice. The whole day, rather than doing the practice, I am just chasing after people who are calling me compounder. And I have all the degrees of a doctor! And this boy is strange -- he has even convinced my wife; even she laughs at me and says, `You are a compounder.'" Rather than saying anything, I created a small symbol. But even that symbol used to work exactly. I would just keep two fingers up -- one finger half, one full -- and just pass on the street, not saying a single word. The moment he would see one finger down, one finger up, he would rush out with his stick, shouting, "I am coming!" Then even the other people in the neighborhood began saying, "Mr. Compounder, this is too much. That boy has not said anything. He is passing by in the street innocently. And these are his fingers -- whatever he wants to do, in whatever position he wants to keep them, he can keep them. It is no concern of yours."

And he would say, "It does concern me. It is not only a question of his fingers. Why should he always pass by with one finger up, another finger down, just in front of my door?"

It became known to all the boys of the city. His house was just in the middle of the city, so almost half of the schoolboys, nearly five hundred, used to pass in front of his house to the school; the school was on the other side. Five hundred boys in a line with one finger up and another finger down -- and he would become mad. But he could not do anything.

We reported to the police station, "This man seems to be insane. He is a compounder and he thinks that he is a doctor, and it is none of his concern in what position we keep our fingers."
The police inspector said, "Of course, it is nobody's concern. And I was suspecting that guy is a compounder; he looks like a compounder. The other person looks like a doctor, well-dressed, young." But his practice was completely finished.
One day he called me; I was passing by with my fingers up. He said, "Please come in."
I said, "Such a great difference, compounder Sahib?"
He somehow swallowed the anger, told me to sit on the chair.
I said, "This is great. What is the matter?"
He said, "Listen, I am a poor man and you have destroyed my whole practice. Now no patient comes to me, and even if they come, they come to the compounder. It is so insulting that I cannot tolerate it."
I said, "I have not done anything. You have destroyed your practice yourself by being involved in a trivial thing. You could have remained unruffled. One fact is true -- that you are small. Perhaps you are the doctor, but if you had not created so much fuss, things would have cooled down."
He said, "Now you have to do something."
I said, "It is now almost impossible to convince the whole village that the compounder is really the doctor and to contradict myself -- I cannot do that."
People become disturbed with absolute trivia, meaningless things. Somebody just passes by you, twitching his eye. He has not done anything. It is his eye; he has every right to

twitch it. It is his constitutional right. Nobody can prevent anybody from twitching his eyes -- but why do you get disturbed? And if he makes it a practice that whenever he sees you he twitches his eyes, you will start becoming enraged. Our consciousness is so small, it gets overpowered and possessed by anything -- any mood, any feeling, any emotion.

When you become a witness of the third step, you will become, for the first time, a master: nothing disturbs you, nothing overpowers you, everything remains far away, deep below, and you are on a hilltop.

These are the three steps of vipassana. Vipassana has many kinds of methods -- this is only one method. Because Buddhism spread all over Eastern Asia, the Far East vipassana has a different structure. In Japan, it is watching the belly as you breathe in and out. That's why the Japanese statues of Buddha have big bellies. No Indian statue of Buddha will have a big belly; that is unathletic, does not look beautiful.

But the Japanese Buddha has to have it, because the whole method of vipassana is to practice the belly coming up, not the chest. The chest remains silent, unmoving; only the belly goes up as you breathe in and the belly goes in as you breathe out. Watching it is a single-step vipassana prevalent in Japan.

In Ceylon there are two steps: first watching the same breathing, not at the belly point, but at the nose point. When you breathe in, the air touches your nostrils; be aware of it. And when the hot air goes out, be watchful. This is the first step.

And the second step: when you breathe in, there is a gap before the breath returns -- just a rest period, a few seconds. Watch those few seconds when the breath is not moving. If you become capable of watching those moments, you will be able to watch them outside also. When the breath goes out, before it comes in, there is a small interval -- the same interval as inside. Watch that too, just be aware of it.

In Tibet they have a different way, in Korea another way, in China another way, but the essential point is to be a witness. And my feeling is that what I have described as three steps is the most easy, most simple -- everybody can do it. It needs no scholarship, no austerity, no great understanding. And after these three steps comes the real experience. These three steps take you to the door of the temple, which is open.

When you have become perfectly watchful of your body, mind and heart, then you cannot do anything more, then you have to wait. When perfection is complete on these three steps, the fourth step happens on its own accord as a reward. It is a quantum leap from the heart to the being, to the very center of your existence. You cannot do it; it happens -- you have to remember that.

Don't try to do it, because if you try to do it your failure is absolutely certain. It is a happening. You prepare three steps, the fourth step is a reward from existence itself; it is a quantum leap. Suddenly your life force, your witnessing, enters into the very center of your being. You have come home.

You can call it self-realization, you can call it enlightenment, you can call it ultimate liberation, but there is nothing more than that. You have come to the very end

in your search, you have found the very truth of existence and the great ecstasy that it brings as a shadow, by and around itself.

The Jew and the Irishman are arguing about sex. The Irishman says that, according to his priest, sex is work and solely for the purpose of procreation.
"No," says the Jew, "my rabbi says sex is pleasure. If it was work we would let the Irish do it."
Meditation is not work.
Meditation is purest blissfulness.
As you go deeper, you come across more and more beautiful spaces, more and more luminous spots. They are your treasure... deeper and deeper silences, which are not only the absence of noise, but the presence of a soundless song -- musical, alive and dancing.
As you reach to the ultimate point of your being, the center of the cyclone, you have found god; not as a person, but as light, as consciousness, as truth, as beauty -- as all that man has been dreaming of for centuries. And those dreamed-of treasures are hidden within himself.
It is not a troublesome, torturous, ascetic practice; it is very pleasant, musical, poetic, and it goes on becoming more and more of a sheer joy. It is not work, it is prayer -- the only prayer I know of. To me prayer means: when you have achieved your being, you feel a tremendous gratitude towards existence. That gratitude is the only real, authentic prayer; all other prayers are fake, pseudo, manufactured. This gratitude will arise within you just like a fragrance arising out of roses.

It is good that you are dropping your childish questions about boyfriend, girlfriend, your so-called relationships; you don't know yourself and you have started relating with another!
It is good that you are asking about meditation. That will not only bring transformation to you, it will also bring transformation to your relationships. It will also bring an authentic overflow of love, and only then will you be able to see that what you used to call love was not love; it was simply lust, biological lust, based on your hormones. Only a meditator knows a love that is not biological, that comes as a spiritual abundance, with a great urge to share -- because the more you share it, the more you have it.

A Jewish swami, Goldstein, takes a gorgeous ma out to dinner. They go to the most expensive restaurant in Poona and feast on Italian spaghetti, Japanese sushi and French wine. For dessert they choose German chocolate cake and finish with Brazilian coffee.

When the waiter brings them the bill, Goldstein finds he has left his wallet at home. So he takes out his picture of Rajneesh and hands it to the waiter.
"What is this?" demands the waiter.
"My mastercard," replies Goldstein.

Meditation is your mastercard!

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #18

Chapter title: Every desire creates conflict
9 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS PEACE FOR **THE REBEL**LIOUS MAN?

Raso, peace is, for **The Rebel**lious man, his very light. It is his very aroma, his fragrance, the harmony of his heart, his at-oneness with existence. All conflicts of the mind are just memories of the past. The mind is no longer divided, split or schizophrenic. The mind has become an organic unity.

The ordinary man who has not tasted rebellion or religion -- which to me are equivalent -- is a house divided against himself. He is continuously fighting within and without. He is fighting for money, for power, for prestige, for respectability. His outside life is nothing but power politics. It is a continuous, ongoing warfare that ceases only when he stops breathing.

The inner scene is not much different either, because the outer and the inner cannot be much different. They are part of one individual -- the outside and the inside. Inside he is struggling against nature -- his own nature, his own instincts, which some so-called wise men have condemned. He is blindly following their condemnation without any

understanding of his own. Fighting with his own nature, he becomes crippled.

The man who is fighting against his instincts -- that is his body -- is bound to fight against his intuition, which is his very soul. The man who cannot find peace with his body cannot hope to find peace with his soul, because to find peace with the body is simple; to find peace with the soul is more subtle, more invisible.

Man is fighting with his full force against every inclination that existence has given to him -- against his love, against his longing for truth -- because the traditions go on teaching him, "You need not search for truth; it has already been found. You simply believe in it."

From your side, any search is a sign of revolt. You simply have faith -- faith in Jesus Christ, faith in Mahavira, faith in Gautam Buddha -- but never faith in yourself.

All the religions are agreed on one point: that you should not trust yourself. You should be constantly conscious and alert against yourself. They have made you an enemy of yourself; hence, every moment a subtle underground struggle and conflict goes on within you. There is neither peace inside, nor is there peace outside.

Yes, sometimes you say, "I am living peacefully," and sometimes you say, "I am feeling very upset." But the difference between your peace and your being upset is not of quality but only of quantity, of degrees. What you call peace is a cold war. You are tired, exhausted; there is a limit to everything. You need a little rest to be ready to start the old game again. So sometimes you are in a state of cold war within and without, and sometimes you are in a hot war

within and without. But the war continues; whether it is cold or hot makes no difference.

You are never at peace, you cannot be. You have not prepared the ground for the flowers of peace to blossom. You don't deserve it. Although you have the potential, although you could be worthy, you are not worthy -- and remember the difference. It is within your hands, it is within your reach, but you have not even looked at it. You are looking away from it, at everything that disturbs it.

Diogenes, one of the most peaceful men the world has known, had asked Alexander the Great, who had come to see him, "Where are you going? What is your goal? What do you really want? For months I have seen all these armies passing by, and I go on wondering what could be the purpose of it all." And Alexander said, "I want to conquer the world."

Diogenes said, "Agreed, so then you have conquered the world, it is accepted -- then what?"

Alexander felt a little embarrassed. Nobody has asked such a question in such a manner. But still he said politely, "Then I will relax."

Diogenes laughed a belly laugh; the whole valley resounded with his laughter in the early morning. He looked at his dog -- he had only one companion, a dog; they used to live together, they lived their whole life together. He looked at the dog and said, "Have you listened? Do you understand?" And Alexander could not believe that the dog nodded his head showing, "Yes, I understand."

Alexander said, "I am amazed. What does he mean by nodding his head that he understands?"

Diogenes said, "The whole existence understands that if you really want to relax, who is preventing you? Why waste time in conquering the world? You are talking as if to relax -- to be peaceful, to be meditative, to be silent, to enjoy the morning sun and the cool breeze -- one first needs to conquer the whole world. Then peace will be very difficult. What about us poor people who have not conquered a single thing, who do not possess a single thing? But I am already relaxed, I am at peace; I am enjoying this moment to its fullest. And we have enough space" -- there was the whole bank of a river, a wild river. He said, "You can take any place... you choose. Here there is no question of conquering or invading. If you want this place where I am lying down, I can move a little, you can take it. If you want my dog's place he can move, he is very understanding; he is no ordinary dog, he is a dog who has come to experience peace. That's our bondage, our friendship, our love, our brotherliness. I don't like to be in crowds of men because they don't understand a thing. I like my dog, he is so understanding." And the dog really moved away, wagging his tail and welcoming Alexander, "You can take this place."

Alexander was never in such a difficult position. How to get out from there? -- because the logic of Diogenes was absolutely clear. If you want peace, relaxation, serenity, start now! Conquering the whole world is not a necessary condition for it... not even an unnecessary condition.

We are doing everything to disturb ourselves by our greed, our lust, our desire for more and more, our non-ending ambition to be at the top. Then what will you do at the top?

What did Edmund Hillary do on Everest? He just looked stupid and embarrassed, standing alone on that peak for no reason at all. He had risked his life, knowing well hundreds of people had died before in the same effort; and all knew perfectly well there was nothing to be found -- it is just eternal snow. But strange are the ways of man, strange is his craziness.

Just watch your desires, your longings, your ambitions and you will be able to see who is creating disturbances; otherwise peace is your nature... for nine months in the mother's womb you were in eternal peace.

Peace is the stuff the whole existence is made of. It is only the stupidity of man that has disturbed everything around him, within him. And now he is looking for peace.

You are asking me, Raso, "What is peace for **The Rebel**lious man?"

Peace has only one taste, utterly delicious -- the ultimate taste of existence itself. You just have to drop all that is disturbing, all that creates turmoil, all that creates tension, anxiety, anguish; you don't have to achieve peace -- remember.

Peace is already there deep inside you. Peace is what you are made of. It is your very consciousness, your very being. But such is the utter insanity of men that they even start making peace their ambition, they start desiring peace. And this is the greatest dilemma for every man who is in search of himself. He has to understand the contradiction.

You cannot desire peace, because desire is the disturbance. What you desire does not matter. You may desire peace or you may desire power, you may desire money or you may desire meditation, it doesn't matter -- because the nature of

desire is always the same. It is a tension, its goal is in the future, and peace is in the present.
Peace is not a tension. Peace is a non-tense, relaxed state of let go. There is not even the ambition of peace. There is no desire, no ambition, because one has understood the simple arithmetic -- that every desire creates conflict, every ambition takes you away from yourself.
The moment you drop all your desires and all your ambitions, you suddenly find you are sitting in peace within the temple of your being.
To describe our situation I will tell you a few stories:

No matter which girl he brings home, Tom finds disapproval from his mother. He asks his friend for advice. "Find a girl just like your mother, then she is bound to like her," advises his friend.
So, after much searching, Tom finally finds the girl. "Just like you said," he tells his friend. "She talks, dresses, and even looks like my mother, and just like you said, my mother liked her."
"So," asks his friend, "what's happening?"
"Nothing," says Tom, "my father hates her!"

How to find peace? If you find a woman just like your mother, it is absolutely certain your father will hate her, and he will veto your marriage.

"Will my husband be permitted to stay with me during the delivery?" Mary asked the doctor in the maternity ward.
"Ah, yes," replied the doctor, "I also believe the father of the child should be present at its birth."

"I don't think that's a good idea," said Mary, "he and my husband don't get along too well together."

Life is such a ridiculous drama. It will be simply a miracle if you can find anywhere something even resembling a faraway echo of peace.

Several members of the Golden Age Club were being asked, "Why do you think God has permitted you to reach the age of ninety-five?"
Without hesitation one wealthy old lady said, "To test the patience of my relatives."

All old people are doing that everywhere in every family, just testing the peace of their relatives.
Hymie Goldberg looked very sad; his wife was sick, so he called the doctor. After examining Mrs. Goldberg, the doctor said to Hymie, "I am afraid it is bad news: your wife has only a few hours to live. I hope you understand there is nothing more to be done. Don't let yourself suffer."
"It is all right, doc," said Goldberg, "I have suffered for forty years, I can suffer a few more hours. It is not a big problem."

People who are living together are suffering together. People are in love with each other or in hate with each other.
The findings of psychologists are that couples are nothing but intimate enemies. They both are sabotaging each other's lives, pulling at each other's legs, not allowing a single

moment of peace. They are bringing up a thousand and one questions, and each question finally becomes a fight.
The woman has a totally different kind of argumentation. She does not follow Aristotle; nobody knows whom she follows, what kind of logic she has, at what point she will suddenly start crying and weeping and tears will be coming. The man thinks, "My God, who would have thought?... I have simply given a rational answer, now what to do?"
He has been reading books and consulting libraries about how to have a good married life, and he knows every argument. But one knows not what kind of logic this woman follows. Suddenly she starts shouting, throwing things -- which is not at all logical. No book of logic suggests that you break plates and cups and saucers. But logic or not, seeing that the whole house is in an earthquake, it is better to accept defeat.
It is not a question of logical victory; victory is always for the woman. You can have logic, she will have victory. This is a simple division.
So the poor husband has the logic. Every morning with his umbrella by his side, keeping his logic, he goes to the office... just wondering if perhaps poets are right, that nobody understands the nature of women. In fact, there is nothing to understand. It is so simple: she does not know logic -- nothing else! So she creates a nuisance. If you cannot bring a sensible argument, the best way is to shout and create a nuisance -- as much as you can.
One of my professors... he was a professor of law and a very famous professor. I had nothing to do with his classes, but once in a while he used to invite me. He loved to argue,

and I used to say to him, "Listen, I don't know law at all. I can argue because I know logic, but my logic will not be in legal jargon. I don't know legal jargon."
He said, "Still, you come. Without you I don't enjoy."
Once a week he used to have a discussion class, and one day he said, "I shall tell you the secret of the great legal experts of the world. If you have the law in your favor, be very polite to the judge, be very polite to the court, just put your case in simple legal form. The law is in your favor -- there is no need to do anything else.
"But if you are suspicious, you don't know whether the law is in your favor or not and you are sitting on the fence -- the camel can sit on either side -- then don't go alone. Let your secretary and your assistant carry big books of law -- as big as possible.
"Make a great impression in the court, `Here comes a great expert;' and quote so fast that even the judge cannot catch what you are talking about. Talking fast and not giving a chance to anybody else, and quoting... and don't be worried whether you are quoting from right books or wrong books, or whether you are just quoting from the page you are opening before you. Nothing matters! You simply create the impression of a great expert, on the tip of whose tongue all the books are just ready.
"You need not even look at the book to find the page. Quote pages, quote paragraphs; say `on the seventeenth line, on the ninety-seventh page,' but don't give anybody a chance to see -- you go on ahead. Before they can see the ninety-seventh page, you have moved so fast that they have to look at other pages. By the time they are looking at other pages, you have gone far ahead. Create such a cyclone of

words that the judge is overwhelmed and completely forgets what the case is.

"And if you are certain that you are going to be defeated, that the law is absolutely and clearly against you, don't be worried! Go with dignity, and shout as loudly as you can. And as you are shouting, and the whole court is resounding with your shouts, go on hitting the table, throwing the books. You are going to be defeated anyway, so create as much nuisance as possible, because sense is not in your favor -- only nonsense can be in your favor!

"Make the judge afraid; throw books in such a way that they simply pass by the side of the judge. Don't be worried about contempt of the court or anything, don't listen. Victory is going to be yours -- victory at all costs.

"Just watch the situation. If the law is favorable, then be logical. If the law is fifty-fifty, then create as much jargon and scholarship as possible. If the law is one hundred percent against you and defeat is absolutely certain, you have nothing to lose; then jump and shout and make the court almost a wrestling ground. Make the judge feel that somehow the case has to be finished. No more hearings, no postponement, today it has to be fixed because this man can hit, he is throwing books this way and that way... at the most, contempt of court -- who cares?

"In contempt of court, if you are taken out of the court -- go shouting! And when you are brought in, come in shouting. Even if you are taken out by the armed guards three times in a single day for contempt of court, go out shouting, come in shouting. But make the judge feel that you are not the person to accept defeat. Murder may happen, but defeat is

not possible. You may commit suicide then and there, but defeat cannot be accepted."
The poets who have been saying that nobody understands the nature of women are just idiots, nothing else. Women don't know logic, but they know one thing -- that the essential thing is not logic, the essential thing is victory. So the man goes on insisting on logical argument, and the woman goes on insisting on being victorious. She does not care about your logical arguments. But a man who is trying to be logical and sensible is bound to be afraid of many things -- what will the neighbors think, what if the children wake up? So he is trying to calm the woman down, but she will calm down only if victory is hers; otherwise she will put everything at stake. But the man has to think about his prestige in the neighborhood, about his job.
(A WOMAN WHO IS PRESENT AT THE DISCOURSE STARTS LAUGHING -- A VERY GUTSY LAUGHTER.)
Now listen to this woman... why does she laugh? She must have remembered similar incidents. Every woman knows, more or less, but she must have seen a great drama!

A rebellious man first tries to understand the causes that are not allowing his natural flowering.
This basic thing has to be remembered: peace is not a goal, peace is your intrinsic nature. So whatever is preventing your natural growth, that has to be dropped. If it is anger, jealousy, greed, ambition, desiring, then they are not worth anything. You are wasting a tremendous opportunity of finding an inexhaustible treasure of blessings, for stupid things which don't have any significance. Drop them! It is not renunciation, it is simply understanding. It is not

becoming a monk or an ascetic. It is simply becoming a more conscious man.
The more conscious you are, the more peace will arise within the silences of your own heart.
It has always been there, there was just no bridge between you and it. And you were running all around, all over the world, searching for it everywhere -- except in your own house.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
HOW DOES IT FEEL NOT ONLY TO BE ENLIGHTENED, NOT ONLY TO BE AN ENLIGHTENED MASTER, NOT ONLY TO BE AN ENLIGHTENED MASTER OF MASTERS, BUT CERTAINLY THE DISHIEST-LOOKING ENLIGHTENED PERSON WHO HAS EVER BEEN? NOT THAT I KNOW HOW OTHER ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE HAVE LOOKED, BUT I AM WILLING TO BET MY LAST PAISA THAT YOU TAKE THE CAKE.

Maneesha, enlightenment beautifies everyone.
Enlightenment is the greatest alchemy in existence. It gives you a new grace which seems to be not of this world. It gives you a new presence, so fresh that even flowers cannot compete with it. It gives you a silence that overflows and floods even the hearts of other people who come close to the man of enlightenment. It gives you a new heart, a new heartbeat. It makes you the most mysterious phenomenon, in the sense that other people love each other, but you become love itself. You don't love anybody, you are simply

love. Your very being is a pure sharing of love. Just as from the stars the light goes on showering, from the man of enlightenment an invisible love goes on showering.

And if you start loving a man of enlightenment, if a trust arises in your heart, if your being feels in tune with him, if you have fallen headlong into his being, then of course whatever he is seems to be a thousandfold more.

A strange story which Christians have not allowed the world to know... but I have nothing to lose. The story is that Jesus was an ugly man; not only ugly, but hunchbacked. That description is found in ancient Hebrew literature. But he is described by his disciples as the most beautiful man they had ever seen. When you come across both statements, you are bound to think that only one can be true -- obviously both cannot be true. But I say unto you, both can be true.

The ugliness of Jesus, and his being a hunchback, may be a factuality; and to those who were absolutely blind to this man's greatness, to this man's inner light, inner love, inner peace, he appeared as he was, just a factual reality. But there were people who could see him not as a skeleton but as a luminous body of tremendous rejoicing, of great promises fulfilled, of beautiful dreams become real. Those who had fallen in love with the man forgot the factuality, the factuality receded. They saw the man as he was spiritually.

Their description of his beauty, his grace, his silence, is the description not of a fact but of a truth; not of a material body but of a spiritual being. Awakened, showering light and love, showering flowers of joy, creating in the hearts of those who love him a new experience of peace, silence,

serenity... their description is far more true than the description of those who could see only the body. Because the body is not your reality.
Hence, Maneesha, it is not only with you. There have been thousands of people who have fallen in love with enlightened masters, they have all felt the same. It does not matter whether the master was physically beautiful or not. To those who had eyes to see deeply enough and ears to hear even the silences of the heart of the master, he was the most beautiful individual ever. And they will feel with great certainty in their hearts that such a man has never been before and will never be again.
And I would like to say that their certainty is not wrong, although there have been many, many people before, and there will be many, many people again. Existence is vast, life is eternal. But your certainty is not really the certainty of the master, his beauty and his grace; it is the certainty of your trust, of your totality. You cannot accept that anything can be more than that, because you have poured your whole heart and your whole being at the feet of the master. You have not left anything more behind.
And this is not only the case when you feel love and trust. The same is the case when you feel hate, anger, jealousy. When you feel love and trust, your experience is of your eyes open. When you feel hate your experience is that of a blind man who is figuring out what light looks like, of a deaf man who is figuring out how music sounds.

"Why are you giving me a dirty look, Mrs. Behan?"
"I did not give you a dirty look, you had it when you came."

Tom and Dick meet on a street corner. "Where have you been for the past eight weeks?" asks Tom.
"In jail," Dick replies.
"You? In jail?" says Tom. "How come?"
"Well," says Dick, "I was standing on a street corner and this beautiful girl rushes up with a policeman and says, `He is the man, officer, he is the man who attacked me.' I tell you," continued Tom, "I felt so flattered, I admitted to it."

He has not attacked anybody, but a beautiful girl... and to lose such a chance. He will be the talk of the town. He may go to jail for a few months -- that does not matter -- but he felt so flattered that he admitted to it.
In ordinary love also, the same kind of flattering is happening. Every lover says to every beloved that, "I have never loved the way I love you. I have never come across a woman whom I can compare with you. You are simply unique. I will love you forever."

Others have also loved... there is a famous song of an Urdu poet, Ahmed Faiz:
"Others have also loved but they loved only when they were alive; but my beloved, I will love you even when I'm dead."

If even ordinary love gives you different eyes, a different poetry to your words, a different expression to your face, then to be in love with one who has come home is bound to be experienced as something so unique that it has never happened before and will never happen again in the whole

eternity that will follow. And I say that this feeling, in the moment, has absolute validity and truth. It is not that one is lying, one is simply expressing; and howsoever beautifully it is expressed, one is still feeling that what he wanted to say has remained unsaid.

And the love between a master and a disciple comes to its purest heights, where it becomes almost immaterial, where it takes a new quantum leap from the ordinary, material, mundane world and enters into a sacred and spiritual existence.

I would not have talked about it, Maneesha, if I had felt that it is simply a great feeling of love and trust in your heart. I am talking about it because this is the case in many hearts; they may never say anything about it, they are even ashamed to say it -- ashamed that their words will fall short. You have given words to many other people's hearts, that's why I have taken your question; otherwise it is not a question, it is a statement. But many will feel grateful to you that you became their medium, their vehicle, their communication for what they were not able to ask, what they were not able to express.

On a track through the jungle, a missionary meets a lion. Realizing his escape is hopeless, the missionary falls on his knees and starts to pray. He is greatly comforted when he sees that the lion is on his knees beside him.

"Dear brother," says the relieved missionary, "how nice it is of you to join me in prayer when a moment ago I feared for my life."

"Don't interrupt," growled the lion, "I am saying grace."

Everybody looks at existence, at others, according to his own state of being. You cannot see anything beyond yourself. Remember it as a basic principle. If you can see a certain grace in me, that means you have become capable of understanding the language of grace; perhaps as a novice, just a beginner, perhaps only the ABC of grace, but the journey has started. And the real thing is the start of the journey. Once it starts it will reach to its destiny, there is no way to go astray. Life immediately takes every precaution and every care of all those who trust in it.

My whole teaching is: don't believe in doctrines, trust in existence. Don't believe in churches, trust in the stars. Don't believe in priests, trust in the sun, in the moon, in the wind, in the mountains, in the deserts. Why make your being so small that your whole religion is confined in a book, that your whole religion is confined in a church, in a statue? Existence is so infinite, so vast, so immense that unless you spread your heart and being into this infinity with absolute trust, you are not an authentic, religious person. You are not a rebel.

Here we can only begin your journey and encourage you to go on and on to the ultimate destiny. We cannot confine you. My whole effort is to withdraw all limitations from you, all boundaries from you. With a heart without limits, your love will flow to the whole existence; and it will not only beautify your master, it will beautify the whole reality that surrounds you. It will make every tree and every star enlightened to you. You will live in an enlightened world. That's what it means to be in the temple, to be in a sacred world.

But if you can learn your ABC from me, that's enough; XYZ will be coming in their own right time, when the spring comes; and it necessarily comes, it has always been coming, it has never deceived. It can be trusted, without any doubt, and the moment it comes you will blossom, you will flare up.
And to be awake in a universe which is enlightened, beautiful, graceful, showering blessings over you, is the path of the authentic rebel and the authentic, religious seeker.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #19
Chapter title: The promise of paradise
10 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
IN YOUR GOLDEN FUTURE, WILL THERE BE A TROUPE OF ENLIGHTENED ACTORS? IS IT POSSIBLE FOR A MAN WHO IS ENLIGHTENED TO BE AN ACTOR?

Vimal, the enlightened man is an actor. He cannot be otherwise. He knows he's not the body, yet he behaves as if he's the body; he knows he's not the mind, yet he responds

as if he's the mind. He knows he's neither a child, a young man, nor an old man -- a man, or a woman; yet he behaves as if he is.

The whole art of acting is behaving "as if." The ordinary actor is superficial; he imposes a role upon himself, and acts accordingly. But the enlightened man finds for himself that other than to be an actor is to be in illusion, is to be blind, is to be in utter darkness. He does not take up a role, he finds himself already in the drama of life -- recognizing himself that he's not what he's doing, he's not what he is saying, he's not what he appears to be.

And what he is, is beyond expression; what he is, only he knows. Nobody can be an audience to it. In his innermost being he's the observer and he's the observed; and the whole theater is empty. But he continues in the world -- it is his sheer compassion; otherwise, for him there is no need to breathe a single breath more after his enlightenment.

Gautam Buddha used to tell his disciples, "Before you become enlightened, imbibe the spirit of compassion." One of his disciples, Sariputta, asked him, "Why this insistence? -- because we have heard you say many times that `enlightenment brings compassion,' so what is the need to imbibe the state of compassion before enlightenment? This seems to be contradictory."

Gautam Buddha said, "It seems to be contradictory, but the purposes are different. The compassion that comes to you after enlightenment... you will not be able to share it if you have not practiced, disciplined yourself before enlightenment for this tremendous experience to happen -- to remain alive just for the sake of those who are still groping their way in the dark alleys of life."

Hence, there are two kinds of enlightened people: one is called the arhata, and the other is called the bodhisattva. The arhata is one who has not disciplined himself in the art of compassion; so when he becomes enlightened, his work is finished. He has no need to linger on this shore of life, his boat is ready to go to the further shore.

The bodhisattva has the same experience of enlightenment, but he has disciplined himself in compassion; so when enlightenment comes to him -- that tremendous treasure of knowing oneself, one's love, one's truth, one's beauty, one's joy, one's blissfulness -- he's so disciplined in compassion that, although his boat has arrived, he will try to linger on this shore as long as he can, to share.

He has come to a completion as far as he is concerned. But what about others? -- they are millions, and they are suffering in the same way he has suffered. Their misery is great, their blindness has remained with them for centuries; but now he knows it is curable, now he knows he can give them a helping hand to find the way out, to open their eyes, to look at themselves.

His presence may trigger the same experience in others, it is contagious. The question is just that it is very difficult for him to linger on because the captain of his boat goes on calling, "Your time is up, and I have to go to the further shore -- you enter into the boat."

Gautam Buddha used to say, "Don't die as an arhat -- it is a perfect death, you have come home. Die as a bodhisattva -- not only have you come home, but you have put thousands of others afire." His own story, when he died, is tremendously beautiful. It is just a story, but it carries his essential teaching: that when you have, share. When you

have, then see that it is not possessed only by you -- keep alert that it does not become a possession to you. Let it become the possession of all.

When he himself died, after forty-two years of lingering on this shore keeping his boat waiting, the story is that he reached the doors of paradise. Those doors rarely open, only once in a while, in centuries -- visitors don't come every day. And whenever someone comes to those doors, the whole of paradise celebrates it; one more consciousness has attained to flowering, and existence is far more rich than it has ever been before.

The doors were opened, and the other enlightened people who had entered into paradise before... because in Buddhism, there is no God, but only these enlightened people are godly, so there are as many gods as enlightened people. They had all gathered at the door with music, with song and with dance. They wanted to welcome Gautam Buddha, but to their amazement he was standing with his back towards the gate, and his face still looking to the further shore that he had left behind.

They said, "This is strange. For whom are you waiting?"

He's reported to have said that, "My heart is not so small. I'm waiting for all those I have left behind who are struggling on the way. They are my fellow travelers. You can keep the doors closed. You will have to wait a little for the celebration of my entering into paradise, because I have decided to enter this door as the last man. When everybody else has become enlightened and entered the door, when there is nobody left outside, then my time will have come to enter in."

And it seems to be absolutely logical that the first man should be the last man. And the story in the Buddhist lands still continues that Buddha is standing at the door waiting, inviting, hoping; his compassion is so vast that he cannot contain it in himself. This story is a story -- it cannot be an actual fact. It is not within your hands; once you have become enlightened, you will have to enter into the universal source of life. It is not a question of your choice or decision.

But the story is that he is still trying, even after his death. This story was what he had said he was going to do on the last day before his death -- that he would wait for you all. He cannot wait here anymore, he has already waited over his time. He should have been gone by now but, seeing your misery and your suffering, he somehow kept himself together; but it has become more and more impossible. And he will have to leave you reluctantly, but he will wait for you on the other shore; he will not enter paradise -- it is a promise. "So don't forget that for you I will be standing there for centuries. But hurry, don't let me down, and don't let me wait too long."

Vimal, enlightened people need not be actors; by their enlightenment they find that they are. There is no other alternative. They have to eat, although they know their being eats nothing; they have to breathe, although they know that only the body breathes, and they are not the body. They know that this body is going to die, yet they take every care of it. They are not antagonistic to their bodies, they have the same compassion for their bodies as they have for you.

But all this is, in a way, acting, because in the deepest part of their being they know that it can all be dropped this very moment -- they need not carry it. They carry this burden because of you... with a great hope, perhaps somebody may listen to them, perhaps somebody may open his eyes and look into their eyes, perhaps somebody may be touched by their presence, and his life will start on a new journey -- the journey that leads you to yourself.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
I FEEL REALLY CONFUSED. YOU JUST KEEP ON TELLING ME, IN ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, THAT I AM A COMPLETE CRACKPOT TO BE WITH OM; BUT THERE IS STILL SOMETHING SO STRONG IN ME THAT WANTS TO STAY IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.
IF IT BRINGS ME CLOSER TO ENLIGHTENMENT TO BE ALONE AND WITHOUT RELATIONSHIP, I AM DEFINITELY NOT GETTING IT. IF IT MEANS THAT THIS RELATIONSHIP WITH OM IS COMING BETWEEN YOU AND ME, IT HURTS TOO MUCH TO EVEN FEEL IT.
IS IT THAT I WANT TO BE A PERFECT SANNYASIN? WHAT IS IT THAT I AM STILL NOT GETTING?

Latifa, the question is not what you are not getting, the question is that you are getting too many ideas of your own which have nothing to do with me. So let me tell you clearly and simply, that I'm not against any relationship; and particularly you and Om, who fit together so well. He's

a coconut, you are a crackpot -- I will not disturb your relationship. Otherwise, the coconut will disturb somebody else, and the crackpot will disturb somebody else -- two more persons will be disturbed.

Just out of sheer compassion, I want you to be together, to cling, whatever happens -- what more can happen? He has become a coconut -- further than that, the road comes to an end; you are a crackpot. Hang around each other, it is beautiful company. Yes, there is fighting, but there are moments of love too; and you are too much attached to him, and he's also attached to you. It always happens when nuts fall in love with each other, then whatsoever hell they create for each other, they remain together. It is their heaven.

I'm not against your relationship. What I'm saying is that Om should come back from being a coconut and become a human being, and that you should come back from being a German crackpot to be a human being -- to relate as human beings, love as human beings. I'm the last person to disturb anybody's love; and if I disturb it, I disturb it only to take you a little higher, to take your love to more juicy spaces. You have got it all wrong, but that is understandable. I was waiting for the question. I could have written the question myself, because I knew what would be going on in these two strange people's minds. And you yourself had reported to me that since Om had gone to Goa, you enjoyed such peace and such joy in those five weeks.

And when he informed you that he was coming back in a week... he had not yet come, but you started retraining yourself. You had to be ready to receive him, so you started becoming miserable. In those seven days while he was

coming you again lost all joy, all peace. And now that he is here, you are again playing your old games, which are destructive to both.

I would not like to separate you, but I would like you to drop these ideas of being a coconut, or being a nut. These are dangerous ideas, and if you carry a certain idea too long, it starts becoming a reality. You create your reality around yourself by your ideas -- it is a projection.

You simply renounce your past and meet with each other as strangers. After this meeting, Latifa, say to Om, "Hello," and don't repeat inside your mind that, "this is a coconut." Avoid that too. Because coconuts are not bad people, but after all they are coconuts. You are fitting very well, but the fit should be joyous. It should be a great blessing; you should help each other for your growth.

Fighting should stop. You are soft in your heart, and he is also very soft in his heart. I know many kinds of coconuts -- they are soft inside. Just drop your coverings, your personalities, and don't clash with each other. I am not against your relationship, but a relationship is not meant to be just for clashing with each other. Fighting is not love. Once in a while you are loving, that is just so that you can go on fighting.

Here particularly, in my commune, there is no need to fight at all. And whenever you are feeling too full of energy, you can do dynamic meditation. Why do you think I have created all these meditations for all kinds of nuts?... so they can enjoy one hour of being a nut, with a great idea that they are doing a spiritual meditation. It is simply to throw their nuttiness without throwing it on anybody else, so with others they can have a cooler, peaceful, loving relationship.

I am not against any love, but if love creates hell, then I will not suggest that you go on living in misery. Then it is good for both of you -- if you cannot create a beautiful space between you, then perhaps you are not born for each other. Give it a try, and beware of the fact that if you remain grumpy, your face continuously sad, then I am going to take Om away from you.

You are simply a nut. He is a very qualified person, a coconut -- he will understand me. And I hope that he is not a German.

But there is no need to lose hope. Give it a try, but this time make it a point: that either your life becomes peaceful and joyous, or with peace and joy, you depart.

We are all strangers in the world; we meet suddenly, accidentally on the road. It is good if we can help each other to be more authentic, more sincere, more loving; to be more meditative, to be more alert, to be more aware. Then our love relationship is a religious phenomenon. But if we are simply destroying each other, this is not even friendship; this is sheer enmity.

So you have to decide. You both sit together, outside in the open -- not in your room, because there the fight starts. Sit outside where everybody is passing by, so you cannot fight. Have a nice conversation. Lovers forget completely how to have a nice conversation; they all start speaking Marathi. Have you heard Marathi? I cannot conceive that you can love anybody, talking in Marathi; it always looks like you are fighting.

Just at the opposite pole is another language in India, Bengali -- you cannot fight in it. Even if you are fighting, it looks as if you are making a beautiful conversation.

Have a good, decisive conversation, and follow a very simple rule: that we are together to help each other, not to destroy each other; to create each other, not to kill each other. Then everything is perfectly okay. Nothing is wrong in you, separately, and nothing is wrong in Om, separately, but together you suddenly both become warriors. I have been hearing of your battles and their stories; I hope that they are not right, but how long can I hope? If I hear every day about what is happening between Om and Latifa, I become concerned.

Each moment here is precious, because my boat has arrived long ago. I am staying on this bank just for you; I should have left this shore years ago, but I have persuaded the captain of the boat to be just a little patient. I am coming. But let me wake up a few sleepy people, so that when I am gone the process of awakening continues.

Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,

I WAS BORN IN SOUTH KOREA. I LEFT THAT COUNTRY IN L984, AND TOOK SANNYAS IN 1985. WHEN I WAS STAYING IN RAJNEESHPURAM IN 1985, THE SOUTH KOREAN GOVERNMENT ARRESTED A LOT OF MY FRIENDS AND DENOUNCED THEM AND ME AS COMMUNIST REVOLUTIONARIES. ONE OF THEM WAS KILLED BEFORE THE COURT DATE, AND TWO OF THEM WERE SENTENCED TO DEATH; THE REST OF THEM ARE ALL IN JAIL NOW, AND I HAVE BEEN SUFFERING FROM THIS HORRIBLE CALAMITY.

YOUR LOVERS IN SOUTH KOREA TRY TO MAKE THEIR COUNTRY FREE FROM U.S. IMPERIALISM, AND TO SEARCH FOR THE PATH OF TRUTH SIMULTANEOUSLY.
IS IT POSSIBLE TO DO THIS? -- TO SEARCH FOR THE PATH OF TRUTH AND FREE ONE'S OWN COUNTRY FROM TYRANNY?
PLEASE COMMENT FOR ME AND YOUR LOVERS IN KOREA.

Prem Seung, there is no conflict between your search for truth, for your spiritual freedom, and your struggle against political tyranny -- although matters become a little more complicated.
The priority should be your attainment of spiritual freedom, because political tyrannies come and go. And you cannot be absolutely sure that when you have overthrown one political tyranny, it will not be replaced by another. You can fight with the United States and its ugly attempt to keep South Korea under its power -- to destroy people and their freedom.
Now they are killing your people, calling them communist. Tomorrow... it is going to happen out of necessity, because history moves like the pendulum of a clock. From one extreme to another extreme; that's the way of history and time. Because they are condemning you as communists -- killing you, forcing you into jails, sentencing you to death -- it will create the opposite movement, a movement towards communism.
No tyranny has ever been able to remain forever; its days are limited. Nobody can destroy people's wills. They can

harm, they can kill people, but one day they find that their very effort to keep their empire, and keep people enslaved, has turned the people against them.

But what about the communist tyrant? You will move from one tyranny into the hands of another. Certainly, the same people will not be killed, and the same people will not be sentenced to death. Now the victims will be the people who had become agents of the United States -- they will be killed, they will be sentenced to death. But it does not matter who is killed and who is sentenced to death; they are all South Koreans, they are all your brothers and your sisters. And the strangest phenomenon to be remembered is that even the communists, who have been fighting against American imperialism, many of them will be shot by the communist regime which will replace it.

It is a strange fate, but it has a subtle logic in it. The people who have been revolutionaries become accustomed to being revolutionaries; and any regime is anti-revolutionary. It may be the regime created by the revolutionaries themselves, but the moment people come into power, they become anti-revolutionary, because now revolution goes against their power. They were in favor of revolution, because revolution was bringing power into their hands -- it is simple logic. And the revolutionaries cannot believe that this is the freedom they have been fighting for. Only the people have changed, but everything remains the same: the same bureaucracy, the same ugly politicians, but now they will be South Koreans, not Americans.

And these people will forget all the promises that they had given to the people to support the revolution; they will start exploiting the same people. Naturally, many revolutionaries

of the past start drifting away from the people who have come into power. Once they were all fighting with the enemy, shoulder to shoulder. Now they start drifting away, because the revolution has been betrayed. And now the revolutionaries who have come into power -- and power simply destroys all their revolutionary ideologies -- start killing the remaining revolutionaries, because they are the most dangerous people. They have thrown out the previous regime; they can throw out this regime, too. They cannot be tolerated.

It is a very complex game. You should not give it priority; the priority should remain your own growth. Whether the tyranny is of America, or the tyranny is of China, or the tyranny is of the Soviet Union, it does not matter. Tyranny is simply tyranny; it is murderous, it is criminal.

So rather than waiting for a beautiful future, when America is gone out of South Korea and South Koreans themselves are in power... don't trust it too much. History teaches something else; the people will remain in the same ugly situation, under the same horrors. Only the butchers have changed, but the murder remains the same.

I am not against fighting for freedom for your nation, but don't give it a priority. The priority should be for your spiritual freedom, which cannot be taken away either by America, by Russia, by China, or by anybody else. If you can manage, without any disturbance, to fight against tyranny also, then I am absolutely in support of it. But I don't think it is easy -- it is very difficult. The moment you start fighting with governments, you get so much involved in that fight, you forget yourself completely.

It is ugly to remain under any slavery. But the greatest slavery is of your soul. Make it free from the past, make it free from the nation, make it free from the religion you have been brought up in. Your search for truth should remain your basic and ultimate concern. On the margin, if you have some energy left, you can go on fighting with political tyrannies. But you are going to be disappointed. Everybody down the ages who had the idea that "We will be free," has been disappointed. In this country, I was a small child when the freedom struggle was going on, but my whole family was involved in it. My uncles were in jails, my family was almost continuously under house arrest. My uncles could not complete their education, because the time they were going to spend in the universities was spent in the jails. And every kind of torture... but there was great hope that this night, however long, would end.

It has ended, but the day has not come. This is the miracle. The British imperialists have gone, and those who have come into power were fighting against British imperialism and its inhumanity to the people of this land. Now they are doing the same. Certainly this is not the freedom people were hoping for.

I remember my childhood days... what great hope there was in the air -- as if we had come very close to the Golden Age. And except sheer disappointment, nothing has happened. Forty years have passed; now the rulers are Indians, not Britishers, but their strategies are the same. Their clinging to power is the same, their exploitation of people is the same. The bureaucracy has become stronger,

and the country has gone through a shock: "What happened to the freedom for which we fought? For which our youth was crucified? For which thousands of people were jailed, killed? Is this the freedom for which all these sacrifices were made?"

Certainly, that is not freedom. Perhaps in the political world that kind of freedom can never come unless **The Rebel** is born, not the revolutionary. The revolutionary has failed, utterly failed; and not one time, but hundreds of times. Now it can be accepted as a rule: the revolutionary talks of great things, promises paradises, and when he comes into power, he proves a greater tyrant than the previous ones.

My hope is no longer in the promises of the revolutionaries; my hope is in the birth of **The Rebel**. And a rebel's basic necessity -- the essential transformation -- is freedom of your individuality from your own past, from your own religion, from your own nation. Meditation will help to make you an individual; and only a commune of individuals who are all spiritually free, who have broken all the bridges that go towards the past, will have eyes that are fixed on faraway stars.

They are all, in a way, poets, dreamers, mystics and meditators. And unless we fill the world with these people, this world is going to change from one tyranny to another. It will be an exercise of utter futility.

Prem Seung, you are the priority. Get to your roots, find your self, become a rebel, and create as many rebels as possible. That's the only way you can help the future mankind in creating a Golden Future.

Question 4
BELOVED MASTER,
THE MORE I EXPERIENCE FOR MYSELF THE TOTAL INSANITY OF SOCIETY, THE MORE I FEEL THAT THE ONLY THING TO DO IS ESCAPE AND LIVE IN A CAVE. TO MEDITATE IN THE MIDST OF MADNESS SEVERS ALL BRIDGES THAT CONNECT WITH MAD PEOPLE, AND IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLAY THEIR GAMES. AND YET I "KNOW" THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU ARE TELLING US.
WHAT IS THE ROOT OF MY MISUNDERSTANDING?

Prem Shunyo, it is true, the world is almost insane. But there is no other world to go to. Even the caves you are talking about are within the world, the same insane world. You cannot escape from here.
I was traveling in the Himalayas, in a part where, very rarely, a few seekers of truth go. And I was sitting under a beautiful bodhi tree, the tree under which Gautam Buddha became enlightened. I was not aware that some other, traditional sannyasin, lived under the tree. And because he had lived many years under the tree he had got the idea that he possessed the tree.
I was just resting... tired, I was just resting under its shade, and the old man came. And he said, "Do you know this tree belongs to me?"
I said, "From your appearance, you look to be a sannyasin, and still you speak the language of belonging? Seeing you, I can understand -- have you renounced all belongings in the world?"

He said, "Yes, I have left the world. I have renounced the world."
I said, "But what difference is this? You renounce the world, still you insist this tree belongs to you? When did you purchase it? Show me the certificate."
He said, "You are a strange man. Every ascetic in this mountain knows that this tree belongs to me."
I said to him, "Not from today; there are so many trees, you can sit anywhere."
He became very angry, ready to fight. I said, "But you are a sannyasin, and it doesn't suit a sannyasin to be angry and to be fighting. And for a tree which he has not grown, which is not his property...
"And I am just resting. I will be gone after a few hours. But for a few hours, you will have to rest under some other tree."
He said, "I cannot move from here. Because how can I trust you, that you will leave this tree? It is so beautiful and so shady, that even in the rains it protects."
I said, "That's a very good idea. I was thinking about the rains, what will happen in the rains..."
He said, "What do you mean? Rains are still four months away."
I said, "Four months will pass just like four hours, as I said to you."
And he became so angry, he started calling a few other sannyasins who were under other trees and in caves; and they gathered, and he said, "This young man has no respect for the elders, no respect for the renunciates."
And they all told me, "This tree belongs to this old man."

I said, "The language of belonging is of the world, and you have renounced it. Nothing belongs to you, not even your body. That is the basic attitude of one who renounces the world."

Shunyo, where will you go? This is the only world, and this world is certainly utterly mad. But to live with mad people is not that difficult. One just has to change one's idea of mad people.

Because of the mad people, this world is in trouble. But because of mad people, this world is tremendously humorous; so ridiculous, that if you want to enjoy it, you can enjoy it. I have never renounced it, and I have been enjoying it in all its phases.

It is unbelievable, that if you have a little sense of humor... these mad people are doing such ridiculous things, you can pass your life joyously.

There was a bishop in America, just nearby Rajneeshpuram, whose only topic every Sunday was my Rolls Royces. Strange, because he had nothing to do with them. Each sermon he would bring them up in some way or other and condemn me. And I don't think that there is anything to be condemned. The day I was leaving America I received a letter from this same bishop -- this is the ridiculousness of the world -- saying, "Now that you are leaving, forgive me for saying things against you, but can you donate at least one Rolls Royce to my church?"

Now, he had been condemning me for these Rolls Royces. It was not a criticism, it was a deep jealousy. But it came out and I had a really good laugh... this was something!

You just look around. These mad people may be mad, but they have their beautiful side. And what is the need to look at their madness? Why not look at their humorous side?

An Irish priest was disturbed by the number of women in his flock who confessed to him that they had been seduced by the grocer's new assistant. As a penance, he asked them all to put ten shillings in the poor box. When the grocer's boy came to make his confession, the priest asked angrily, "Well, boy, what have you got to say for yourself?"
"Just this, father," he replied, "either you give me a fair share of those ten shilling fees, or I take my business to the next parish."
Naturally, you are earning too much because of that boy who is seducing women! And he has come not to confess, but to ask for his percentage; otherwise he will take his business to another town.
The world is mad, but not so bad.
Shunyo, there is nothing that you have misunderstood, you are just taking things too seriously. And that is one of my basic teachings to you: don't take anything seriously. It is not worth it... enjoy. Find ways to keep your spirit full of laughter, and you will not be at a loss.

During a flight, a passenger, gazing out of the window, suddenly begins shouting, "The engine is on fire, the engine is on fire!" In a few seconds the whole plane is in chaos. Then the pilot appears, equipped with a parachute, "Don't worry," he assures them, "I am going for help."

Yes, this world is mad, but not that bad. Just look around and find ways to laugh and enjoy. It is your choice to be serious or not to be serious.

Comparing their churches, the two old maiden ladies discussed the services, the sermons and their ministers.
"And is your congregation a large one?" asked the first old lady.
"On the contrary," said the other, "it is so small that when the minister says, `Dearly beloved,' I always blush."

The congregation is so small, perhaps she is the only one, and he is addressing an audience of thousands of people, who are not there. Naturally, when he says, "Dearly beloved," the old woman blushes.
Just watch out for it. I have been watching my whole life; it is such a beautiful, mad world. I don't want another world. I don't want to go to paradise, where all the saints and serious people will be. My preference is hell; there you can laugh and there you will find good company: all mad people, all kinds of sinners, all poets, all dancers, all actors, all the discos.
Just look at the world with different eyes. You will enjoy it! And the whole show is free.

Okay, Maneesha ?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #20

Chapter title: **The Rebel** has no path
10 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
IS THE PATH OF **THE REBEL** THE MIDDLE PATH, OR THE PATH OF EXTREMES?
I HAVE HEARD YOU SPEAK FOR AND AGAINST BOTH, AND ALSO SAY THAT THERE IS NO PATH.
WHAT GUIDES **THE REBEL**?

Marga Madir, **The Rebel** has no path to follow; those who follow any path are not rebels. The very spirit of rebellion needs no guidance. It is a light unto itself.
The people who cannot rebel ask for guidance, want to be followers. Their psychology is that to be a follower relieves them of all responsibility; the guide, the master, the leader, the messiah become responsible for everything. All that is needed of the follower is just to have faith. And just to have faith is another name of spiritual slavery.
The Rebel is in a state of tremendous love with freedom -- total freedom, nothing less than that. Hence he has no savior, no God's messenger, no messiah, no guide; he simply moves according to his own nature. He does not follow anybody, he does not imitate anybody. Certainly he has chosen the most dangerous way of life, full of responsibility, but of tremendous joy and freedom.
He falls many times, he commits mistakes, but he is never repentant of anything because he learns a deep secret of

life: by committing mistakes you become wise. There is no other way of becoming wise. By going astray you become acquainted more clearly with what is right and what is wrong; because whatever gives you misery, suffering, makes your life a darkness without end, without any dawn, means you have gone astray. Find out, and come again to the state of being where you are peaceful, silent, serene, and a fountain of blissfulness, and you are again on the right path. There is no other criterion than that. Being blissful is to be right. Being miserable is to be wrong.

The pilgrimage of **The Rebel** is full of surprises. He has no map, no guide, so every moment he is coming to a new space, to a new experience -- to his own experience, to his own truth, to his own bliss, to his own love.

Those who follow never know the beauty of experiencing things firsthand. They have always been using secondhand knowledge and pretending to be wise. People are certainly very strange. They do not like to use secondhand shoes; even on their feet they will not put secondhand shoes. But what garbage they are carrying in their heads... just secondhand shoes! All that they know is borrowed, imitated, learned -- not by experience, but only by memory. Their knowledge consists of memorizing.

The Rebel has no path as such. He walks and makes his path while walking. **The Rebel** is almost like a bird flying in the sky -- what path does he follow? There are no highways in the sky, there are no footprints of ancient birds, great birds, Gautam Buddhas. No bird leaves any footprints in the sky, hence the sky is always open. You fly and make your path.

Find the direction that gives you joy. Move towards the star that rings bells in your heart. You are to be the decisive factor, nobody else!

That's why I have spoken about the middle way many times when I was contradicting the people who follow the extreme; because the extreme can never be whole, it is only one polarity. In certain contexts I have contradicted them, saying that to be on one polarity is to miss the other polarity, is to live only half of life. You will remain always with something tremendously valuable missing, and you will never know what it is. In that context I have talked about the middle way.

The man who walks the middle way, the golden mean -- exactly in the middle -- has both the extremes, like two wings reaching to the farthest corners. He comprehends the whole polarity in his being. He stands in the middle, but his wings reach to both the extremes simultaneously. He lives a life of wholeness.

But in another context, I have spoken against the middle way -- because life is not so simple to understand. It is the most complex phenomenon in the world. It has to be, because it is the most evolved state of consciousness in the whole of existence. Its basic complexity is that you can never speak about it in its totality; you can only speak about one aspect. And when you are speaking about one aspect, you are automatically denying other aspects -- or at least ignoring them -- and life is a combination of all contradictions. So when you are talking about one aspect, the contradictory aspect of it -- which is also part of life, as much as the aspect you are speaking about -- has to be denied, negated.

To understand me means to understand everything in a certain context. Never take it out of context, otherwise you will be simply bewildered, confused. Sometime I have spoken of the middle way because, as I have told you, it comprehends the whole of life; its beauty is its totality. Sometimes I have spoken in favor of the extremes, because the extreme has its own beauty.

The life of the man who walks in the middle is always lukewarm. He is very cautious. He takes every step very calculatedly, afraid that he may move to the extreme. The man who follows the middle way cannot live passionately; he cannot burn his torch of life from both ends simultaneously. For that, one has to learn life at the extreme points. The extreme point knows intensity, but it does not know wholeness. So when I was talking about intensity, I emphasized the extremes. But these were all spoken in a certain context.

I have also said that there is no path. With the idea of a path we always conceive of highways, superhighways, which are already there -- you just have to walk on them. That's why I have been denying that there is any path.

In the world of reality, you have to create the path while walking on it. As you walk you create, by and by, a footpath; otherwise you are entering into an unknown territory with no boundaries, no pathways, no milestones. Your walking is creating a path, certainly, but you cannot follow it; you have already walked on it -- that's how it has been created.

And remember, your path is not going to be anybody else's path, because each individual is so unique that if he follows somebody else's path he loses his own identity, he loses his

own individuality, he misses the most beautiful experience in existence.

Losing yourself, what are you going to gain? You will simply become a hypocrite. That's why all so-called religious people are the worst hypocrites in the world; they are following either Jesus Christ or Gautam Buddha or Mahavira....

These people are not only hypocrites, these people are also cowards. They are not taking their own lives into their own hands, they are not being respectful of their own dignity. They are not trying to figure out, "Who am I?" They are simply trying to imitate somebody else. They can become good actors, but they can never become themselves.

And your acting -- howsoever beautiful, howsoever correct -- will always remain something superficial, just a layer of dust on you. Any situation can scratch it, and your reality will come out.

You cannot lose your uniqueness; that is your very being. And particularly **The Rebel**... his very foundation, his very spirituality, his whole being is an assertion of his own uniqueness. It does not mean that he is asserting his ego, because he respects your uniqueness too.

People are neither equal nor are they unequal. Those philosophies are absolutely unpsychological, unfounded in scientific truth. The very idea of equality is absolutely baseless. How can you conceive unique human beings to be equal?

Yes, they should be given equal opportunity -- but for what? For a very strange reason... they should be given equal opportunity to grow to be themselves. In other words, they should be given equal opportunity to be unequal, to be

unique. And the variety of different flowers, of different colors, of different flavors, makes the world rich.

All the religions have tried to make the world poorer and poorer. Just think, today the population of the world is coming close to -- perhaps by the end of this month it will be -- five billion. Just think, five billion people like Mahavira, walking naked all over the earth. They will not even find food. Who is going to give it to them? Where are they going to beg?... because wherever they turn they will find another Mahavira, standing naked and hungry, asking for food.

It is good that people are not so stupid, that they have not followed all these people all the way. They said goodbye to them and said, "We will worship you, we will make temples for you, but forgive us; we cannot go that far. That is only for special people" -- only for twenty-four people in the whole creation, out of which historians think twenty-one are absolutely bogus, they never happened. Only three are historical figures. But at that time the idea and the number of twenty-four had certainly become very strong. Sometimes numbers also have their days. In America, number thirteen is thought to be very dangerous. Now it is just a poor number like any other number; in the whole world nobody thinks anything about number thirteen. But in America hotels simply don't make the thirteenth floor; they don't number it. There it is -- after twelve comes the fourteenth! The thirteenth simply does not come, because nobody wants to stay on the thirteenth floor. The municipal corporations cannot put the number thirteen on any house; number thirteen is simply missing in every city. After

twelve comes fourteen, because nobody is willing to have number thirteen, it is evil.

In the days of Mahavira, the number twenty-four became a very spiritual number. These things happen like fashions; you cannot give any very reasonable evidence for why they happen. Jainas declared that they have twenty-four tirthankaras. Number twenty-four became important because the day has twenty-four hours, and the whole creation is conceived of almost like a day -- half will be dark night, and half will be full of light.

In one creation there will be twenty-four tirthankaras... just like old grandfather clocks with a bell that rings every hour. On city towers and in the universities those kinds of clocks still exist. Nobody wants those clocks in the home, because the whole night you cannot sleep. The clock has no consideration whether you are asleep or awake; it simply goes on mechanically.

The mechanics of existence, according to Jainism, is that each hour of existence -- that means millions and millions of years -- will be preceded by one tirthankara and succeeded by another. That's why there are twenty-four tirthankaras. Only three, or at the most four -- the fourth is a little suspicious... but twenty are certainly a creation of the imagination to complete the number twenty-four.

Gautam Buddha... his followers certainly must have felt, "We are very poor, we have only one buddha and these people have twenty-four tirthankaras, all awakened, all enlightened. Our religion is very poor, something has to be done." It is clear-cut competition in the marketplace! They could not say that there had been twenty-three buddhas before, because there was no indication in their history, no

temple dedicated to any other buddha, no scripture describing any other buddha. It was very difficult for them, so they found a new way.

They created a story that Gautam Buddha himself had been born twenty-three times before. Whatever he had said before, he was going to re-say it completely refined, well systematized, in the twenty-fourth time when he would be coming for the last time to the world -- and that's why no scriptures exist. But they managed the number twenty-four. Up to that time, Hindus had only ten avataras, ten incarnations of God. Suddenly they felt... up to Mahavira's time all Hindu scriptures described only ten incarnations of God. But suddenly they saw that they would look poor in the marketplace if anybody asked -- just ten? Jainas have twenty-four, Buddhists have twenty-four; twenty-four is the universal law. Because these were the only three religions in India at that time.... Hindus were at a great loss, what to do? -- because all their old scriptures said that there were only ten incarnations.

They were in a more difficult situation than Buddhists. At least Buddhists had no scriptures, so they managed a beautiful story: nothing was recorded because in his last incarnation Buddha would give the most refined version. Twenty-three times he had rehearsed, the twenty-fourth time he would come with absolute perfection. That time it would be recorded, the statues would be made, temples would be made. At least nothing was contrary to their imagination; they could manage, in the vacuum, to fill the gaps with imaginary buddhas.

But Hindus were in more difficulty. All their scriptures, without any exception, were talking about only ten. But

they started writing new scriptures, without bothering that this was creating a tremendous contradiction. All the scriptures created by the Hindus after Buddha and Mahavira have twenty-four reincarnations of God. The number had to be equal!

These religions have not been teachers of truth. These religions have been just enslavers of humanity. They were trying to bring as many people into their herds as they could, because numbers bring power. And the cowards were ready to follow the herd, the crowd, because the cowards were feeling alone, afraid. This vast universe, and you are alone... nobody, not even a companion -- utter silence of the skies, nobody to show you the path, nobody to give you guidance.

The Rebel is the real spiritual being. He does not belong to any herd, he does not belong to any system; he does not belong to any organization, he does not belong to any philosophy. In simple, conclusive words, he does not borrow himself from others. He digs deep within himself and finds his own life juices, finds his own life sources. What need is there of any path? You are already here -- you exist, you are conscious. All that is needed for the basic search is given to you by existence itself.

Look within your consciousness and find the taste of it. Look within your life and find the eternity of it. Look within yourself and you will find the holiest, the most sacred temple is your own body -- because it enshrines godliness, divineness, all that is beautiful, all that is truthful, all that is valuable.

You are asking, "What guides **The Rebel**?"

That's the beauty of **The Rebel** -- that he does not need a guide. He is his own guide, he is his own path, he is his own philosophy, he is his own future. It is a declaration that "I am all that I need and existence is my home. I am not a stranger here."

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS THE PATH OF DEVOTION AND DOES IT HAVE A PLACE IN YOUR VISION OF **THE REBEL**?

Rafia, devotion is not a path. You don't have to travel it. Devotion is a way of merging and melting into existence. It is not a pilgrimage; it is simply losing all the boundaries that divide you from existence -- it is a love affair.
Love is not a path. Love is a merger with an individual, a deep intimacy of two hearts -- so deep that the two hearts start dancing in the same harmony. Although the hearts are two, the harmony is one, the music is one, the dance is one. What love is between individuals, devotion is between one rebel and the whole existence. He dances in the waves of the ocean, he dances in the dancing trees in the sun, he dances with the stars. His heart responds to the fragrance of the flowers, to the song of the birds, to the silences of the night.
Devotion is not a path. Devotion is the death of the personality. That which is mortal in you, you drop of your own accord; only the immortal remains, the eternal remains, the deathless remains. And naturally the deathless cannot be separate from existence -- which is deathless, which is always ongoing, knows no beginning, no end.

Devotion is the highest form of love.
It is possible you may love one person, and love becomes so deep that slowly slowly the very quality of love changes into devotion. Then that person becomes only a window for you to take a jump into existence. That is the situation of the master, as far as **The Rebel** is concerned.
For my people I am not a savior, I am not a messiah. I am just a door, a bridge to pass on into the infinite.
India has a very strange city -- perhaps there is no other city like it in the world -- Fateh-pur Sikri. It was made by the great emperor Akbar. He wanted to make a special city for his capital. The whole city had to be totally fresh, a piece of art; and he was going to shift the whole capital from Delhi to Fateh-pur Sikri. He was a very demanding man, and it had to be not an ordinary city; every house had to be a palace.
For forty years continuously the city was being built -- it is surrounded by a beautiful lake -- but it was never inhabited. This is the only city in the whole world which has such beautiful palaces, but nobody ever lived there because Akbar died before he could complete the project. The project was too big -- to make a whole capital, absolutely fresh and new, out of a special stone; and all the houses, all the roads in a certain pattern with a certain meaning.... Thousands of artists from all over the world were called to work -- stone-cutters, masons, architects.
Akbar had perhaps the greatest empire in the whole world in those days. Under Akbar, India was the greatest land; there was immense money available, but Akbar spent everything.

He wanted the capital to be complete before his death. But seeing that it seemed to be impossible, that the capital would take at least forty years more to be absolutely complete, he decided, "At least while I am alive, half of the capital -- particularly the offices of the government and the special people -- should move."

A beautiful bridge was made across the lake to join it with the main road; the city was almost a small island inside the lake. Akbar asked his wise people to find a beautiful sentence to be engraved on the main gate of the bridge, to welcome any visitor to the city.

They searched and searched in all the scriptures, in all the literature of the world. It is strange that, although they were Mohammedans, they could find a sentence which was absolutely suitable only in the sayings of Jesus, as if it was being said specially to be engraved on the capital of Fateh-pur Sikri. The sentence is, "It is only a bridge. Remember, don't make your house on it -- it is a place to pass on."

It is a statement about life. Life is a bridge. Don't make your house on it -- it is a place to pass on.

Akbar loved the sentence. It is engraved on Fateh-pur Sikri's main gate. But before any move could happen, he died. His son had been against the idea from the very beginning, for the simple reason that the whole treasury had been destroyed. Nothing else had been done, only a dead capital had been made -- and Delhi was doing perfectly well. There was no need, and in fact he had no money left to continue the project for forty more years, so the project was dropped; nobody ever moved. It became a monument, a great memory of the dream of a great king. But to me the most important thing is the sentence on the bridge.

That's what a master is, for a rebel. That's what love is, for a rebel. For a rebel, love and the master are synonymous. When his love becomes so deep with the master that he cannot think of himself as separate in any way, love has transformed itself into a new height. That height has been known as devotion.
Devotion is not a path. Devotion is only a love affair, purified to its ultimate state. Then whomsoever you love becomes a door, a bridge to the universal organic unity, the experience of your small identity dissolving in the ocean just like a dewdrop slipping from a lotus leaf.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
WRITING TO A FRIEND, I FOUND MYSELF RELUCTANT TO ADMIT THAT I AM FEELING GOOD, MORE RELAXED, MORE NOURISHED -- AS IF SAYING THIS IS ALMOST LYING, BECAUSE TO FEEL THIS IS NOT NORMAL AND WILL THEREFORE VANISH LIKE A DREAM -- SUCH IS THE BRITISH WAY OF THINKING!
REJOICING IN THIS LIFE BECAUSE IT IS SUCH A GIFT, NOT A BURDEN AT ALL -- THIS FEELS LIKE REBELLION, IS IT?

Surabhi, it is not only the British way of thinking. More or less, it is the only way of thinking all over the world. You cannot believe it when you are blissful. You cannot believe it if you are in a deep ecstasy and silence of the beyond; because the whole world around you is in misery, in deep suffering. If you tell them that you are enjoying life, they

will think you are either dreaming or you are a heroin addict. Something must be wrong with you because nothing is wrong with you!

In this world something has to be wrong with you, only then are you a normal human being. If you say, "Nothing is wrong with me, everything is going great," people will look at you with suspicion. Either it is a drug or a hangover from the last night or you have really gone insane. Only mad people think such thoughts.

And the majority is always right. You are alone and the trouble is that there is no way to convince anybody, because you cannot put your joy in front of them so they can examine it; you cannot put your ecstasy before their eyes so they can dissect it and see whether it is true or illusory. These experiences are absolutely subjective, they cannot be brought out, there is no way of scientific experimentation. They are not objects, hence they don't allow any objective experiments on them.

Looking around the world one is taught the feeling, "Perhaps I am hallucinating, perhaps some nuts and bolts are loose in my mind. Something must be wrong. At least one thing is certain: that I am abnormal, and abnormal is equivalent to insane."

But, Surabhi, you are not in Britain. You are not even in Poona! You are here with me... and to be miserable here is to be abnormal. We live a totally different kind of life and we speak a totally different kind of language. To be grumpy here and have a long face, to be a Britisher here, is to be insane. You can be joyous here for no reason at all; nobody will ask you, "Why are you dancing, what have you got, why are you singing? Has the lottery been opened with

your name? Why are you looking like Jimmy Carter? Has your wife escaped with somebody else? What is the matter?" Nobody asks you.

But if you are looking sad, miserable, then everybody thinks you must be acting. You must be playing a role. And if you insist on remaining serious and sad, then people are going to think that you need psychiatric treatment. And we have meditations and psychological groups and all kinds of things which bring the insane people down to sanity. Our criterion of insanity is a chronic sadness, and our definition of sanity is a natural joyousness, for no reason at all.

Surabhi, here you don't have to be worried about the British way of thinking. And before you go back to Britain, leave it to me and my people -- they will have corrupted you so badly, that you will not care about Britain or Germany or America. It doesn't matter -- wherever you will be, you will be a sannyasin: sane, healthy, loving, dancing, making life a celebration. One can make one's life a celebration even with two flowers or even with two leaves -- or just a candle is enough.

If you really know how to celebrate, one candle is enough. To dance to abandon in the dim light of the candle, without being worried what others think... that is part of the initiation of sannyas: not to be worried about what others think and what others say. They are free to live their lives; if they want to live in misery they can live in misery with all your blessings. But you choose not to live in misery and you will not allow anybody else to interfere. Before you go, you will be strong enough not to be afraid to be happy.

Two six-year-olds were examining an abstract painting in an art gallery. "Let's run," said one, "before they say we did it."

Everybody according to his understanding...

Hymie Goldberg felt very sick, so he called in a specialist. After examining Goldberg, the specialist said, "Yes, I am quite sure I can cure you."
"How much will it cost?" asked Goldberg weakly. "My fee," said the specialist, "will be ninety-seven dollars."
"I am afraid," said Goldberg, "you will have to reduce that a little. I got a better price from the undertakers."

People just have their own way of thinking... he had inquired from the gravediggers how much they would take and their quotation was less, so why waste money? And anyway one has to die, today or tomorrow. Goldberg is thinking the way any economist, any mathematician would think. To you, he will look a little mad.
But you will find these kinds of people all around the world. Just remember one thing: you have to make it a point that the only criterion of sanity is to remain blissful, whatsoever the cost. It may even be ninety-seven dollars.

On a rough sea, during a very dangerous voyage across the Atlantic, Hymie Goldberg lay over the side of the ship and suffered. "Cheer up my friend," said the ship steward, "no one ever died of sea sickness yet."
"Ah, sure," gasped Hymie, "but it is the hope of dying that keeps me alive."

One sad, little boy in Sunday school is looking at a picture of the early Christian martyrs being fed to the lions. "Gee," he says, "just look at that poor little lion at the back, he won't get any."

Now it is up to you how you make up your mind about things. The Christian authorities of the school must have hung that picture so that the children could know what had happened to the early Christians. They were thrown to the hungry lions.
But this little boy has his own idea. He looks at the picture and he sees a sad lion standing at the back and other lions are eating, and naturally he feels sad for the poor lion: "Gee, just look at that poor little lion at the back, he won't get any."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #21

Chapter title: Confess to the stars
11 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I NOTICE THAT THE QUESTIONS I WRITE TO YOU USUALLY TURN OUT TO BE "CONFESSIONS." I

ASSUMED IT WAS BECAUSE OF SOME KIND OF CONDITIONING, ALTHOUGH MY UPBRINGING DID NOT INCLUDE THE PRACTICE OF CONFESSION TO A PRIEST.
IT SEEMS THAT I HAVE AN EXPECTATION THAT BY TELLING YOU, YOU CAN FREE ME. IS THIS SO? OR AM I, IN FACT, ABDICATING RESPONSIBILITY BY ASKING IN THIS WAY? PERHAPS IT IS NOT AUTHENTIC ASKING?

Prem Taranga, every question is a confession. You may be aware of it, you may not be aware of it. Your question brings you out in the open. It is not good to say that it is a confession because that word, confession, has Catholic associations, and those associations are ugly; otherwise, confession can be a tremendously helpful device.
The moment you open up your heart and allow all the secrets that you are hiding behind you to come into the light, you become weightless. Those secrets make you feel burdened. You are always afraid of being caught -- those secrets make you afraid. Confession can free you from those burdens, those fears; and confession also accepts your humbleness, your sincerity, your being a human being.
It is human to err, and it is also human to forgive... to say that it is divine to forgive is a dangerous statement. It prevents people from forgiving each other because they think they are only human beings. Forgiving is not for them; revenge is for them, punishment is for them. Hence, I would like to repeat: to err is human, to forgive is even more human.

But the Catholic conditioning has misused the device of confession. In itself, it is tremendously psychological and significant. What the patient is doing on the couch of a psychoanalyst... just because you don't call it confession, do you think he's doing something else? He's making deeper confessions than are being done before any priests. He's opening up all his wounds -- even bringing up his dreams hidden in the unconscious.

But the secret of life is: if you bring your unconscious into the light, those hidden secrets which are functioning like wounds, like burdens that are heavy on you, evaporate. You need not do anything else -- all that you need is a loving heart to listen to you.

The world has come to a point where nobody has the time or inclination to listen to anybody else. At most, people hear, and they avoid even that, too. Bertrand Russell, in one of his statements, has a prediction for the future: that in the future people will become so much strangers to each other, so closed to each other that nobody will have time to waste listening to your garbage. And listening is not a simple process; you become unburdened, but the other fellow who has been listening to you -- he becomes burdened.

Bertrand Russell says that the time will soon be here... you will have to go to professional listeners. They will take their fee and listen to you; whatever you want to say, without any condemnation, without any evaluation, without saying it is good or bad -- a pure listening, a professional listening. And people will pay for it because that man is wasting his time.

In fact, that has already started happening -- by the name of psychoanalysis because "professional listener" will not look

like a very grand name. If you put a board on your house that says, "I am a professional listener and this is my fee -- fifty rupees per hour," people will simply laugh at you -- you must have gone mad. But that's what psychoanalysts are doing.

And the couch is one of the greatest inventions of Sigmund Freud. The patient is lying down... Your position, whether you are sitting, standing, or lying down, makes differences in what you say. You cannot sleep standing -- for sleep you need to be lying down. But what actual process is happening -- why does lying down help? And if you are lying down without a pillow, sleep will be difficult; you need a pillow too, to keep your head a little higher than the rest of your body. Then the flow of blood, the circulation of blood moves through the head very slowly -- otherwise, it will keep you awake.

Secondly, when you are lying down, you are again in the same position that all animals are, horizontal... more simple, more humble, less cunning, innocent. You can say things lying down which you cannot say standing up because standing up you are vertical, different from all the animals of the world; and this verticalness is your own discovery, it is not natural. That's why standing or sitting you get tired. Lying down you feel restful, relaxed; in the morning you are fresh, rejuvenated, because lying down you have dropped the artificial position that you have created: the standing up.

While standing up, very little blood moves through your mind because it is going against gravity. Less blood moves in the mind... the mind becomes more clever, more efficient, more cunning, more intellectual. It starts thinking

about what it is saying, what will be the consequences, whether it is to be said or not -- all these things. But lying down you are in a relaxed situation, and your mind too is relaxed.

And the psychoanalyst sits behind the couch, you cannot see him. It makes a difference when somebody is watching you, you are more alert and more cautious: how to be, how to behave, what to say, what not to say? But when nobody is watching, and you are talking almost to yourself....

In fact, people are idiots to go to psychoanalysts and pay their great fees; and psychoanalysis is now the most highly paid profession. You can do this lying down on your bed alone, but the difficulty is that you think talking alone looks like you are mad -- you need somebody to listen to you. But do you think the psychoanalyst is really listening to you? If he goes on from morning till evening listening to many insane people, what will be the outcome for him? Will he be able to sleep in the night? His life will become a nightmare.

I have heard about one young psychoanalyst who was a novice under Sigmund Freud. They were coming out of the office when the young man said, "You are so old... I am wondering. I'm young and healthy, but I get tired listening to all kinds of nonsense -- and we are not supposed to interrupt. So we have to just be there, and they go pouring all their garbage on us, one by one; this goes on the whole day. You are old and you have done this work your whole life. I wonder... what stamina you must have?"

Sigmund Freud said, "Forget all about stamina. Who hears? The moment they start talking, I start thinking of my own theories, taking notes about my own theories just to avoid

them. Let them... they are simply talking to themselves. I'm only an excuse -- I'm just present, they feel they are talking to me. But it is tremendously helpful because when they go out they are fresh, they have thrown out much rubbish. They are freed from many unconscious wounds; they are cleaner, as if they have just taken a shower."

But in the whole world there is not a single man who is completely psychoanalyzed -- for the simple reason that you may unburden yourself twice a week, and give a tremendous amount of money, but in the remaining five days what are you going to do? You will again collect the same junk.

Your questions come out of the junk that you have collected in your mind. It is a different way of confessing: neither God is brought into it, nor is the forgiveness of God brought into it because those are absolutely fictitious -- and I don't want you to be dependent on any fiction. I want you to be absolutely independent and to be yourself. That's why instead of confessions I ask you to bring questions. And a confession has to be very long and is unnecessary. A question can contain the essence of a long conversation. My effort here is not to answer your question, but to destroy it. So it is a totally different thing than whatever is happening elsewhere in the world. People answer a question to solve it -- I answer a question to dissolve it, to get rid of it, to destroy it so that it never bothers you again.

Taranga, you are right: it is not just your conditioning that makes you feel as if you are confessing when you start writing the question. It is certainly your conditioning that reminds you of confession, but every question is a confession -- whether you are a Catholic, or a Protestant, or

a Hindu, or a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, it does not make any difference. Your question shows your ignorance. People hide their ignorance, and by hiding they collect their ignorance. By collecting and hiding the ignorance, you cannot get rid of it; you go on becoming more and more ignorant.

As you grow older you become more ignorant because you become aware of areas of which you don't know anything. The child is the least ignorant -- he's innocent. He has not entered on the path of knowledge, or ignorance -- which is the same path. As you grow older, you start accumulating knowledge to hide your ignorance. You borrow knowledge to hide it, to cover it up; but the covered ignorance does not make you wise -- it simply shows your stupidity. Your so-called wise people are full of nothing but ignorance -- covered with beautiful, borrowed knowledge.

The authentic wise man is one who gets rid of all ignorance, and never allows himself to be burdened by borrowed knowledge; he gathers knowledge through his own experience. Your questions are tremendously helpful to get rid of your ignorance.

I want you to again become childlike, innocent, because from there you have taken a wrong route. I have to bring you back to the same crossroads from which you took the wrong road. Once you start feeling deeply in your heart that "I know nothing," you are finished with ignorance.

Now you can start searching for the truth which is part of your being. Now you can start searching for existential experiences of love, peace, silence, beauty, joy -- which are all part of your own being. You don't have to go to any library, and you don't have to go to somebody wiser. You

have simply to go to your own innermost source from where your life arises, from the same source that your light will also arise.

You are asking, "It seems that I have an expectation that by telling you, you can free me."

By telling me, you are freed. I cannot free you, I am nobody's savior. That old crap about saviors, prophets, messengers... I don't belong to that rotten lot. By simply asking it, you have taken the first basic step of getting free of it. My work will be to destroy your question so that you don't allow it to enter in you again, so that you can say, "Enough is enough. Now get lost! You have tortured me enough."

Life does not consist of questions, life consists of mysteries which cannot be questioned and cannot be answered. Hence, it is available only to the innocent. The knowledgeable one is as far away from life's mysteries as his knowledge is great. The humble, the simple, the innocent person is close to the source of life and light because there is nothing to take him away from it.

And you are also worried that you are "... abdicating responsibility by asking in this way? Perhaps it is not authentic asking?" Every asking is authentic if the question means something to you. If it does not mean anything to you, then even if the question is borrowed....

Once a professor came to me and asked, "One of my friends has fallen in love with a woman who is not of his caste." In this country, the caste is such a problem. "Now, what do you suggest?"

I looked into the eyes of the man and I saw that he was trying not to look directly into my eyes. I said, "It will be

better if you send your friend. He can ask the question for you."
He was very much shocked. He said, "How did you know it?"
I said, "This is my whole business. The way you are asking it -- you seem to be emotionally involved, but you are being clever. One of your friend has fallen in love... YOU have fallen in love, but you don't even have the courage to ask the question. Forget all about love because one who cannot even ask the question -- how is he going to marry a woman who is not of his caste? And do you think these problems are like one of your mathematics problems: some friend is suffering, you take the answer from me, give the answer to him and everything is clear? You bring your friend."
He said, "Forgive me. I was telling a lie. I simply wanted to know the answer."
I said to him, "No question unrelated to the person and the context can have a right answer."
This is an example of an unauthentic question. The question is not the way he is proposing it. He wants to know the way, in somebody else's name. Or sometimes people start asking just to show their knowledge: their questions don't come from their ignorance, but from their knowledge. They have accumulated knowledge from books, from libraries, from universities; and that knowledge creates questions.
I was staying in a small village in the government guest house, because that was the only place in that village -- it was deep in the forest. Two old men came to me and they said, "We are childhood friends" -- they looked to be nearabout eighty years old -- "and we have been quarreling

all our lives. We are neighbors as well as friends. The problem is that I'm born into one religion, and he's born into a different religion: I'm a Jaina and he's a Hindu. He believes in God and I don't believe in God. Hearing that you are staying here, we thought it is better... we have quarreled our whole lives: arguments, scriptures, quotations -- nothing solves it. Neither one becomes victorious. So we thought we should go to you and ask."

I said, "Your question is not authentic. Neither the Hindu knows there is a God -- it is bookish knowledge, hypothetical -- nor does the Jaina know there is no God; that too is the same kind of knowing. You are not different. Your conflict is absolutely futile.

"Your scriptures say there is no God, his scriptures say there is a God. He believes in that hypothesis, you believe in this hypothesis; but if you look deep down, you both believe in hypotheses. You don't belong to different religions -- you both belong to the religion of those who believe in hypotheses. You should have inquired, do you really have any experience, either one of you? Has the Hindu seen God? Has the Jaina seen that there is no God? Have you explored the whole universe and found no God?"

They looked at each other, and then they looked at me and they said, "Then we wasted our whole lives. You are right: he had no experience of God, I don't have any experience of no God. His hypothesis is different, my hypothesis is different; but we are both hypothetical."

Now, hypotheses are just fictions. A question becomes unauthentic when it comes out of your knowledge. A question is authentic when it comes out of your ignorance. But from wherever it comes, what I'm going to do is the

same: I'm going to destroy it, dismantle it. I'm not going to give you the answer so that you can be free of the question, I'm going to shoot the question so that you will be free of the question.

You just need a clear analysis of your question: from where does it come, who has put it in you? It is not yours; but if it is yours, is it existential and not hypothetical? Either way it has to be destroyed.

There have been two processes going on in the world, since the very beginnings of humanity, to demystify existence. Science is doing this work in a more pragmatic, practical way; religion was doing the same work in a more hypothetical, fictional way. But both were trying to find answers for all questions. This I call demystification.

There has been a small current of different people, the mystics, who are neither scientists nor part of any organized religion. To me they are the most precious people the world has produced. Their whole effort is to not let anyone demystify existence because all demystification is false. Let existence remain a mystery because you can enjoy a mystery, you can sing songs in a mysterious world, you can love, you can dance.

In a demystified universe there will be no poetry, no songs, no dances, no love, no beauty, nothing to explore -- just go to the library, or go to the computer; ask the question and find the answer. There will be no self-realization, there will be no enlightenment, there will be no more Gautam Buddhas, any Chuang Tzu, any Kabir, any Jesus, any Pythagoras. All that is beautiful will disappear.

And moreover, the demystification, the very process, is based on wrong notions. You cannot demystify anything.

D.H. Lawrence, according to me, is one of the mystics of our contemporary world. I don't confine the word mystic only to the people who are religious. An irreligious person, an antireligious person, an atheist, it makes no difference: if they are in favor of the mystery of existence they are mystics. D.H. Lawrence was walking in the garden with a small child. He was asking questions, just as children go on asking question after question; and questions which even great philosophers cannot answer, and parents go on hushing them up, "Don't ask this question. When you grow up you will know the answer."

Once this was said to me by one of my father's friends. He was thought to be the most learned man in that area. He was a great scholar, indeed. Whenever I asked him anything, he would say, "Wait! Don't be impatient. When you grow up, you will know."

I went on growing up. The last time I saw him he was dying. I said, "Now I'm grown up, and you are fully grown up. Are you ready to answer my questions? If not, then at least confess your dishonesty... that you were cheating a small child because you didn't know; by growing up I have not come to find any answers. And you have become completely ripe, the fruit is just going to fall at any moment. You just tell me, have you found?"

Death makes people sincere. He opened his eyes, and he said, "Forgive me. It was just to protect myself and my reputation as a wise man. I had no answer for it. The truth is there is no answer about anything. All answers are created by clever and cunning people to pretend that they are wise and to reduce others as ignorant."

I said, "I'm happy that at least at the time of death you have confessed the truth. This makes you a wise man. Your whole life's learning has not made you wise, but this sincerity, this innocence at the moment of death certainly makes you wise. You lived in ignorance, but you are dying in innocence."

The little child asked D.H. Lawrence a strange question: "Why are trees green?" Now science can give a temporary answer; temporary, I say, because it is not really an answer but only postpones the question further. They can say, "Trees are green because they have a certain chemical, chlorophyll. Because of chlorophyll, they are green." But this is not the answer. Now the question will be: "Why do the trees have chlorophyll?"

It is the same question in a more technical jargon. The child was asking a simple question without jargon, "Why are the trees green?" And you think you have answered by saying that it's because they have chlorophyll. But why do they have chlorophyll in the first place, and not something else? Mystery is not destroyed, only pushed back. The whole of science has pushed the mystery back. It has not been able to demystify it. Neither have all the religions of the world been able to demystify existence; they have found answers for everything, but all their answers are pseudo.

D.H. Lawrence was certainly a mystic. His answer to the child has made me immensely respectful towards the man. He said, "Listen, trees are green because they are green. Understand?"

The child said, "That's the right answer. They are green because they are green!"

The mystery remains the same. D.H. Lawrence had not tried to deceive the child by giving some phony answer. If he had been a scientist, then chlorophyll; if he was religious, then God made them green. But why did he make them green? Is he mad? Could he not make blue trees, yellow trees, red trees -- the whole spectrum of colors? And the gardens would have looked far more beautiful. This is very monotonous -- just green! Was he short of other colors -- was there too much green with him? So he painted all the trees green, and since other colors were in smaller quantities he painted flowers yellow, red, black... there are black roses, blue. He used all the colors for flowers, and that simply shows that the quantity of other colors was not enough to paint all the trees -- only green did he manufacture in a great quantity.

And he goes on painting, for century after century -- green. The religious man would have answered, "God created them green." And there it ends. He has demystified the greenness of the trees. But the real, authentic, sincere people have not tried to demystify existence. On the contrary, they have made the mystery even deeper. They have made it miraculous.

Poetry confers on existence more mystery, painting confers on existence more mystery, music confers on existence more mystery, dancing confers on existence more mystery. To me, anything that makes the existence more mysterious is the only true spirituality.

So don't be worried, Taranga, about asking questions. If they are confessions, it is good. They will relieve you, it will be a tremendous relief. If they are borrowed questions, then too it is better to get rid of them.

Man has to come to a state of consciousness where there is no question left. This state is the answer. There is no answer as such. This consciousness without any questions is the answer, because this consciousness is the most mysterious thing in the whole of existence amongst all its mysteries.

It is good that you have not been brought up in the Catholic church; it is a great blessing. But then you must have been brought up by other fools. It is very difficult not to be brought up by fools in the world, because every fool has taken some stand: Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Hindu, Mohammedan.

Now poor children have to be born somewhere -- they cannot just jump from the sky onto the earth and declare that "I have come!" And because they had to be born out of mothers, and they have to live with the parents and the priests and the teachers before they can even start any conscious effort to know themselves, their whole mind is conditioned.

Confession can be a great psychological device. The Catholic church has misused it.

Just a few months ago, the pope declared that to confess to God directly is a sin. Strange, he has not supplied any reason, any argument, any proof for why man cannot confess to God directly. On the other hand, they go on calling you children of God -- and the children cannot confess to their father directly?

But it is a question of business. If people start confessing directly to God, who is going to go to the confessional booth in the church to confess to the priest? -- because the confession to the priest has many, many implications. First,

he will fine you -- that puts ten dollars in the box for charity, for the poor. Secondly, he knows your secrets, your private life; you cannot leave the fold, otherwise he will expose you. You are being caught up in a psychological slavery. Thirdly, he reduces you into a subhuman existence. He takes away your pride, he destroys your dignity.

I have heard, that a priest had a great friendship with a rabbi and they had decided one Sunday that, after the church work was over, they would go to play golf. The rabbi came and waited outside in his car. Finally, he entered the church and asked, "What is the matter? Why are you being delayed?"
There was a long line of people who were waiting to confess -- that was the reason why the priest was delayed. So the rabbi entered from the back door into the booth and said to the priest, "This line will take the whole day!"
The priest said, "Let us do one thing: let me get ready for the golf game; meanwhile you sit in my place." There is only a small window, a hole, so that the person does not feel too humiliated. He confesses from the other side. The hole is there so his voice can be heard, his name can be heard, and the priest can talk to him and tell him how much fine he has to pay.
But the rabbi said, "I have never done such a thing, and in our religion there is no such thing."
The priest said, "It is very simple. You just wait and watch what I do; you do the same thing."
A man came and he said, "I raped a woman; I am very sorry. Pray for me to God to forgive me."

And the priest said, "Yes, my son, you will be forgiven; just put ten dollars in the poor box, and never do such a thing again."
The rabbi said, "Then you can go and get ready; now I have got the idea. It is a business thing -- nothing to be worried about."
The next man sat down, and he said, "I have committed two rapes."
The rabbi said, "My son, no need to worry; you put thirty dollars in the charity box."
The man said, "But that is too much! Last time I had raped a woman I was asked to put in ten dollars, and just in front of me you have told another man to put in ten dollars, so for two rapes -- twenty dollars. Why you are raising your rates?"
The rabbi said, "Don't be worried, but put in thirty dollars; ten dollars in advance -- you can commit one more rape and no need to come to confess."

Business is business.
The Catholic church has used confession, not to help people, but to strengthen the church. In this way they collect money, in this way they keep a hold over people because a person who has committed three rapes cannot now go to another fold; otherwise the Catholics will immediately expose him, that he is a rapist. And the priest knows everybody inside and outside -- that gives him immense power.
But confession in itself -- confession to the trees, confession to the stars -- just talking out your heart completely, saying everything that you are hiding from the

world, will have a tremendous, psychologically healing effect. This is called a sin by the pope, and I call it a virtue. What he calls a virtue is simply business. It is exploitation of poor victims who have first been made to believe -- by the sermons of the priests, and the Bible -- that "You are sinners if you do such and such thing." So first you make them guilty, then bring them to the confessional, then take money for it. And there is no God to pray to.
But talk to the universe, open your heart without anything held back, and you will feel a tremendous relief, a sense of cleanliness, purity, innocence. So if your questions feel like confessions it is perfectly good; don't feel guilty about it. Each question is a confession of your ignorance. And any confession of ignorance is good.
I am not going to make you knowledgeable, I am going to make you so ignorant that you can say, "I don't know anything." At that point, ignorance transforms into innocence, and innocence is the highest peak from which to be in communion with existence.

The teacher left her class alone for a few minutes and, on her return, was stunned to find that the students were all silent.
"Well, children," she beamed, "this is a pleasant surprise!"
"Well," volunteered a small boy, "you said that if you came back and found all of us sitting perfectly still and making no noise, you would drop dead."

Children have an innocence, and there is no higher quality than that.

Mr. Smith, the new teacher, was walking down the school corridor when a teenager called to him, "Hey, Smitty!"
Smith grabbed the youth by his coat, and said, "How dare you! In the first place, hey is for horses; and in the second place, I am a teacher in this school, and you should have the consideration and courtesy to call me Mr. Smith."
The youth looked dumbly at the teacher.
"Don't tell me," continued Mr. Smith, "that you don't know what consideration and courtesy mean."
"I did not even know," said the youth, "that hey was for horses!"

Just be so simple and so innocent...
The sage comes back, full circle; he again becomes a small child and looks at the existence with the eyes of a small child. And then everything takes a mysterious aroma. That mysterious aroma is the only godliness there is.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
CAN "SOULMATES" EVER BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN "CELLMATES"?

Ramarshi, even if the soulmates can only be nothing but cellmates, that is a great achievement. They are intimate enemies.
Ordinary love is nothing but the other side of the coin: on one side is hate, on the other side is love. And the coin can be turned at any moment -- in the middle of the night. In twenty-four hours it turns many times. There are no soulmates, because to be a soulmate you first have to

understand what the soul is; you don't even know that `hey' is for horses!
It is so clear that for our experiences of life we have learned only words -- love, soul, friendship -- but we don't know their meaning as experience, only as given in the dictionaries. And unless you know their meaning in experience, you are simply carrying empty words, dead words. Their corpses start stinking very soon.

About a soulmate... Joe, a gangster, all bandaged up and on crutches, meets his friend. "What happened to you?" Joe's friend asked.
"I was in a train wreck," explains Joe, "I collected fifty grand, and my wife collected twenty-five grand."
"How badly hurt is your wife?" his mate asked.
"Ah," says Joe, "she was not hurt a bit, but even in the excitement of the wreck I had the presence of mind to kick her in the teeth."

These are the soulmates.
It is a very insane world in which we are living; where no education is given to people about the art of life, the art of love, the art of friendship, the art of silence, the art of meditation, and finally the art of death. These are the most essential things, and we are wasting almost one-third of people's lives in teaching them about a history which is just shame and nothing else. We are teaching them about geography, which is mostly man-made: nations and their boundaries, which are ugly.
We are not teaching them anything that can make their lives a search for truth, that can make their lives a rejoicing,

that can fill their beings with so much fragrance that they will have to share it. Only in that sharing is there friendship, is there love, is there compassion. But we are keeping people from knowing this.

Our whole education is rotten. It certainly makes you clerks, stationmasters, postmen, police commissioners. It gives you a livelihood, but it does not give you life, and it does not give you love.

And just a livelihood is not enough to call yourself alive. I am reminded of Jesus, who says, "Man cannot live by bread alone." But your whole education teaches you nothing else but "bread alone" -- nothing more, nothing above, nothing beyond. Hence, you see so many accidents all around the world -- in every home. And it is because of our own stupidity that we go on allowing the society to do this harm to each individual.

This will be one of the significant things for all rebellious spirits -- to transform the whole educational pattern. One-third of our education should be concerned with livelihood; one-third of our education should be concerned with our well-being -- body, health, ways to stay younger and live longer. And one-third -- the last and the most important -- should be concerned with love, with death, and the secrets of life itself.

Only then will we have a wholesome education. And through that education, we can create a man and a society which will be healthy, youthful, loving, soulful, overflowing with joy, always ready to share with anyone -- because nobody is a stranger on the earth; the whole earth is one family.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #22

Chapter title: Laughter is divine
11 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I BROUGHT MYSELF TO YOUR DOORSTEP AND THEN TRIED TO RUN AWAY, BUT YOU WOULD NOT LET ME ESCAPE. NOW, SO MANY BELOVED FRIENDS AND FELLOW TRAVELERS HAVE HUGGED ME AND SPOKEN OF FEELING YOUR LOVE FOR ME WITHIN THEMSELVES, AND SO MANY FELT YOU DISSOLVE THEIR QUESTIONS IN MINE.
WHEN I LET THE MIND DIE IN TEARS THAT AROSE FROM THE HEART OF MY BEING, FOR A MOMENT, EVEN IN THE SOUND OF THE WIND DANCING IN THE TREES, I HEARD A GREAT SILENCE.
I FEEL YOUR DEEP RESPECT FOR MY TRUE SELF, AND YOU HAVE HELPED ME TO BECOME REAL AGAIN. I AM AT YOUR FEET FOR THESE BLESSINGS; I GIVE MY LIFE TO THIS UNDERSTANDING. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY IT -- THROUGH THESE TEARS MY QUESTIONS QUIET

INTO PURE LONGING. FROM HERE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE... JUST YOUR BLESSINGS TO GO ON. I LOVE YOU.

Satyadharma, there are things which cannot be said but can be heard. There are ways of saying those things other than in words; they reach deeper, their significance is immense. The most important of those are the tears. No prayer has ever risen higher than the tears of man. No love has ever gone deeper than the tears of man. No gratitude has been wider than the tears of man. A small tear contains infinite oceans of significance, meaning, expressions, feelings, emotions, moods, which words are impotent to express. Your tears have said everything that you wanted to say and perhaps they have said more than you are conscious of. Your tears are not only the expressions of your conscious, they are expressions of your whole being. They have your silences, they have your sadnesses, they have your blissfulness; their magnitude is endless.
So it was perfectly right that when you found yourself expressionless and words failed you, tears came to help you. They are the last resort as far as expressing the inexpressible is concerned. Now you are asking from here to where? It will like look an odd expression in language but the truth is -- and I have to say the truth without bothering about the language... listen carefully. My message is: from here to here. Your here has to become your only time, your only life, your only existence. These two words contain my whole philosophy: here and now. They are not separate in existence. Here represents the space, now represents the time. The mystics have always

experienced that they are one, but nobody has listened to the mystics. Perhaps man was not mature enough to understand the depth of their declaration that here and now are one. But modern physics, in the hands of Albert Einstein, has turned almost into mysticism. Nobody has noted the fact, because mystics don't understand modern physics and the physicists do not care about the mystics. My concern is both, because I cannot see man as complete and whole unless science and religion are looked upon as one energy, experienced in a different way -- science in the objective way and religion in the subjective way -- but that which is experienced is one. It is neither matter nor God. Friedrich Nietzsche has declared, "God is dead." I declare, matter is also dead. Between God and matter what has remained alive is just energy; and this energy is expressed in its purest forms as consciousness, and in its crudest forms as matter.

Modern physics has declared -- without declaring the death of matter -- that there is no matter at all. With the disappearance of matter and with the death of God, only one energy remains in the whole cosmos. Now time and space cannot be two. They have to be expressions of one energy.

The mystics have simply expressed the oneness of all. Physicists go into detail. Albert Einstein, especially, was the first scientist to come to the conclusion that time is the fourth dimension of matter. Matter has three dimensions, the fourth dimension is invisible and that is time, but it is not separate from matter.

So, from here to here is the journey; from now to now is the pilgrimage. It means you are to learn not to move but to

remain still. In movement you are not going to find yourself, but in total stillness and silence you have already found it. And whenever you find it, it will be always here and always now.
Your tears are, without your knowing, preparing the way for this mysterious experience of the unity of time and space. You are not doing it, it is happening on its own accord. All that is great only happens, and all that you can do cannot be greater than you.
If you are seeking the truth, if you are seeking the soul, then you are seeking something bigger than you. You cannot manufacture it, you cannot make it, you can only allow it to possess you, to overwhelm you. The tears are a good beginning... and a mad dance will be a good end.

During the second German occupation of France, a peasant was captured. Now and then he got a letter from his wife who complained she was having difficulty with the farm. She had plenty of seeds, she said, but she was not able to plough the fields herself.

He wrote back, "It is all for the best, my dear, leave the fields unploughed -- that's where the guns are." Four days later, two truckloads of gestapo men descended on the farm and dug up all the acreage. Frantically, the wife wrote to her husband telling him what had happened and asked him what to do.
He wrote back a brief note, "Now plant the seeds."

You have just to allow existence; you need not put yourself to great trouble. Just be alert and wait. Existence itself

wants you to become enlightened; it is not your longing, it has nothing to do with you. It is existence itself, through you, which is trying to reach to the stars. Allow it, don't prevent it. All that you can do, all that you are supposed to do, is not to prevent. Keep the doors open and let the breeze come in and let the sun come in. Allow the existence to use you as a vehicle, as a ladder to reach to the highest possibilities hidden within you.

All other desires are your desires. Desire for money and desire for power and desire for prestige are your desires; they are too small. Existence does not need money, what will existence do with money? Existence does not need power. It has all the power, infinite and eternal. Nothing more can be asked and nothing more can be added to it. What will it do with prestige, respectability, honor? These are desires of the small mind of man.

But enlightenment is not your desire. It is not part of your mind, it is coming from some deeper source, some higher source, from somewhere beyond. Of course, it is coming through you, but it is not from you. Allow it, don't stand in the way of the passion and the longing to become enlightened and liberated.

If you can do only this much, not to stand in the way, you have done more than can be asked. All that you have not even dreamed of will start showering on you with tremendous benediction, grace, contentment. Then tears will change into a dance.

My whole work is how to transform your tears into a dance.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

I'M PROBABLY ASKING FOR IT, BUT HERE GOES: ALL MY LIFE I HAVE NEVER TRAINED MY ARISTOTELIAN MIND IN ANYTHING. IS THIS A MISFORTUNE?

Mukta, Aristotle is the greatest misfortune that has fallen over the Western mind. I have renamed him, because I don't think Aristotle has been, in any way, a help in the evolution of human consciousness. On the contrary, he has been like a great disease. Hence I have named him Aristotelitis.

And you are thinking that this is a misfortune, that you have not trained yourself and your mind in Aristotelian logic! You are fortunate. It is unbelievable that being a Greek you could manage to escape from Aristotelitis, because it is so widespread. It is bound to be so, since Athens was the place from where Aristotle spread the disease his whole life.

He has made the whole Western mind, and if the West is going to destroy the entire world in a third world war, the whole credit will go to Aristotle, two thousand years ago; because he was the man who had sown the seeds which are now flowering, like nuclear weapons. The whole scientific approach is based on Aristotle's method.

Aristotle divides life into black and white. Either something is right or something is wrong. He does not allow any middle ground. He does not allow any other alternative. `A' is `A' and `A' can never be `B', that is his foundation. Either you are my friend or you are my enemy. Those who are not my friends are my enemies.

Aristotle's way of thinking is childish. Life is not so simple, life is like the whole spectrum of a rainbow -- all the colors and also the negation of all the colors and also the combination of all the colors. It is more than the rainbow because in the rainbow two things are missing, the white and the black.

It is very strange that for Aristotle only white and black exist. In reality, only white and black don't exist -- all other colors exist. Black is only the absence of all the colors and white is the presence of all the colors. Because all the colors are present, no color shows up.

You have to understand a little bit about the colors because they will help you to understand Aristotle and his fallacy. When you see the color white, it means all the rays that are falling on the object are being reflected. Nothing is left behind. You can try a small experiment: you can make a fan with seven wings with all the seven colors of the rainbow on it and connect it to electricity. Then let all the seven wings of the fan move fast and you will be surprised -- all colors have disappeared, there is only a white wheel moving.

Small things in life... you don't think about them. Why do you always use a white umbrella in the sun? Because it returns all the rays outwards, it does not absorb. That's why in the hot summer under a white umbrella you feel cool, because the sun's rays don't enter. They are all reflected back. These are the two colors which are not included in existence itself, and these are the two colors on which the whole of Aristotelian logic depends: black and white.

The East never fell victim to any kind of Aristotelian logic. In the East not a single person ever proposed a logic which

simply divides existence into black and white. Gautam Buddha proposes a logic which divides life in four. The alternatives become more, the choices become more. If somebody is not your friend, it does not mean he has to be your enemy. He may be simply indifferent or he may be simply ignorant. He may not know anything about you and your enmity at all. Or he may know, but he has no interest in your enmity; hence, he does not have any participation.
Mahavira's logic is perhaps the most perfect in the whole world. He accepts seven alternatives, the whole rainbow. Naturally his logic becomes as complicated as life itself. If you ask Mahavira any question, you cannot hope to get a yes or no answer. If you ask the same question to Aristotle, he will be absolutely ready, either yes or no, because those are the only two alternatives.
Mahavira has used a certain word in a way that is unique in the whole history of mankind. He never uses yes or no, because that creates the fallacy that life is divided in two; it is too simplistic. Mahavira always answers everything with a `perhaps' -- he keeps open other alternatives.
That's why he could not gather a great following. The greatest teacher, the most logical man, could not get a great following. Even today, his followers are not more than three and a half million. After twenty-five centuries, even if he had converted thirty-five couples, they would have produced that many children by this time. Three and a half million... for the Indians it is not a big job.
But he could not attract the ordinary mind. The ordinary mind found that whatever Mahavira says simply goes above his head. You ask him about God and he says, "perhaps." You want some solid answer, whether God

exists or not, and he says, "perhaps." Perhaps what? What should we understand by perhaps? It does not mean God exists, it does not mean God does not exist. It simply means: it depends on you, from what aspect you look at it. There is an aspect from which it is significant to say God exists; there is another aspect from which to say, significantly, God does not exist. And there is also a third possibility: to say that God exists and does not exist, together.

There is also a fourth possibility... just to remain silent; not to answer, because the question is unanswerable. And in this way he goes on. By the time he has finished his discourse about the seven aspects of God, you return home more confused than you had ever been before. Who is going to follow this man? About everything he begins with "perhaps." But he was the most logical man.

Twenty-five centuries ago he talked about the theory of relativity. It took twenty-five centuries for the West to understand -- when Albert Einstein brought the theory of relativity into the field of science. This man, Mahavira, must have had a tremendous insight into existence. He had no lab, nothing to experiment with except his logical correctness.

So, Mukta, you should not think that it is a misfortune. It is a blessing that you never got trapped into Aristotelian thinking. That has destroyed half of the mind of all humanity. It has made everybody look at life in terms of either/or, and life is much more mysterious. It is closer to Mahavira's `perhaps', than a simple yes and no.

I have heard about a great philosopher who had gone to challenge Mahavira about his philosophy of perhaps. And he said, "You give me any concrete example."

Mahavira said, "The whole of life is the example; but for your pleasure, just visualize in a court a judge asks you, `Have you stopped beating your wife or not? Answer yes or no, choose. Have you stopped beating your wife or not?' If you say, `Yes, I have stopped,' it means you were beating her. If you say `no,' it means you are still beating her. But it does not allow you any possibility to say, `I have never beaten my wife.'"

Life cannot possibly be answered in simple ways of yes and no. And now even the scientists in the West are getting rid of Aristotle. Particularly modern physics, after Albert Einstein, has dropped Aristotle and his logic. They have moved closer to Mahavira without knowing anything about Mahavira; because they have penetrated energy fields and they have found life is so complex, you cannot say yes, you cannot say no. You have to find something different, a third alternative.

One logician has suggested a new word, which is being used and becoming more and more current, and that is `po'. When you cannot say yes, when you cannot say no, say po. But po means `perhaps', it cannot mean anything else.

With Aristotle's logic, Euclid created a certain geometry, Euclidean geometry. And as Aristotle's logic is falling down, losing its credibility, two-thousand-year-old Euclidean geometry -- which is still being taught in the colleges and the universities -- is also losing its credibility in the eyes of great scientists. Because it was based on Aristotle's logic, the base has proved false and now a

thousand and one questions have arisen about Euclid's geometry.
For example, Euclid says that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. That is his definition of a straight line: the shortest distance between two points. Modern physics says that you cannot draw a straight line, because you are sitting on a globe. So though it may look like a straight line because it is so small, just go on increasing it from both the ends and finally you will meet again at the same point and you will say, "My God, it has become a circle."
If it becomes a circle when stretched from both the ends, that means that when you were thinking it was a straight line it was only a part, a small part, of a vast circle. No part of a circle can be straight. It has to be an arc, but the arc is so small that it is almost invisible to the eyes.
All the definitions of Euclid have fallen flat. A line is that which always has length, but you cannot draw a line which has only length. A point is defined by Euclid as that which has neither breadth nor length; but you cannot draw a point in actuality. Euclid is absolutely fictitious.
Mukta, you are also fortunate that, although you have been born in Athens, in Greece, you remained out of the contagious disease of Aristotle and Euclid. It is not a misfortune, on the contrary it is a great blessing.

Dick took a civil service examination for a job as a rural mailman. His examiner asked him, "How far is it from the earth to the sun?"
He considered for a moment and then said, "If you are going to put me on that route, I resign."

It is perfectly good that you resigned from being an Aristotelian, because that is the route from the moon to the sun. Dick misunderstood; so have you misunderstood, otherwise listening to me for so long you could not have asked this question. I have always been against Aristotle because he is not a mystic. He is not a poet, he is not a creative artist, he is not a musician, he is not a dancer. He is not a scientist either.

He had two wives, and he writes in his book on logic that women have fewer teeth than men. Now this is sheer stupidity. Having two wives, he could have said to Mrs. Aristotle `A', or Mrs. Aristotle `B', "Just open your mouth and let me count the teeth." That is a simple experiment, it does not need an atomic energy commission or a nuclear lab.

In his own home he had two labs already there; or if he was afraid he could have counted their teeth while they were asleep, and he should have done so before he was going to write about it. But he simply wrote a superstition which was prevalent in Greece and is still prevalent. It is simply a corollary of the belief that women cannot have equality with men, in anything, in any way... how can they have an equal number of teeth?

It seems that for centuries nobody has bothered. Men can be forgiven because they are all male chauvinists, but what were the women doing? Standing for hours before mirrors, at least one woman could have counted her teeth. But not a single woman has even raised the question. They also accepted the idea. Such is the mental slavery of the world. Once an idea becomes accepted, you simply go on

accepting it. You stop inquiring whether it has any validity or not.

And even a man like Aristotle, who is called the father of Western logic... I cannot consider him as having a logical mind. He is as superstitious as anybody else. He simply accepted the idea that women have fewer teeth than men. A scientific mind would have inquired into the fact.

In fact I may be the first man in the whole history of mankind who did count the teeth of a woman, because my professor of logic was still insisting that when Aristotle says... and Aristotle is no ordinary man -- a great logician, the greatest the West has given birth to, and he must be right. I said, "I don't bother about whether he is a great logician or not." And I stood up and asked the girls in the class whether any girl was courageous enough to come out? I wanted to count her teeth.

They looked at each other. I said, "This is significant not just as a logical question. It is a question of women's equality with men. Somebody must dare, and if you don't come up here then I am getting four persons ready, outside of the class, to catch hold of one of you and forcibly count your teeth, because I cannot accept this statement unless I have found it in truth, in reality."

Then, a girl, feeling very shy, stood up. The professor said, "What nonsense is this?"

I said, "This is not nonsense, you remain silent. If you want proof I will count your teeth also, otherwise keep quiet."

And I counted her teeth. They were an equal number, there was no difference at all. And the professor became so angry with me that he threatened he would resign from the college. I said, "You can resign, but that does not mean that

I have to accept some nonsense -- even though the nonsense is very ancient and spoken and written by a great name." Stupidity remains stupidity.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
SO OFTEN IN MY LIFE I HAVE STRUGGLED AND FOUGHT WITH THINGS UNTIL I REACH SUCH A POINT OF ABSURDITY THAT THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT HAVE A GREAT LAUGH AT MYSELF. WHEN THIS HAPPENS, THE ISSUES ARE FINISHED AND I AM JOYOUSLY FREE.
I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT THAT IF I WERE TO BECOME ENLIGHTENED I WOULD PROBABLY WAIT UNTIL THE VERY LAST MOMENT TO GO, HAVE A GREAT LAUGH, PUT MY HEAD ON THE BLOCK -- AND BE GONE!
BELOVED MASTER OF THE ABSURD: DOES IT REALLY WORK THIS WAY? IF SO, CAN YOU SHOW ME ANY SHORTCUTS THROUGH WHAT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF UNNECESSARY SERIOUSNESS?

Rafia, you are right. The so-called religions and their saints and sages have created much fuss, absolutely unnecessarily, about the art of life. There is no need to be serious about it. Seriousness is a sickness, and the true religion would not like you to be psychologically sick. It would like you to be physically healthy, to be psychologically healthy, because only in a healthy body, in a healthy mind, can a healthy soul be realized more easily.

Just remember the definition of health. When you don't feel your body at all, your body is healthy. You feel your head only when you have a headache. When you don't have any headache, you don't have any head either -- it is simply light, it has no weight. When your legs are hurting, you have them. When they are not hurting, they are absent. When the body is healthy... my definition of health is that you are absolutely unaware of its existence, whether it is there or not makes no difference.
And the same is true about the healthy mind. It is only the insane mind which is felt. When the mind is sane, silent, it is not felt. When the body and mind both are in a stillness, your soul can be experienced more easily, with a laughter. There is no need to be serious at all.
Particularly here with me, laughter is the way, seriousness is the hindrance. There are situations in which one feels serious, but if one is alert enough, one can laugh even in those situations.
Then laughter becomes a tremendously helpful technique in transforming you, a great alchemy.

Hymie Goldberg went to his doctor, feeling very run down due to worry over money matters. "Relax," the doctor ordered, "just two weeks ago I had another fellow who was upset because he could not pay his tailor's bills. I told him to forget them and now he feels great."
"I know," said Goldberg, "I am his tailor."

Now, there are situations... but if you are a little alert, even in the situation of Hymie Goldberg, you would have laughed, "This is strange! This doctor has suggested to my

customer, `forget all about paying money,' and he is feeling great. And he is telling this to me and I am the tailor."
But such situations, such ridiculous situations, you will find everywhere. Life is full of such situations.

A man got on the bus with at least a dozen children. A little old lady asked him if they were all his.
"Of course not," the man snapped, "I am a contraceptive salesman and these are all complaints."

Just look around, you will find all kinds of situations. Learn the art of enjoying them.

Hymie Goldberg went to an art exhibition with Mrs. Goldberg. Hymie was gazing rapturously at a painting of a beautiful girl, dressed only in a fig leaf. The title of the painting was SPRING.
"Well," snapped Mrs. Goldberg, "are you waiting for autumn?"

Joe had been bitten by a dog. The wound was taking a long time to heal, so he went to see his doctor who ordered the dog to be brought in. Just as the doctor suspected, the dog had rabies. "I am afraid it is too late to give you serum," the doctor told Joe.
Joe sat down at the doctor's desk and begin to write fanatically. "Perhaps it won't be so bad," consoled the doctor, "there is no need to write your will right now."
"I am not making out my will," replied Joe, "I am just writing out a list of people I am going to bite."

If nothing can be done and I am going to be mad, then why not use the opportunity? Such a great opportunity....
Rafia, seriousness is not at all a part of my teachings. Enjoy life, laugh at the ridiculousness of things all around. Laugh the whole way to God's temple. Those who have laughed enough have reached; the serious people are still wandering with long faces.

Even God is not interested in serious faces. You just think of God. If all your serious saints have gathered in heaven for century after century, neither smiling nor laughing, not anybody cutting a joke... amongst those dead saints and all kinds of dodos, God must have committed suicide. Because it has been a great theological problem -- why God never created anything after he created man. And in the Middle Ages great theologians, particularly Christians, had written treatises upon treatises, pondering over the question of why he had not created anything more.
My simple answer is that after creating man he realized his mistake. Everything had been perfectly good, but with man everything became serious. Complaints, grumpy people, all kinds of fights, wars; and God must have realized, "If I had stopped before creating man, existence would have lived in peace and silence without any disturbance." But now, it is out of his hands.
Since then nothing has been heard about the fellow.
Perhaps he may have survived a few days, a few months, a few years, a few centuries at the most... till the saints started arriving in heaven. Seeing those saints covered with dust, sad faces, any creator would have committed suicide out of shame, realizing that "This is my creation."

Rafia, you need not be a serious saint. You have to be a laughing artist, a laughing musician, a laughing dancer. Do whatever you feel like doing, but never forget that laughter is one of the most essential human qualities, which raises man to the divineness.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #23
Chapter title: Mind is a kind of insanity
12 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
CAN YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT VIOLENCE AS THE EXPRESSION OF REBELLION?

Milarepa, violence can never be a part of **The Rebel**lious spirit for the simple reason that violence is the whole past of humanity -- and **The Rebel** wants to discontinue with the past. Violence has been the way of life for millennia. Directly or indirectly we have lived under violence. Our armies, our police, our jails, our judges, our wars, our so-called great religions, all have lived in violence. And violence, reduced to its essentials, is irreverent towards life.

To me the religious man, the religious consciousness, is nothing but a deep reverence for life itself, because there is no God beyond life, there is no paradise beyond consciousness. Violence is a violation of both life and consciousness -- it is destructive.

The Rebel is a creator; his whole philosophy is that of creativity. We have lived in destructiveness far too long, and what is the achievement? That's why I have made a clear-cut distinction between **The Rebel** and the reactionary. I have also made a distinction between **The Rebel** and the revolutionary.

The reactionary is the lowest category. He can never disconnect himself from the past. The past is his orientation, he reacts against it. But whether you are for it or against it, it remains your reference, your context.

The revolutionary is a little higher than the reactionary. He does not only react, he also has dreams of the future, he has his utopias. But as far as violence is concerned, the revolutionary down the ages has thought that right ends can be attained through wrong means.

I refute that contention. Right ends can be achieved only through right means. Through violence you cannot achieve a peaceful, silent, loving humanity. The violence will be in the roots, it will poison your whole superstructure.

The Rebel has to be nonviolent out of sheer necessity. Unless he is nonviolent, he cannot be the vehicle of a peaceful, warless, classless humanity.

If you sow the seeds of violence, you cannot expect and hope that the flowers will not be affected by violence. Those flowers will come out of the seeds you have sown.

So each violent revolution has created another violent society, another violent culture. It is disgraceful to see that we still need armies, that we still need nuclear weapons. It is undignified to see that we need the policeman, the court and the jail. A better humanity, a more conscious man, will get rid of all this nonsense that surrounds us and pollutes our whole being.

The Rebel cannot be half-hearted. He cannot be a chooser; he cannot choose a few things from the past, and not choose a few other things. Past as a whole has to be completely denied. Only then can we get rid of barbariousness in humanity -- cruelty, violence and a deep-rooted disrespect for life and existence.

My approach is that of reverence for life.

The Rebel will be ready to die, but he will not be ready to kill. It is the pride of man to die for a cause; it is animalistic to kill someone, however great the cause may be. By killing, you have spoiled it completely. And looking practically, **The Rebel** is an individual against the whole world; even if he chooses to be violent, he will be crushed. The enemy -- the past -- has much more violent powers in its hands.

The Rebel has to trust in love, has to trust in meditativeness, has to be aware of his immortality -- that even if his body is crucified he remains untouched. Here I am not talking only about political rebellion. I am talking about the individual rebel -- a spiritual phenomenon, not a political entity. And no spirituality can accept violence as a means to attain the end.

Violence is simply out of the question as far as my rebellion, my rebel, is concerned. He cannot destroy, we have destroyed enough. He cannot kill, we have killed enough. It is time to stop this whole idiotic way of life. We have to come out of this darkness into the light. Even if it costs you your life it is perfectly good... because my rebel will be basically a meditator.

I am not conceiving of my rebel without meditation -- that is his essential experience. And once you understand that you are immortal, who is worried about being killed? And if millions of meditators are ready to open their chests before the guns of the old and the rotten past, there is a possibility: perhaps it may also bring a change of heart in those people who have these destructive weapons in their hands.

Rebellion has not been tried on a vast scale. Just with the effort of millions of people meditating, loving silence and peace, and destroying all kinds of discriminations which create violence, we will be making the space, the gap, the discontinuity that can save man and life on this planet.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

THE OTHER DAY, YOU SPOKE ABOUT THE MIND AS OUR GREATEST ENEMY, SAYING THAT IT IS THE CREATOR OF SUFFERING. CAN IT ALSO BE THE CREATOR OF JOY?

Arhata, the mind can only create suffering -- to create joy is beyond its capacity, because joy simply means rising above mind. Mind cannot rise above itself. It would be as foolish

as if you were pulling yourself up by your shoestrings. The very structure of the mind is not made by you, and it is not made by existence.

You bring a blank check; whatever is written on that blank check is by others. They teach you competitiveness, they teach you guilt, they teach you jealousy, they teach you fear. They prepare the whole ground for suffering and anguish and anxiety. You have to go beyond the writings of others.

Your mind is nothing but a by-product of the society in which you are born, it is the society speaking through you. It is not you -- you are hidden behind the mind.

Unless you enter behind, or go beyond, you will not know what joy is. Joy is your nature, but the mind will not allow you to live according to your nature. The mind will interfere on every step. As mind exists today, there is no possibility for it to be a creator of joy.

But the new man may be courageous enough to leave the children in absolute freedom, help them to be on their own, help them to search whatever they want, give them questions but not give them answers, give them a quest but not give them goals. Then there is a possibility, in the future, that mind may not obstruct you from going beyond it. It cannot create joy even then, but it can allow you to move beyond without any hindrance. That is the best it can do; and beyond it you are joy, you are bliss, you are truth.

Mind is a kind of insanity because it is carrying so many impressions which are conflicting, contradictory. It has got impressions from your mother, and also from your father; and they were both fighting continuously, and they both have given their minds and heritage to you. It has got

impressions from the neighbors, it has got impressions from so many teachers in the school, in the college, in the university. It is a crowd of unrelated, irrelevant, inconsistent thoughts -- it does not have any organic unity. It is a miracle that somehow you go on keeping yourself together.
It would have been a great thing if God had also created a small window in your head so anybody could look inside... what is going on? And then you would have found that everybody is mad. People are holding in their madness; sometimes it becomes too much and they lose control. According to psychologists, the madman and the normal man are not different qualitatively. The difference is only of degree: the normal man is normally mad, and the abnormal man is abnormally mad. They both are mad. One is still in control of his madness. But everybody is almost a borderline case; any moment, just a single step more, and you have stepped into the psychiatric hospital.

Paddy climbs up a flagpole and begins shouting obscenities at the top of his voice. Soon the cops come along, arrest him, and charge him with disturbing the peace. He is sent to the psychiatric hospital for an examination. "How do you explain your behavior?" asks the doctor.
"It is like this, Doc," replies Paddy, "if I did not do something crazy once in a while, I would go nuts."

Just watch yourself. Once in a while you are also doing something crazy; perhaps not in public... in your bathroom, otherwise you would also go nuts. A little release once in a while helps. And we have socially-accepted releases. Have

you seen the people at a football match? They may not be seeing the actual football match, they may be seeing it only on the television, and you can see they are going crazy. I know about one man who was jumping up all the time before the TV set, and finally he took up the TV set and crashed it into the wall. I said, "What happened?"
He said, "My team lost the game."
I said, "Why destroy the TV set?"
He said, "I had to do something."
Everybody, if he watches himself, is doing something crazy just to avoid going nuts. You can hold only so much.

One California university has studied, for a year, the results of football matches, boxing matches... what they do to the public minds. Crimes rise fourteen percent; there are more murders, more rapes, more thefts -- in every direction, all crimes start rising immediately. And this fourteen percent increase remains stable for almost one week after the match is finished. What has the match done to the people's minds? And can you think this society is sane? -- which has boxing matches where two persons are being almost barbarous to each other, hitting on their noses, blood coming out. And thousands and thousands of people are watching so attentively, breathlessly -- as if something great is happening -- shouting madly, starting to fight amongst themselves. If somebody is shouting against your favorite, immediately fights break out amongst the spectators. And why do we have such ugly games?
We know that everybody condemns the Romans who used to throw human beings, the criminals, before the hungry lions. And thousands of civilized Romans, aristocrats, used

to watch it. It was in Rome that great stadiums were first created. The reason for creating those stadiums was to watch hungry lions killing poor criminals. Is there any way to call these people civilized, cultured? Is there not some psychological background behind it? Are they not enjoying something which is unworthy of any human being? Are they not identifying themselves with the lion and enjoying a good meal?

And Roman culture was at its pinnacle; even the emperor and his wife, the prince and the whole royal family used to come to see -- to them it was a game. But we are not different either. In Spain they are enjoying bullfights. They raise bulls, and then human beings are fighting those bulls; most of the animals get killed or at least badly hurt. And what are these thousands of people doing?... leaving all work aside, nothing is more important than to see the bullfight.

People who can afford it come from all over the world to Spain to see these bullfights; and boxing is just as barbarous. These are our ways of releasing our craziness in installments so it does not get accumulated to a point where we are no more in control, where it becomes the master and we are in its control. That becomes madness, the difference is only of degree.

Only meditators have been found, down the centuries, not to have become mad. Because the meditator knows how to go beyond mind, he knows how to go beyond madness. He does not collect all kinds of crazy things; on the contrary, he continuously cleans his mind, throws away all rubbish that just goes on collecting in life, naturally.

You clean your house every day, but you have not thought of cleaning your mind every day. Just as your house collects dust -- which is not dangerous unless it is radioactive, which is also a man-made danger -- your mind also collects all kinds of junk, and you go on piling it up. A day comes... suddenly the pile is bigger than you, more powerful than you, starts dictating to you; you have to listen to it, otherwise it will not leave you in peace.
Arhata, mind cannot be a creator of joy. At the most it can be just a passage for the joy from the beyond to descend... and reach even to the very fibers of your body.

In the busy New York traffic, a taxi driver ran into the back of the car of Dr. Kendall, a psychiatrist. Dr. Kendall jumped out of his car, shook his fist at the cabby and screamed, "Why the hell can't you look where you are going, you idiot?"
Then suddenly, he remembered his profession. He looked tenderly at the taxi driver, and said softly, "Let me put it this way -- why do you hate your mother?"

He was a psychoanalyst doctor, and the psychoanalyst is obsessed with the idea of hating your mother, of hating your father. Anything goes wrong, the first thing is, "Why do you hate your mother?"
So now he is speaking his professional, cultured and educated language. But he had forgotten it for a single moment when he jumped out of his car and shouted, "Why the hell can't you look where you are going, you idiot?"
That was authentic -- the second statement is stupid, although it is professional.

The psychoanalyst noticed a parrot perched on the farmhouse roof. He ran to fetch a ladder, climbed onto the roof, and was about to clap his cap over the bird, when the parrot fixed him with a beady eye and asked, "What the hell do you think you are doing?"
"Gosh, I didn't mean nothing," said the psychoanalyst. "I thought you was a bird."

Even a man who is well educated... but all education remains part of the mind; it does not make you more alert, more conscious, it simply fills you with information. It treats you like a computer, and it is now well known that computers also can go crazy.

It was thought before that computers cannot go crazy, but it has been found that that was a wrong idea -- computers can go crazy, can go mad.
In Japan, robots have killed ten human beings, for no reason at all. The robots just went crazy -- because the mind and the computer are not different things. The mind is produced by biology, and the computer is produced by us. But their functioning is the same; too much information gets entangled, too much anger repressed becomes murderous, too much suppression of your natural instincts becomes perversion.
So you go on keeping a beautiful profile, a beautiful mask, and behind it you are accumulating all kinds of dangerous possibilities which can explode at any moment. Every man who is not a meditator is vulnerable and can become a madman.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
YEARS AGO IN MY SEARCH FOR TRUTH I LANDED UP IN ABSOLUTE MADNESS, AND HAVE SEEN THE INSIDE OF MANY HOSPITALS FOR THE SO-CALLED MAD. THERE ARE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE... EVERY TIME I TRY, I FIND MYSELF IN PAIN AND TEARS.
MASTER, I AM WONDERING: WAS IT ALL IMAGINATION THAT SOCIETY THOUGHT ME MAD, OR DID I LOOK BEYOND, AND WAS JUST NOT ABLE TO HANDLE IT?
WHAT IS THE VERY SOURCE OF THOUGHTS?

Deva Sukuvar, it is unfortunate that society only introduces you to the world of the mind; and madness follows as a shadow with the growth of the mind. The society does not introduce you to meditation, because that is the only way to be absolutely certain that you will never go mad, that you will always remain master of your actions. But there are reasons why the society is interested in the mind, and not in meditation.
The society's whole interest is in how to exploit you, how to enslave you, how to use you in a more efficient way, almost like a machine. It gives you all the education just for these hidden, secret aims. It prevents you from knowing anything about meditation.
It is afraid of meditation, for the simple reason that a meditator starts living a life of freedom, a life which has its source within himself. He does not care about respectability, honor, money, power. All these things

become trivia, because the meditator knows real, valuable things: he knows silence, he knows peace, he knows love, he knows a dancing heart, he knows the music that is within his own being and also outside of him. He becomes aware of all these treasures.

Now money is like children's play; power is violent, brutal, barbarous. Anything that needs to be competitive he will not participate in, because every competition means enmity, every competition means putting somebody down. Your victory is going to be somebody's defeat, and he cannot conceive that he can be the cause of anybody's defeat, sadness and suffering. He becomes a dropout from the competitive, egoistic, money-minded, power-oriented society.

Hence every society has been afraid of meditation. They teach you things which, taken to the extreme, are bound to create insanity in you. And once you are a participant in their game, there is no way not to go to the extreme. One thing leads to another, one step to another step.

You want to reach the peak, you forget completely that what you are doing is being very destructive to your own being -- and you cannot be destructive to others without being destructive to yourself. Your jealousies, your anger, your greed, all accumulate like wounds inside you. Sooner or later... there is a limit that you can tolerate; once that limit is crossed, the same society which has created the insanity in you puts you in an insane asylum.

And have you ever heard that anybody comes out cured from your insane asylums? Have you ever heard of anybody who is cured by years of psychoanalysis? I know people who have been, for fifteen years or even twenty

years, into psychoanalysis, wasting treasures. Now they have become addicts; their basic problem is still there but a new problem has arisen: they cannot live without psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis has become a drug. Twice a week or three times a week they need psychoanalysis. But nobody is cured, because the function of psychoanalysis or psychiatry -- or any other therapies used in insane asylums -- is not to cure you. It is just to make you normally insane so that you can go back to work, so that you can be again useful to the society, so that the society can again exploit you. They are simply pushing you back within the limit so you can function efficiently.

This is not cure; any small incident and you may cross the line again. Your wife dies, your child dies, your business goes bankrupt and again you are back beyond the sanity line. In fact the society is not sane, and its whole education and culture is not for the sane.

The Rebellious society of my vision will first discipline every child more in meditation than in anything else, because the child is the most capable of being meditative. The child is innocent, unburdened, unworried, he has no thoughts, no memories, no wounds, he is still unscratched. The first thing that should be as a foundation for his whole life is the art of meditation; anything else should come later on. First, make sure that he knows how to get out of the mind, to get out of the jungle of thoughts any moment he wants. Then there will be no need of any madhouses and no need of any psychoanalysis, no need of thousands of people suffering unnecessarily... the society is responsible.

Question 4

BELOVED MASTER,
AT WHAT POINT DID THE HUMAN MIND BECOME PERVERTED?

Shakti Agita, the human mind became perverted when it started following priests and politicians against its own nature. Perversion happens the moment you go against your nature. You cannot throw your nature out of the window; it is within you. But if you go against it, its natural expression is closed. And when the natural expression is closed, the unnatural energy starts finding some other way, it has to come out.

For example, celibacy creates millions of people who are perverted. Their perversion is rooted in their idea of celibacy; then homosexuality arises, lesbianism arises, sodomy arises, pornography arises. And now all that perversion has brought a new disease in the world, AIDS, which knows no cure. Still, no man of any importance is saying that it is because of celibacy -- because that means irritating and annoying all the religions.

I have never thought that humanity is so poor that there are not even a dozen people who will say the truth -- that when the time comes they will not hesitate to risk all their respectability. But I am utterly disappointed in the intelligentsia of the world, nobody is saying that it is celibacy that should be made a crime. On the contrary, governments are making laws saying that homosexuality is a crime. You are making the symptoms a crime, and nobody is even asking why people turn out to be homosexuals, and who are the people who turn to homosexuality in the first place?

The monks, the soldiers, the prisoners, the boys living separately in university hostels. They become sexually mature at the age of fourteen and they have to wait at least ten more years for their marriage. And the biologists have found that men's sexuality, their sexual energy, is at its peak when they are nearabout eighteen years of age. By the time they get married they are already going down.

And when they were at the peak of their energy, you prevented them from meeting girls; and the same is the situation of the girls. You don't allow mixed hostels, otherwise there would be no homosexuality. You don't allow nuns and monks to live in the same monastery, otherwise there would be no need for homosexuality. Destroy the basis and the perversion disappears.

Shepherds living far away in the forest or in the mountains, alone with their sheep, start making love to the sheep. That is sodomy; they can't even find a man, they are so alone there, and their sexual energy wants some way to be relieved.

Perversion has been around man since religions began dominating. They started giving disciplines to people without any understanding of human nature, without any knowledge of human psychology. They are still doing that, and they are forcing governments to make homosexuality a crime punishable by at least five years in jail. And the strangest thing is, in the jail, homosexuality is the most prevalent thing. So by sending homosexuals into jails, you are giving them new pastures, new possibilities. But nobody will say that celibacy is the cause, because all the religions preach celibacy.

Perhaps I am the only person who is saying that celibacy should be completely banned, and that all monks and all nuns should be made to live together. This unnaturalness should be prevented.

Just a few days ago a Jaina nun, just twenty-two years old, but courageous enough, escaped from the fold. She wrote a letter to her father, saying, "Don't search or seek for me, otherwise I will expose everything that goes on inside the monasteries. I have suffered so much torture, so much indignity; I have been exploited sexually and in every other way. And we go on showing the face of celibacy and receiving the respect of people.

"I was forced to become a nun when I was only nine years old, and I had no idea what was happening. Now I am an adult, I don't want to remain a nun, it is absolutely unnatural and ugly. Everything goes on from the back door, and we have to be hypocrites; I hate this kind of life."

But the government is supporting the Jainas. They have arrested the man with whom the girl has escaped. They have arrest warrants for the girl, and the family wants the girl to be returned to the fold. If she does not want to go back to the fold, she should come back to the family. The girl simply does not want to have any relations with those parents who forced her to be a nun when she was only nine years old.

Now the whole Jaina community near Indore and Bhopal, where this case has happened, is in such an uproar because they are afraid that the girl may expose everything that goes on behind the curtains. And the government is supporting them -- the magistrate has issued an arrest warrant.

It is a strange world; the politicians are interested only in the votes of the Jainas, and that area is one of the richest Jaina areas. All the richest people there are Jainas, so all the money for elections comes from them; the politicians cannot annoy them.
The situation is absolutely clear, that the girl is now of age and she has every freedom and right to decide what way of life she wants to live. If she does not want to remain a nun you cannot force her -- by police, by law or by the court -- to live a life which she does not want to live, which she hates to live. Now the governor of Madhya Pradesh has appealed that, wherever that girl is hiding, she should be delivered to the nearest police station, and nobody should give her any shelter. And we call this twentieth century a civilized century, and we call this world democratic?
Perversions arise because religions are against nature. And God is the most important cause of all perversions. Those who want perversions to disappear, have to declare the death of God, because only with the death of God can those religions disappear and leave man in freedom to live according to his nature.

Elsie the Cow was on one side of the fence, and Ferdinand the Bull was on the other side. Elsie gave Ferdinand a wink, and he leaped over the fence to her side, "Are not you Ferdinand the Bull?" she asked.
"Just call me Ferdinand," he said. "The fence was higher than I thought."

That's how things become perverted.

Religion has proved to be the greatest man-made calamity, a disaster, a suicidal attempt by man himself. It has created institutions which are all unnatural: celibacy on one hand, marriage on the other hand. And they have praised marriage as highly as possible. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven... but ask the married people -- they live in hell. It is strange, marriages happen in heaven, and married people live in hell. But to say anything against marriage annoys even those people who are living in hell, and they will not raise their hands in support.

I have heard about Leo Tolstoy, Chekov, and Gorky, three great novelists of Russia before the revolution. They were sitting in the garden of Leo Tolstoy just talking about things and, by the way, they started talking about women. Chekov said something, Gorky said something, but Tolstoy remained silent. They both turned to him and said, "Why you are not saying anything about it?"

He said, "I will say, but I will say only when one of my feet is in the grave. I will say it and jump into the grave, because if I say anything and my wife hears it... I am already living in hell, why make it even worse? I will just keep quiet."

Hymie Goldberg knocked on the door of the psychiatric hospital. A nurse answered the door, and he asked whether any of their patients had escaped recently.

"Why do you want to know?" asked the nurse.

"Well," said Goldberg, "someone has run off with my wife."

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #24

Chapter title: A questionless silence
12 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
IS IT POSSIBLE TO MEDITATE WITHOUT ANY TECHNIQUE?

Deva Maturo, the question you have asked is certainly of great importance because meditation, as such, needs no technique at all. But techniques are needed to remove the obstacles in the way of meditation. So it has to be understood very clearly: meditation itself needs no techniques, it is a simple understanding, an alertness, an awareness. Neither alertness is a technique, nor awareness is a technique.
But on the way to being alert, there are so many obstacles. For centuries man has been gathering those obstacles -- they need to be removed. Meditation itself cannot remove them, certain techniques are needed to remove them. So the work of the techniques is just to prepare the ground, is just to prepare the way, the passage. The techniques in themselves are not meditation. If you stop at the technique, you have missed the point.

J. Krishnamurti was insisting his whole life that there is no technique for meditation. And the total result was not that millions of people attained to meditation; the total result was that millions of people became convinced that no technique is needed for meditation. But they forgot all about what they were going to do with the obstructions, the hindrances. So they remained intellectually convinced that no technique is needed. I have met many followers of J. Krishnamurti, very intimate ones, and I have asked them, "No technique is needed -- I agree absolutely. But has meditation happened to you or to anyone else who has been listening to J. Krishnamurti?"

Although what he is saying is essentially true, he is saying only the positive side of the experience. There is a negative side also. And for that negative side all kinds of techniques are needed -- are absolutely needed -- because unless the ground is well prepared, and all the weeds and wild roots are taken away from the ground, you cannot grow roses and other beautiful flowers. Roses are in no way concerned with those roots, with the wild plants that you have removed. But the removal of those weeds was absolutely necessary for the ground to be in a right situation where roses can blossom.

You are asking, "Is it possible to meditate without any technique?" It is not only possible, it is the only possibility. No technique is needed at all -- as far as meditation is concerned. But what are you going to do with your mind? Your mind will create a thousand and one difficulties. Those techniques are needed to remove the mind from the way, to create a space in which the mind becomes quiet, silent, almost absent. Then meditation happens on its own

accord. It is not a question of technique. You don't have to do anything.
Meditation is something natural, something that is already hidden inside you and is trying to find its way to reach to the open sky, to the sun, to the air. But mind is surrounding it from all sides; all doors are closed, all windows are closed. The techniques are needed to open the windows, to open the doors. And immediately the whole sky is available to you, with all its stars, with all its beauty, with all its sunsets, with all its sunrises.
Just a small window was preventing you... just a small piece of straw can go into your eye and it will prevent you from seeing the vast sky because you cannot open your eyes. It is absolutely illogical that just a small piece of straw or sand can prevent you from seeing the great stars, the infinite sky. But in fact they can -- they do.
Techniques are needed to remove those straws, those pieces of sand, from your eyes. And meditation is your nature, is your very potential. It is another name of alertness.

The young father, taking his baby for a walk in the pram in the park, seemed quite unperturbed by the wails emerging from the pram. "Easy now, Albert," he said quietly. "Keep calm, there's a good fellow."
Another howl rang out. "Now, now, Albert," murmured the father, "keep your temper."
A young mother, passing by, remarked, "I must congratulate you. You certainly know how to speak to babies." Then, patting the baby on the head, she cooed, "What is bothering you, Albert?"

"No, no," cried the father. "His name is Johnnie; I am Albert."

He was simply trying to keep himself alert: "Albert, don't lose your temper." He does not want to forget, otherwise he would like to throw this baby into the lake.
Meditation is simply awareness without any effort, an effortless alertness; it does not need any technique. But your mind is so full of thoughts, so full of dreams, so much of the past, so much of the future -- it is not herenow, and awareness has to be herenow. The techniques are needed to help you to cut your roots from the past, to cut your dreams from the future, and to keep you in this moment as if only this moment exists. Then there is no need of any technique.

Hymie Goldberg was visiting his friend, Mr. Cohen, who was dying. "Do us a favor," said Hymie Goldberg, "when you go to heaven could you find a way of letting me know whether they play baseball up there?" Mr. Cohen said he would certainly try to contact his old friend if at all possible.
Only a few days after Mr. Cohen died, Hymie Goldberg had a phone call. "Hello, Hymie," said Mr. Cohen. "It is your old friend here."
"Cohen? Is it really you?" asked Hymie.
"Sure," answered his friend. "I have some good news and some bad news. First, there sure is baseball in heaven. And the bad news is that you are pitching next Sunday."

Life is a complicated affair. There is good news, and there is bad news. The good news is that there is no need of any

technique; but the bad news is, without any technique you are not going to get it.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
SOMETIMES I FEEL JEALOUS WHEN YOU ARE ANSWERING QUESTIONS OF MY FELLOW TRAVELERS, ALTHOUGH THEY ARE MY QUESTIONS AS WELL. I AM AWARE THAT THIS IS MY GREED AND IMPATIENCE, AND THE EGO'S LONGING FOR ATTENTION. I FEEL SORRY FOR MY LACK OF GRATITUDE, AND LACK OF BEING SILENT.
YOU, BELOVED MASTER, ARE SHOWERING YOUR LOVE ALL OVER -- MORE THAN I AM READY TO RECEIVE. I DO NOT HAVE ANY SIGNIFICANT QUESTION IN MY MIND RIGHT NOW; I JUST WANT TO PUT THIS OUT.

Dhyan Prita, you have not asked any question. That does not mean you don't have any questions; that can only mean you have so many questions that you cannot figure out which one to ask. Because not to have questions is to have found the answer. There are millions of possible questions, but there is only one answer. There are not many answers, there are not answers for each question. Only one golden key opens all the doors.
You feel jealous when other sannyasins are asking questions. That is a clear-cut indication that you have many questions boiling within you but you don't have the courage to expose yourself. You don't want to let people know that

you are not knowledgeable. You are a hypocrite; you are trying to show that you know all the answers -- you don't have to ask any question to anybody.

If you had certainly finished with all the questions, there would not be any jealousy. Your jealousy is very indicative. But you also cannot resist, that's why you have asked without asking a question. You cannot resist the temptation of getting my attention, and everybody else's attention. That is an ego-desire.

Now you are in a dilemma: if you ask a question, you show your ignorance. That you don't want. You can wait till someone asks the question -- and somebody is bound to ask. You just need enough patience. But you also want to draw my attention, and everybody else's attention, towards you. Now there is no other way unless you ask a question. You have found a very clever way. You have simply described the situation -- and without asking a question. So you have saved your knowledge and you have fulfilled your desire of getting attention. But this is not going to help you. Your ego has to be destroyed, not to be nourished. You have to look at yourself, you must be carrying a mess around with you: questions that you cannot ask, and a tremendous desire for your ego to be nourished and fulfilled. I feel immense compassion for you. You are sick. And this is a kind of sickness that has been chosen by you. If you want to drop it, you can drop it right now. And all the clouds that are around your consciousness will disappear. From tomorrow, be simple and innocent like a child. Ask any question, howsoever stupid and silly it appears to be. And ask, not for getting attention; ask in search of the answer, of the ultimate answer.

Auntie Mabel's husband was laid out in the funeral parlor. Suddenly, she decided she did not like the brown suit her husband had on. "I see another man wearing a blue suit in the next parlor," Auntie Mabel said to the funeral director. "Blue was my hubby's favorite color, and I would like him laid out in a blue suit."

The funeral director told Auntie Mabel to return in an hour, and the change would be made. She returned after the hour, and found her husband now lying in a blue suit. And the other man in the next parlor was wearing a brown one.

"However did you manage to change the suits?" Auntie Mabel asked the funeral director.

"I did not change suits," he replied. "I found it was easier just to switch heads."

That's all you need -- just to switch your head. Change with anybody. Changing the gown may not help -- just change the head, switch the head. You are feeling jealous of others; just find a person of whom you are really feeling jealous. Then switch the heads. And remember, Dhyan Prita, that it is a very difficult and complex situation.

I have always told an ancient Sufi story to my people. A Sufi mystic had prayed for almost fifty years -- and Mohammedans pray five times a day. And each of his prayers consisted only of one desire:

"Lord, why are you so unkind to me? Because I see everybody is happier than me. Only I am miserable. And I don't ask much, I simply want... can't you change my destiny with somebody else? Anybody will do. I don't even ask for a certain person, because I know in this whole

place, everybody is in a better position than I am. They smile, they laugh, they giggle, they enjoy, they dance, they sing... and all I do is pray five times a day -- and the same prayer for fifty years. And you are completely deaf; it is time you should hear me."

And that night he went to sleep and saw in a dream... a strange dream he had never seen; a dream in which he heard a voice from the skies, telling the whole town where he lived, "Take out all your miseries, all your sufferings. Put them in a bag, and bring the bag to the mosque in the center of the town."

The mystic thought inside himself, "Perhaps my prayers have, after all, been heard." He was immensely happy. He collected all his miseries -- they were not many because he had not much time to create many. Prayer five times a day, and the same prayer.... You need some time to create misery, suffering. You have to go out in the world, find people who can help you to be more miserable, pay for it -- because nothing is without payment, everything costs here. And he was a mystic, so he always remained in the mosque, either reading the holy scriptures or praying to God.

Naturally, he had not much misery. So just a small bag... and he rushed towards the mosque, and on the way he found people dragging such big bags. He said, "My God!" And he looked at their faces -- these were the people he was feeling jealous of, these were the people who were always giggling and laughing, playing cards and going to the movies, gambling, going to the races. And he used to think that these are very happy people.

"What have I done? Now I am going to get into more trouble." He looked at his bag, it was so small. And these people had such big bags that they could not hold them in their hands, they had to drag them on the road. And because he had a small bag he was faster, he met many people; and the more he saw, the more he became afraid. He saw a few people dragging two bags in both their hands. He said, "My God! What have I done? Now what is going to happen?"

And when all the people had entered into the mosque, another voice from the sky was heard. "Now, put your bags by the side of the wall. Then the lights will go off and an order will be given that you can choose any bag you want. In the darkness it will be easier, so you can choose any. Everybody is free to choose."

And the voice said to the mystic, "Don't be worried, it is not only you who has been praying for fifty years. You are the most nagging one, that is true, but all these people have also been praying, `Why have you given so much misery to me when others are enjoying life?'"...

Because everybody sees himself in totality, everybody sees himself in his inner being. And everybody sees others in their partial expressions -- and only from the outside. So nobody sees their wounds, and nobody knows their anxieties and their anguishes; people know only their false smiles.

The mystic was very much afraid. He had to put down the bag according to the order, but he sat by the side of the bag because, in the dark, if somebody else... and everybody must be watching his bag, it is so small that anybody would like to choose it. So it is better to keep your eyes on your

bag and as the lights go off, before the order, just pick up your bag and keep a hold on it, because in the darkness people may try to snatch it away, seeing that their bags... But he was surprised that not only he was sitting by the side of his bag, everybody else was sitting by the side of their own bags, small or big, one or two. He inquired of a few neighbors, "What is the matter? Why you are clinging to your two big bags?"

They said, "We are sorry that we prayed to God, but that does not mean that we are going to exchange our well-known miseries for somebody's absolutely unknown miseries. Who knows what kind of miseries that fellow has? And these miseries have lived with us for decades, we have become accustomed -- a certain kind of friendship has also grown. In fact, without them we may feel something is missing in life. And at this point, at this age, we are not so foolish to change for new miseries, new anxieties, and to begin life from ABC. Somehow we have come to a settlement."

The darkness came, the order came, but nobody moved; not a single person. The light came, and everybody heard a great laughter from the sky. And He said, "Now, do you understand why your prayers were not heard? They were heard; but just knowing your stupidity, I did not take any action according to your prayers. You are so unconscious, so unaware of yourselves, that you don't know what you are asking for."

Prayer is meaningless if it is not out of alertness. And a man of alertness need not have any prayer -- alertness is enough unto itself. So be alert of your questions, of your

ego, of your jealousy. And don't think that everybody else is enjoying life -- that only you have fallen into a miserable ditch. The ditch is of your own digging -- stop digging it and come out of it. You have made a home in the ditch. It is cozy, it gives you a little shelter, a little shed. Come out of the dark holes you are hiding in. Expose yourself to light. Your questions are nothing but your exposures. And a wound exposed to light and to sun starts healing.

My answers are more medicinal than philosophical. I am answering your thousands of questions, not to make you more knowledgeable, but to heal your wounds and to make you more innocent. If my answer can destroy your question, both the things will be the outcome. It will heal your wound, it will make you more innocent.

You are afraid of being known as ignorant. If you cannot drop that fear, your being here with me is meaningless. My whole effort is to help you see that you are not ignorant -- you are innocent. People have condemned your innocence as ignorance. I want you to drop that condemnation of others, and to look to your innocence.

You are still a child, the child never dies. Even in old age, the child still remains within you. You can discover it any moment; and the moment you discover it, you have found meditation, you have found wisdom -- not knowledge. Knowledge is answers of questions. Wisdom is a questionless silence, a certain clarity, a certain transparency, a mirrorlike reflectiveness -- but not knowledge. It is utter purity.

Question 3

BELOVED MASTER,

YOU HAVE ALWAYS STRESSED THAT THERE IS SO MUCH MISERY IN THE WORLD BECAUSE WE HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO LOOK AT THE DARKER SIDE OF THINGS. EITHER ONE CAN FEEL HAPPY, SEEING THAT THERE IS A DAY FULL OF LIGHT BETWEEN TWO DARK NIGHTS, OR ONE CAN BE MISERABLE, SEEING THAT A SMALL DAY IS SURROUNDED BY DARKNESS.
MASTER, IN LOOKING FOR THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS, I HAVE NOT SUCCEEDED MUCH. MY EYES GO TO THE DARKER SIDE FIRST. HOW CAN I CHANGE AND IMPROVE MY OUTLOOK?

Anand Avinesh, I have never said that there is no dark side of things. In existence, everything is balanced -- the dark side and the light side. They both are there.
The only thing that you can do is, either to choose the thorns in a rosebush and condemn the whole world, and condemn yourself, and think that it is nothing but hell... so many thorns, and if there is only one roseflower amidst so many thorns, what is the point? What is the significance of one roseflower? Because you insist on counting the thorns, you may also harm yourself. And certainly you will not be able to experience the beauty of the rose.
What I have been saying to you is that if thorns exist in the rosebush, the thorns and the roseflowers are not enemies. The thorns are almost like bodyguards to the beautiful roseflower, they protect the roseflower. They both get their life juice from the same roots -- the same plant provides nourishment to the thorns that provides nourishment to the

flower. For the rosebush there is no difference; the roseflower is not higher in any sense than the rose thorns. They are all needed, they fulfill a certain necessity.

If you want to enjoy life, if you want to see the meaning of life, if you want to understand its greatness, its blissfulness, then you will first have to look at the rose -- to see its beauty, its fragrance -- and then to see the thorns, that they are not enemies of the rose. They are part of the same rosebush, and they play a certain protective part. They are friends to the beautiful flower.

In existence nothing is unnecessary. The day is good, so is the night. Just think of a long day without any night -- you will be utterly tired and exhausted. Life will become absolutely dry -- a desert. Just miss a few nights' sleep, and you will see what great despair and anguish it creates. The day is beautiful in its own way.

I'm not saying choose the day and ignore the night. I'm saying: see the harmony of the opposites, see the complementariness of the contradictories. See the beautiful unity between yes and no, between life and death. Try to understand that existence consists of polar opposites. If you choose one side, your life will remain only half; and a half-life is a miserable life.

Hence all the great mystics of the world have been teaching one thing, without any exception, and that is choiceless awareness. Don't choose the day or the night. Remain choiceless and alert, so that you can see the great harmony between the opposites. They look opposite to you; they are not opposite in reality.

You are saying, "In looking for the brighter side of things for the last ten years, I have not succeeded much. My eyes go to the darker side first." No harm. Let them go to the darker side first, perhaps they need a little rest. For ten years you have been trying to force them to the lighter side; naturally they want a little rest.
Have a little mercy on your eyes, let them rest -- because for rest they need darkness. Light is a disturbance. And nothing is wrong; if your eyes like first to see the dark, it is perfectly good. From where did you get the idea that I am telling you to first see the lighter side? What difference will it make? First you will see the lighter side, then you will see the darker side. Right now, first you see the darker side, and then you see the lighter side -- it is almost the same.

A bishop in a small Midwestern town bought two parrots, and taught them to say the rosary. He even had two tiny sets of rosary beads made for them. After months of exhaustive training, the parrots were able to recite the rosary and use the beads at the same time.
The bishop was so pleased that he decided to teach another parrot the rosary. He went to the pet store and bought a female parrot, which he brought home and put into the cage with the other two. As he did this, one parrot turned to the other and said, "Throw away your beads, George, our prayers have been answered."

That's just what I say: look at the tremendous humor... in darkness, in light, in night, in day. Don't become sad and miserable. Remain weightless, unburdened, non-serious.

But you have misunderstood me, Avinesh. I am not one of what you know in America as the `positive thinkers'. I am not a positive thinker. Because those positive thinkers simply deny the existence of the negative: "It does not exist, it is only your mind." You are miserable and they say it does not exist, it is just in your mind. It helps nobody, but America produces so much literature on positive philosophy... it has a good market. And all kinds of stupid things are preached in the name of positive philosophy. One of the best books, very well written, is Napoleon Hill's THINK AND GROW RICH. You have not to do anything at all -- just sit and think.

You have heard about Basho. Even Basho looks like nothing compared to Napoleon Hill. Poor Basho is saying: "Sitting silently, doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself." He is talking about grass, and it certainly grows by itself whether Basho is sitting silently or not. When the spring comes, the grass grows. It does not inquire where Basho is sitting. But Napoleon Hill is teaching, "Think and grow rich." Just sit, and think. Visualize that a Cadillac car is standing in your garage -- and you don't have a garage at all! And one day you will find that from your thinking, the universe has brought a Cadillac car to your garage. And the garage is not there at all -- perhaps first the universe brings the garage, then it brings the Cadillac car....

In America, when people write books they promote, they go to the bookstalls, they stand there, and if you purchase their recently published book they give you their signature. The day Napoleon Hill's book was published Henry Ford entered the shop. He was looking for some good literature,

and the owner said to him, "I would like to introduce you to a very well-known author and philosopher. His best book is published just today, and he would like to present a copy to you." Napoleon Hill was brought from inside the shop; he presented his book. Henry Ford looked at the title, THINK AND GROW RICH. Then he looked at Napoleon Hill from top to bottom, from bottom to top, and asked him, "Have you come in your own car or on a public bus?"

Napoleon Hill could not understand what kind of question this was. But it was from Henry Ford, the richest man of those days, so he could not simply ignore it; he had to answer it. He said, "I have come on a public bus."

Henry Ford returned the book and told him, "The day you have your own private car, come to me. That day I will accept your book. THINK AND GROW RICH -- and you are still riding in a public bus! And you have some nerve to present the book to me, who has worked hard, day and night, to produce money; who was born poor, and who has reached to the very top in the whole world."

Money does not shower from the sky just by your thinking. But this kind of philosophy is very prevalent in America; this is the only kind of philosophy they have produced. I am not a positive thinker. I am not saying to you, "Look only to the positive side of things." And I am not saying that the negative side does not exist. I am saying that existence consists of the positive and the negative, in equal quantities -- and the negative is as beautiful as the positive. The positive has its own utility, and the negative has its own utility. So there is no problem... if you are accustomed to look first at the dark side, look first at the dark side. Then look at the light side.

But don't make an absurd effort... that's what you have been doing for ten years, Avinesh. You are trying to look only at the positive side, only at the light side. You have become obsessed with it. And because of this obsession, your eyes go directly to the dark side. This is the simple phenomenon of any kind of repression -- obsession. The ultimate result is just the opposite of what you want. The people who are suppressing their sex... their eyes are continuously searching for sex. Perhaps they are searching to condemn it, but they are searching for sex. Reasons may be any -- that is not reason, that is only rationalization -- but they are obsessed.

I have heard about a group of positive thinkers who used to meet every Sunday in the church. One man had not been coming for a few weeks. The president of the club saw this member's son on the road one day, called him and asked him, "Boy, what is the problem? Where is your father? He has not been to the club meetings for a few weeks."
The young man said, "He is sick."
The president laughed. He said, "He will never understand. This is our whole philosophy. He's not sick -- sickness is only his thought, a negative thought. Just go back home and tell him, `Your president sends the message that sickness is only in your head. You are not sick; and it does not look right for a senior member of the positive thinkers' club.'"
But still he did not turn up, for two weeks, three weeks. The old man again went in the direction where he had found the boy. He found the boy again and he asked, "What is the matter? Did you not give your father my message?"
He said, "I have given him your message."

"Then why is he not coming to the club meetings?"
And the young man said, "Now he thinks he is dead. And we have been saying to him for two days, `Dad, you are not dead. You are only thinking it -- you are a member of the positive thinkers' club. Death does not exist.' He does not listen."

You cannot deny death, you cannot deny the night, you cannot deny the dark side of things. You cannot deny anything in life; you have to be more comprehensive, you have to be more synthetic, you have to allow everything its place, and you have to be respectful of darkness, of light. You have to be respectful of thorns and of roses. I teach you the wholeness of life, I don't teach you any fragmentary idea.
So it is perfectly good if your eyes go to the dark first; let them enjoy the dark. They will move to the light also -- there is no need to be worried about it. Don't think that something is wrong with you. And I can understand. For ten years... it must have become a very tiring thing for you. Drop this whole philosophy that you have taken upon yourself, unnecessarily. Accept the wholeness of life; because to me the acceptance of the whole is the only holy experience in the world.

Question 4
BELOVED MASTER,
CAN ANYTHING WE ASK MAKE YOU BLUSH?

Maneesha, no. Three times no!

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #25
Chapter title: The field of awakening
13 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
ALL THE PAIN AND SUFFERING OF THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE WORLD THAT I HEAR YOU TALK ABOUT LEAVES ME WITH SUCH A SADNESS BECAUSE THIS WORLD IS SO BEAUTIFUL. AS LONG AS I AM NOT AWAKENED, I FEEL THAT SOMEHOW I AM PART OF THAT UNCONSCIOUS CRUELTY AND STUPIDITY, AND I REALLY WANT TO GET OUT OF IT.
SOMETIMES I FEEL THAT I HAVE DONE SO MUCH OVER THE YEARS, AND TRIED SO HARD, AND THAT NOW IT IS TIME TO RELAX AND WAIT -- TO JUST ALLOW THINGS TO HAPPEN. BUT I WONDER, BELOVED MASTER, DID I REALLY DO ENOUGH?

Prem Anna, it is true that the suffering and misery of the world is enormous; and at the same time the world is so beautiful, so divine. What is creating this contradiction? The contradiction does not exist in the world itself, the contradiction exists in man's mind. Man has introduced

misery and suffering in the world; otherwise the world was absolutely innocent. And why does the mind introduce so much misery and suffering? There are reasons that need to be understood.

Mind has been trained slowly slowly, for millennia, to be more efficient, to be more competitive, to be more ambitious. These things look very innocent in themselves, but they have produced as a by-product the whole misery and suffering that you see around you. All our cultures, religions, political ideologies and, more importantly, our educational systems are based on a fundamental principle and that is, how to be more successful than others.

A small child has no idea what will be the outcome of all this. But the moment you start struggling for success, which has almost become the very aim of life, you are creating suffering all around. Your ambitions are not so innocent -- because they give you inclinations to be richer than others, to be more powerful than others, to be more prestigious than others.... The whole thing is based on comparison with the others.

And to be rich you need an ocean of poverty around you; otherwise you cannot be successful as a rich man. The poverty of millions is an absolute necessity. To be successful in gaining power, you have to destroy millions of people -- their pride, their dignity, their very humanity. You have to reduce them into different kinds of slavery -- economic, political, psychological, spiritual. Only then can you be in power.

You have to keep the world constantly in a state of war, either cold or hot. Adolf Hitler, in his autobiography, had many insights. One of his great insights is that the great

men of history are produced only in times of war; peace produces nothing. It is almost a truism; just think of all the great heroes of history. They are produced by war, not by peace. In times of peace you enjoy life, you relax; in times of war the people who are cunning, clever, and who are ready to use any means to be victorious become great leaders. Their paths to leadership are through the blood of millions.

Among the trees there is no great tree; all trees are simply beautiful trees. The smaller and the bigger don't compare themselves, and they don't suffer from any inferiority complex or superiority complex. It is only man who suffers from these complexes, because his ideal is success. Everything has to be rated on the criterion of success. If you are successful, whatever you have done is right. Success makes everything right. And if you fail, then whatever you have done becomes wrong -- as if success and failure are the only criteria of human values.

But this is what our education goes on teaching... our education is immensely destructive. In the name of education, it is mis-education. It needs to be completely changed and transformed. Things like ambition, success, comparison, have to be completely taken out of the human mind -- and it is possible. Rather than teaching these ugly things, education should give people better ways of life, how to live more totally and more intensely; better ways of loving, better ways of beautifying existence -- without any comparison with others -- just for your sheer contentment. Love, sing, dance -- not as a competitor, but as a man who wants to share his joy, his songs and his dances with his fellow human beings. Whatever you have -- and every

human being has something unique to contribute to the world....

But your education teaches you to imitate, your religions teach you to imitate. Nobody says to you: "Just be yourself -- that's where your paradise lies." They go on saying to you, "Follow this, imitate that." They give you ideals: "Become a Gautam Buddha, or a Jesus Christ." But never, even by mistake, do they say to you, "Just be yourself; relax and enjoy your being, and bring your potential to its maximum unfoldment."

You will not be a Buddha, you cannot be a Buddha. But there is no need of too many Buddhas -- one is enough, more than enough. You have to be yourself.... But the whole society condemns you. You are not worthy as you are; your work lies in betraying yourself. And the man who betrays himself is bound to suffer his whole life. He has committed the greatest sin, perhaps the only sin there is. There is no God to betray, there is no religious doctrine to betray -- they are all fictions. The only reality you can betray is your own being. By betraying yourself, you lose self-respect; and once a man loses self-respect, he lives like a wound that goes on hurting more and more as times passes.

So you are right: the world is beautiful, the songs of the birds are beautiful, the trees and the flowers and the rain, the oceans and the mountains. They are all immensely beautiful for the simple reason that they are themselves. Only man has brought an ugly state of affairs into the world by comparison, by competition, by the idea of success; by imitation, by condemning oneself and praising somebody else.

I teach you to have a pride of your own. It is not ego, because you are not declaring it in comparison to anybody else. Ego is a comparison, pride is simply self-respect -- a sense of dignity that existence needs you, and that you have to fulfill the hopes of existence; that you have to be yourself, not at the minimum, but at the maximum; that you have to bring all the flowers to blossom -- your flowers. They may be marigolds, they may be roses, they may be lotuses -- it does not matter. What matters is that they should come to a blossoming. Your life should become a spring, a continuous celebration.

You are asking me: "I have done so much over the years, and tried so hard, and that now it is time to relax and wait." Anything that is hard, anything that is tiring, anything that seems to be a burden and you want to get rid of it, was in the first place unnatural.

You went against nature. You went against the current of life itself -- that's why things became so hard. If you had gone with the river, without struggling to go against its flow, you would have enjoyed the coolness of the river, the aliveness of the river, the trees on the banks, the sunrises, the sunsets, beautiful days, beautiful nights full of stars. Your life would have been naturally relaxed and in a state of let-go.

Those so many years that you tried so hard just show your ignorance, and nothing else. You don't understand that nature is very relaxed; the moment you become unnatural tensions arise in you, anxieties, anguish. And you may be anxious and tense for very good reasons -- to remove misery from the world, to remove wars from the world, to remove all suffering from the world -- very good intentions.

But remember, the way to hell is paved with good intentions... just good intentions won't help.
What helps is a deep understanding of the relaxedness of existence, and to be in tune with it. And then you would have done much, without tiring yourself.
Now you want to relax and wait! What will you do about all those habits of fighting and being hard at work? They won't allow you to relax easily, they have become your second nature. It is easy to learn wrong things. It is very difficult to get rid of them for the simple reason that they enter into your very blood, into your bones, into your marrow -- they become almost part of you.
Relaxation should be the simplest thing in the world -- but it is the hardest. Not that it is hard, but because people are so much habituated to making hard effort that if you tell them to relax, not to do anything, just to wait... it sounds simple, but they cannot just wait. They will do something, they have to do something. It is now almost a kind of possession -- they are possessed by a certain structure of life.
But it is not too late. If you are going for relaxation, patience, and waiting -- just don't waste time. That is the way of life. You had gone astray, you have come back to the easy, and the easy is the right; to the simple, and the simple is the right.
And you are asking me: "Beloved Master, did I really do enough?"
You have done too much! You should not have done anything at all, because that is not the way to change. Relaxation will bring a transformation in you, and once you are a transformed being you become almost like a flame,

which can share its fire with other unlit flames. It will attract, without your effort, those who are thirsty for light. It will attract those who have been missing all the joys of life, all the beauties of life; who have been wasting their time and energy in unnecessary effort.
Great things happen not by your doings, but when you are just waiting with open doors -- spontaneously, on their own accord. Once you have learned the secret of spontaneity -- and that the existence is over-compassionate, abundant with love, with joy, overflowing with all that you have been searching -- once you stop running here and there, the whole existence becomes available to you.
You have really not only done too much, you seem to have some pride about it. And what is the result? How much less miserable is the world? How much less suffering is in the world? How much have your efforts beautified it, made it a more pleasant place? Forget the world.... What has it done to you? Your efforts, hard efforts -- what have they done for you? How much more mature are you, more centered, more joyous, more at ease with life? How much have you known yourself? How much have you penetrated into the mysteries of your being? What is your total gain? Just being tired and exhausted.... And perhaps your hard work may have proved dangerous to many people, without your knowledge.

I have heard: in a Sunday school the teacher was reminding the small boys and girls, "I had told you last week to never let any day pass without doing a good act."
The Sunday before she had been preaching about service to humanity, doing good acts: "Because that is the only way

for you to become spiritual, virtuous, religious, valuable in the eyes of God."
One small boy had said, "I understand what you are saying but I would like some specific instances. What should I do that would be considered as a `good act'?"
And just as an example she had told the students, "For example, an old woman wants to go to the other side of the street. It is rush hour, perhaps she is blind -- then you have to help her, and take her to the other side. And this will be a virtuous, a good act."
So she asked them, "Have you done any good acts in the last week?" One boy waved his hands, then another, and then another. Only three boys out of the whole class. She was very angry that the whole week has passed and only three boys had done good acts. But she wanted to know what they had done.
So she asked the first boy, and he said, "I have done exactly what you told us: I helped a blind old woman to cross the road from one side to the other. It was really difficult, very hard."
The teacher could not understand why it should be so difficult, but perhaps the traffic was too much. She asked the other boy.
He said, "I also helped an old blind woman to cross the road; it was really the hardest thing I have done in my life."
The teacher could not think that both these boys could find two blind women, but it could be a coincidence. She asked the third.
He said, "I have done the same. I helped an old woman to cross from one side to another side; and I want to tell you,

that I am not going to do such good acts again. It was really hard."
The teacher said, "I am amazed! How could you find three blind women?"
They said, "Who is saying three? It was only one blind woman; we all three were helping her to cross and it was hard because she did not want to go. She started beating us with her walking-stick, but we were determined to do some good act. Although we got beaten, we managed to force her to the other side. And she was shouting madly that, `I don't want to go to the other side.' But we wanted to do it just to have a taste of good acts. Enough is enough, we will never do such a thing again. Our bones are still hurting."

So you may have been doing hard, tiring work for the upliftment of humanity, for the betterment of humanity. But has it helped in any way? Or has it gone down the drain even more? It is good that you have decided to relax. Relax. Don't help blind women to cross the road; they will find their way.
The people who are insisting on serving you don't take any care whether you want to be served or not. While I used to travel around the country I was troubled so many times, I could not believe that people are so utterly unconscious about what they are doing.
One night, just in the middle of the night, my train was standing in Rajasthan at Chittaurgarh railway junction. I was alone in my compartment, and a man entered and started massaging my feet. I said, "I am not in any need of massage; and don't disturb my sleep, it will be very kind of you."

He said, "I had been trying hard to reach you when you were giving a meditation camp in Udaipur, but your secretaries and others wouldn't let me in. And I have decided that I will serve you in some way or other. I have come up to Chittaurgarh just to find you alone. You can go to sleep, but I am going to massage."
I said, "When you are massaging, how I can sleep?"
He said, "That is your problem."
And I had to suffer his massage for one hour continuously, because the train remains for one hour at Chittaurgarh. Seeing no other possibility, that that man is determined to do some good act, I had to suffer it.
It has happened so many times, in different ways. I was traveling from Calcutta to Varanasi. I had a fever; I was utterly tired -- seven days camp in Calcutta. I simply wanted to take some medicine and go to sleep, and a man entered. I asked, "What do you want?"
He said, "I don't want anything. I will just sit on the floor; I always wanted to sit by your feet, and now I have got the chance."
I said, "Listen, I am having fever and I want to go to sleep, and your presence will be a disturbance to me." But he wouldn't listen.
In India, the idea is that spiritual people don't suffer from fever, they don't need to sleep, they don't need to rest. They should be available twenty-four hours a day, to all kinds of idiots. And this is not only uneducated people. One afternoon, when I was sleeping in Jaipur, suddenly I saw that somebody is walking on the roof. And then he pulled out a tile and looked at me. I said, "What are you doing there?"

He said, "Nothing... I have never seen you from very close. There are always fifty thousand people in your meetings, and I'm so far away that I cannot see your face. You can rest, you can go to sleep -- but I will wait here."
But the gardener of the bungalow had seen the man, so he came rushing in, forcing him to get down. I inquired of the gardener, "Do you know this man?"
He said, "I know him. He is a government official, well-educated."
But in India, it is thought to be that just darshan, seeing the saint, is earning great virtue. What happens to the saint is not the question -- that is his problem. Now how can you rest and sleep if somebody is sitting just on your head, looking at you?
You have done enough, more than enough. Now have mercy on yourself and on others. Relax -- you have come to a very good conclusion. You cannot help the world more than by relaxing.

Auntie Ann died at the ripe old age of ninety-two. She had outlived a total of eight husbands. At her funeral one of the nephews remarked, "At last they are together again."
"Together?" asked a family friend. "Which husband are you referring to?"
"I am not referring to a husband," came the reply. "I am referring to her legs."

A woman who has worn out eight husbands, she has done enough. It is time to relax.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,
TO BE WITH YOU HERE NOW HAS BECOME A GREAT CHALLENGE FOR ME. AFTER BEING A SANNYASIN FOR SIX YEARS, THIS TIME I FEEL SO READY. SOMETHING WANTS TO EXPLODE IN A NEVER-ENDING LAUGHTER, OR IN ENDLESS TEARS; SOMETHING WANTS TO BREAK THROUGH. BELOVED MASTER, WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES IT SO EASY TO ENCOUNTER MYSELF WHEN I AM IN YOUR PRESENCE, AND HOW CAN I AVOID FALLING INTO THE OLD TRAPS AGAIN WHEN I AM NOT HERE?

Paripurna, the moments that you pass here are bound to have a different quality to them. You are surrounded by people who are all here to be silent, to be peaceful, to be loving. In one word, they are here to taste something of meditation. And when so many people are relaxing into the silences of their hearts, moving away from their minds, their past, their future, and are just remaining in the present, it creates a certain energy sphere, a certain vibe, a tidal wave that you cannot see.
But if you are here, you will certainly be affected by the energy generated by so many people's silences. You will be having flowers showered on you, which are not visible. So many people, peaceful and loving; so many people no longer interested in the past, which is no more... who are just here and now, not imagining and projecting about the future, which is not yet.
Only the present moment is the real. Past is a fiction, just a memory; future is a fiction, just an imagination. When so

many people are living in the real, they create a space in which you can easily find yourself also relaxed, silent, loving.

This is the purpose of the whole gathering of seekers of the mysteries of existence. Without knowing, they are all helping each other. Without making any effort to help, their very being becomes a magnetic pull. I call this field the Buddhafield, the field of awakening.

It is because of this that you feel totally different -- not trapped in your old patterns. But this should not become an addiction, it should be only a place of learning an art. And then go back home into the marketplace, and carry the fragrance that you have gathered here.

In the beginning you will find it difficult; but slowly slowly it becomes so much part of you that, wherever you go, you will find it exactly the same as you find it here. If it becomes an addiction -- that only here you feel good and great, rejoicing and peaceful, and not in the world... that is not my approach.

That has been the approach for thousands of years of all the religions. That's why they all created monasteries. They all created an atmosphere of renouncing the world; because what they gain, what they experience in the monasteries, in the mountains, in the gatherings of fellow seekers, they lose the moment they enter into the marketplace. So they thought that it is the marketplace which destroys their valuable experiences. Their conclusion was absolutely wrong.

It is not the marketplace; it is their own not-yet well-crystallized beings that become affected when they come to the world. I want the world to be your very test. I am not in

favor of renouncing the world. I'm in absolute favor of going out of the world for a few months, enjoying the peace, the silence of the forests, of the mountains, of gatherings like this; and then you go back to the marketplace -- because that is where the real test is.
If you can maintain your peace, your silence, your love, and the world cannot disturb you, then you have really achieved something. Otherwise you were simply being pulled by a certain magnetic field, but it was not becoming a transformation in your being.

So my suggestion is: whenever you feel that you are losing the track, this communion will remain available. You can come back, you can get recharged. But the real test is in the world, the final decision will be there.
One day you will find that nothing can disturb you, nothing can take away your peace, nothing can stir your silence, nothing can destroy your blissfulness. Then it has become something... part of your own growth. Your being is crystallized, it has itself become a magnet.
Others will start feeling in your presence a certain freshness, a certain fragrance, a certain newness. Your presence will become an invocation and an invitation to them, that what they are is not their wholeness; they can still grow, they can still become more, richer, juicier. Life can have more significance. It need not be just a drag from the cradle to the grave; it can also be a dance. And unless life is a dance, you don't know anything about the divine. Only your dance, to the extent that the dancer disappears and only the dance remains, will give you your first glimpse of godliness in existence. But remember always:

you are not to get addicted to me, or to the people here -- they are constantly changing.
Come, refresh yourself, your memories -- but go back into the world. This way you are not only crystallizing your being, you are also helping the world. Sending you into the world is sending a message into the world, because there may be others who are also thirsty. Seeing you, and your thirst quenched, they may also be fortunate enough to come here and be here.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
PLEASE, IS THERE A WAY TO MAKE PEACE WITH MEN?

Prem Anna, the question you have asked reminds me of Leo Tolstoy, one of the greatest novelists the world has ever known. Strangely, one of his most famous novels, ANNA KARENINA... just your name. He was dying, and he had an old aunt who was a very religious person in an orthodox way.
Leo Tolstoy was a genuine spiritual being, but in a very rebellious way. He never went to church, he never bothered about priests; and the aunt was always worried. She thought that he was an atheist. And when he was dying, the doctor said, "It is only a question of a few minutes -- or at the most one hour."
The aunt came close to Leo Tolstoy, whispered in his ear, "Now you have never listened to me, but at this moment make peace with God."

Leo Tolstoy opened his eyes and said, "But I have never been in any conflict with him. The very idea of making peace with God is strange to me because I have never quarreled with him; in fact we have never met."
You are asking, "Please, is there a way to make peace with men?" You are asking as a woman. The first thing is to make peace with yourself. If you are peaceful, understanding, it is not difficult to make peace with men. In fact the man is always praying, "How to make peace with women?" After the whole day's work he comes home tired, hoping for a few moments of peace, but they are not in his fate. The woman is full of energy; remaining inside the house she's boiling up, gathering so much energy the whole day, that she is waiting... let that guy come home. And as the man enters the house, immediately some problem or other arises.
Every man feels tortured by women, and every woman feels tortured by men. This is strange, that millions of years have passed, men and women have had to live together, and they have not yet come to a certain understanding. Something seems to be basically wrong.

The story is the same from the very beginning... it has not changed.
As Adam wandered about the Garden of Eden, he noticed two birds up in a tree. They were snuggled together, billing and cooing.
Adam called the Lord, "What are the two birds doing in the trees?"
"They are making love," said the Lord.

A little while later, Adam wandered into the fields and saw a bull and a cow together.
Adam called the Lord, "Lord, what is going on with that bull and cow?"
"They are making love, Adam," said the Lord.
"How come I don't have anyone to make love with?" asked Adam.
So the Lord said, "We will change that. When you awake tomorrow things will be different."
So Adam lay down beneath the olive tree and fell asleep. When he awoke, there was Eve next to him.
Adam jumped up, grabbed her hand, and said, "Come with me. Let us go into the bushes."
And so they went. But a few moments later Adam stumbled out, looking very dejected, and called to the Lord, "Lord, what is a headache?"

The story is so old -- from the very beginning. The reasons I see... first, is that men and women cannot live in peace unless they live in freedom. Marriage is an imprisonment, it is heavy on both. Men and women can live peacefully only as friends, not as husband and wife. Every relationship is a bondage. But to make it possible, the woman has to be financially independent, educationally equal to men. Politically, socially, in every way, she needs the equal opportunity to grow.
To me, this is women's liberation; and also man's liberation. They both are enslaved by each other. Hence they are continuously fighting; you cannot love somebody who's enslaving you, you cannot love somebody who has taken

away all your freedom. You are going to take revenge with a vengeance.
The woman has her own ways of taking revenge... the headache is one of the techniques. Whenever the man wants to make love to her either she's tired, or she's not in the mood -- most commonly she has a headache. Headache is such a thing, you don't have to prove it. Even a physician has just to believe your word; he cannot make any judgment whether you are really suffering from a headache or not.
But this is a natural consequence. The woman feels that she's being used just as an object, a sexual object; that she is not being respected as a human being. In China, for centuries it has been believed that the woman is without a soul. Hence in Chinese law, if a husband kills his wife it is not a crime because if she has no soul she is just furniture. And if the owner can destroy his chair he can destroy his wife. And for centuries women were sold in the marketplaces just like any other commodity.
The whole history of man is so ugly, and what man has done with women is simply obscene; and naturally, the woman had no other way than to nag the husband, to torture him in different ways, burn his food, give him tea when it has become cold.

I have heard: a man entered into a restaurant, and before entering he read on the board in front of the restaurant, "Here you will find yourself almost as if you are in your own home. We serve people the way they should be served." A waitress came with the menu.
The man ordered, "A few burned chappatis."

The waitress said, "Burned?"
He said, "Just listen to my order. Some tasteless vegetables, uncooked. Things like that."
The waitress thought that this man is insane, but what to do? She went and prepared his strange order, and she placed everything in front of him and asked him, "Are you satisfied?"
He said, "One thing more. Sit in front of me, and while I'm eating, you nag me."
The woman said, "This is strange. I'm a waitress here."
He said, "Whoever you are -- but in front it is written, `You will find our services just like in your home.' Call the manager! Otherwise, sit in front of me and nag me. I want to feel at home."

The woman has been taking revenge -- which cannot be condemned; because the sole responsibility goes to man who has taken her social freedom, who has taken her opportunities for education, opportunities for financial equality. He has deprived her completely, and imprisoned her in the home. The home is no more a home, but a prison. There can be peace between men and women, but we will have to change the whole past that has been our heritage. No marriage, because life cannot be lived through contracts. No marriage, because love is enough. Law is not needed, law cannot be above love. Love should be the only decisive factor, whether people want to live together or not. The children should be possessed by the commune so that the burden of children is no more a problem; and now, people have to live together just because of children.

An old couple -- the husband was ninety-five years old and the wife ninety-two -- went to court for a divorce. The magistrate could not believe his ears, and could not believe his eyes either.
He said, "Divorce! How long have you been married?"
They said, "Must be eighty years."
"So why have you waited so long for a divorce?"
The old man said, "We waited. We had to wait till all our children were dead. Now that they are all finished, we want freedom. Because of the children we have suffered each other for eighty years."

Children should be a part of the commune, the responsibility of the commune; and men and women should live like friends as long as they want to live together. And the day they feel things are becoming bitter, it is time to move... with no grudge, with no complaint; but only with gratitude for all those beautiful moments that they have given to each other in the days they were together.
It is not only possible, it is going to happen; because men and women cannot suffer anymore. This century will see the end of the old, rotten structures, and the beginning of a new man, a new humanity.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #26
Chapter title: Physician of the inner world

13 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
OSCAR WILDE ONCE SAID: "WHEN THE GODS WANT TO PUNISH US, THEY ANSWER OUR PRAYERS." WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Devageet, Oscar Wilde is right. It often happens that what psychologists cannot explain about the human mind, the creative artist, the poet, can easily explore to the depths which are beyond logic, beyond reason, beyond scientific research.

Oscar Wilde's statement is of tremendous value. When he says, "When the Gods want to punish us, they answer our prayers," he is saying something about our unconsciousness. We are not aware what we are doing, we are not aware what we are asking, we are not aware what we are praying for. Our consciousness is so superficial and our unconsciousness is so deep that it is bound to be that, if our prayers are fulfilled, it will not be a reward, it will be a punishment; because we had asked for something in our sleep and we will repent that we asked for it.

For example, you are all aware of the Greek mythological story of King Midas. His only prayer for years was that he should be granted the power that whatever he touches becomes gold. Years came and went, his prayer remained unheard. He became more and more impatient, started fasting, started austerities to force the divine powers to grant him the power he had been asking for years. He also

thought that what he was asking for was tremendously beautiful, great. If you were given the chance, you would also accept the opportunity immediately, without hesitation. Finally, the prayer was heard and his wish was fulfilled. He became capable of changing anything into gold. But then he became aware that he had destroyed himself by asking the gods to grant him this power because he could not eat, could not drink -- he would touch a glass and the glass and the water would turn into gold. He would touch his food and it would turn into gold. Even his own wife would not come close to him. His own children would run away, because whomsoever he touched he turned into gold.

Just within a week the man was almost mad, dying. He asked the gods again and again, "Take the power back, I had no idea what I was asking. I have been punished enough." His wife had turned into gold, his children had turned into gold. For seven days he had not eaten anything, he had not even been able to drink water; he was dying of thirst and hunger.

While he was praying for years, he had been dreaming that if he were granted this power he would become the richest man in the whole world; and now he had become the poorest man ever -- past, present, future. Nobody has ever been so poor. Friends would not come to see him. His own ministers all went on leave. He would sit in the court and nobody would turn up; he was left alone, and he had always been surrounded by people. He was a great king, now even beggars were not ready to be friendly with him or to come close to him.

There are many mythological stories of the same type in all the languages, and they are not simply stories. They are

descriptions of our unconscious mind. Unless you are fully conscious, your prayer is going to be a punishment if it is fulfilled. Because from where will it come? And the moment you are fully conscious you will not ask anything because the greatest treasure has already been given to you. A Gautam Buddha has nothing to ask for. He does not pray. He has no prayer, he has no god, he is utterly fulfilled and contented. He has no desire, he has nothing to ask, he is no more a beggar. The man of consciousness becomes an emperor.

But millions of people who are praying in the temples, in the churches, in the mosques, in the synagogues should give a little more thought to what they are asking for. And if it is fulfilled what will be the consequences? They are bound to take their prayers back, because all their desires are arising out of their deep unconsciousness. They don't know what will be the consequence, what will be the ultimate result.

Devageet, Oscar Wilde is a great genius, a poet, a creative artist. And these are the people -- not your so-called dead saints -- who have given humanity new insights into their own beings, into the possibilities of what they can ask and whether it is right to ask, or wait for the moment when you have come to a point of desirelessness.

All your desires are going to be wrong, however logical they may appear. Their ultimate result will prove fatal. You can watch it in yourself.

I am reminded of a story: Alexander the great was coming towards India. This was his last country to invade and then he would be a world conqueror. In the desert of Arabia he met a mystic, and the mystic had such a majesty, such a

charismatic energy field that he could not resist. He stopped his horse and got down. He had been carrying a question since the day he had left Athens towards the East; because he had heard that in the East there are people who have attained immortality... just rumors reaching Greece.

This man seemed to be ancient and yet very young, very fresh. Alexander exposed himself for the first time in the long journey from Greece to the boundary of India. He said to the man, "I would like to know the secret of becoming an immortal."

The mystic laughed and he said, "What a coincidence. You have asked the right person; otherwise, in this big world there are so many people. You could have asked anybody and nobody could have shown you the way. I know, and I will show you the way.

"Just close by, not more than two miles away from here, there is an oasis absolutely unknown to people. No path goes towards it, it is a secret place known only to the immortals. If you can drink the water of that oasis -- there is a small stream coming out of a cave -- you will become immortal."

Alexander never used to go alone anywhere. It was risky, it was a question of security. His bodyguards, his security people, his advisers, they were always all around him. But he did not want anybody to go with him on this adventure, he did not want anybody to know the place. So he ordered that nobody should follow him and the army should stay there. He would go alone and soon he would be back.

He reached it quickly -- he had the fastest horse of those days. And you can imagine his joy that his desire, the deepest desire, to be immortal... who wants to die? It is

everybody's desire not to die. But have you ever thought about what it means?
Neither had Alexander ever thought about it. He jumped from the horse, rushed towards the cave from where the small stream was coming out, crystal clear water, and just as he was going to make a cup of his hands and take the water into the hands and drink it, a crow who was sitting on the rocks said, "Wait a minute." He could not believe it. He had never even dreamed that a crow could speak, but now everything was possible when you were standing before a stream which could make you immortal.
He asked, "Why you are stopping me?"
The crow said, "Just a minute, so that I can tell my story to you. I have also drunk from the same source, millions of years before, and since then I have tried to kill myself in every possible way. I am tired, I want to die and go to eternal rest. But no poison works, no effort succeeds. Fire does not burn me, and just the idea that I have to remain eternally bored with life...
"I have seen everything, I have lived everything, it is all repetition, repetition, repetition. I have been searching for someone to tell me where I can find the antidote to this nectar that you are going to drink. I wanted to say it to you so that you don't drink it unconsciously. Don't commit the same mistake that I have committed. But still, if you want to drink, you are free."
Alexander had never thought about this side of things -- that immortality would be unbearable. All your friends will be gone, all your contemporaries will be gone, all those you have loved and all those who have loved you will be gone. New generations will go on passing; the gap between you

and the people will go on becoming greater and greater. Nobody will understand you, neither will you be able to understand the new people who will inhabit the earth. And your life will be just a repetition, a wheel revolving eternally; the same route every morning, every evening, and there is no way to escape, no exit.

A great fear... he dropped the water from his hands and he thanked the crow. He said, "I will remain grateful to you forever, and I pray that you please remain here to prevent anybody else from committing the same mistake. Because anybody, without exception, would like to commit it."

This is our unconscious desire: not to die. But we have never looked at the implications of it. What will happen if you cannot die, if you cannot commit suicide; if death cannot come by itself and there is no way for you to get out of this vicious circle of life? You will be utterly helpless and your anguish will be almost intolerable. You will repent tears of blood and there will be no solace for you.

Oscar Wilde had a great insight. And this man was turned out of England, expelled because of his strange ideas. His contemporaries thought that he was a little bit crazy. Do you think a crazy man can have such a great clarity, such a great consciousness? But this is the fate of all those who are born ahead of their time. The gap between their understanding and that of their contemporaries is so vast that they are always misfits. Oscar Wilde is one of the most famous misfit geniuses of the world.

But always remember: whenever you can find any book, any poetry of a man who was condemned by his contemporaries, look into the poetry, into the book, into the statement; because that statement must be carrying

something of tremendous value which the contemporaries could not understand. The great man has to wait centuries to be understood. The people who can understand them come when they are long dead. They live a life disrespected, dishonored in their own lands by their own people. And they give tremendous treasures, but there is no appreciation in their contemporaries. These rebels are the very salt of the earth. It is because of these rebels that humanity has a little hope, that consciousness has grown a little bit higher.

Just take away these few rebels from the history of man, and mankind disappears and there are only barbarious, inhuman, ugly creatures left behind. But the people who have given you all the wisdom that you have, all the consciousness that you have, all the sensibility that you have... you have paid them with crucifixions.

Oscar Wilde lived his life being deported from this place to another, from that place to another, without any honor. Still, not a single word of complaint, no grudge against anybody, but a simple acceptance that "I have come before my time. It is not their fault, it is just my fault. I should have waited a little longer."

But perhaps even today he would have been before his time; still his time has not come. I have looked into his words and I can say it authoritatively: still he will have to wait for his people. The people who are living around the earth, even today, misbehave with him as the people of his own day did.

But I would like my people to understand these rebels, because these are authentic human beings. These are the crystallized souls, integrated consciousnesses.

Not your bogus saints, but great poets, great mystics, great painters, great creators in any dimension... they have a vision which goes to infinity; they have a depth like the Pacific and they have the heights of the Himalayan peaks. If you can make friends with these rebels, something of their flavor may enter into your own being too. It may become a seed in you, and in the right time may bring great flowers and great fragrance.

Once Gautam Buddha was asked, "Why don't you teach your people to pray?" It was an obvious question -- a religion without prayer is simply inconceivable to many people. And the answer Buddha gave is as fresh today as it was twenty-five centuries before, as new and as revolutionary. He said, "I don't teach my people to pray because their prayers will harm them. Right now they are not conscious enough to ask for anything, and whatsoever they ask will be wrong. First, let them become conscious enough. I teach them how to become more conscious and then it is up to them. When they are fully conscious, if they want to pray, they are free. They are not my slaves. But I can say one thing: that anybody who is fully conscious has nothing to ask for. He has got everything that one can ever ask for."

Mildred had been nagging her family for years, and everyone had become accustomed to her whining and her sour face. One day she attended a "positive thinking" lecture, where the speaker talked for an hour on the winning qualities of the face with a smile. Mildred went home, very impressed, and decided to reform.

Next morning she got up early, put on her favorite dress, and prepared a good breakfast. When the family came in to the dining room she greeted them with a beaming smile. Her husband George took a good look at her face and collapsed in a chair.
"Along with everything else," he moaned, "she has gone and developed lockjaw."
He could not believe that her smile could be true. It must be lockjaw!

People try to pray, people try to smile, people try to look happy, people try to be truthful, honest -- whatever qualities are praised. But their unconsciousness stands there behind every act of theirs, and their unconsciousness distorts their honesty, distorts their smiles, distorts their truth. But no morality in the world teaches people to first be conscious and only then to find, by your own consciousness, what qualities you would like to blossom in your being.... Honesty, sincerity, truth, love, compassion? Except for a very few rebels like Gautam Buddha, nobody has thought about your unconscious -- that first it has to be dropped, changed, your inner being has to be full of light, and then whatever you do is going to be right. Out of a totally conscious mind nothing can go wrong. But who listens?
For forty-two years continuously, Gautam Buddha went on telling people only one thing: be more alert, be more conscious. They became accustomed to hearing him, and for forty-two years continuously he said, "I am not here for you to worship me. If you have any respect for me, do what I am saying -- don't waste your life by worshipping me,

because that is not going to help. And the worship of unconscious human beings is absolutely futile, meaningless; it is a deception -- a deception that you have understood me."

The last day of his life he repeated again, for the last time, "Don't make my statues. If you love me, do what I have been telling you for forty-two years continuously: be more alert. Don't raise temples and statues in my name."

But it is something that shows how our unconscious mind functions. Gautam Buddha's statues were the first statues to come into existence. And he has more statues in the world than anybody else. There are temples which are almost a whole mountain, carved. One temple in China has ten thousand statues of Gautam Buddha. The whole mountain has been carved in statues, it is called the temple of ten thousand Buddhas.

In the Arabian countries, people became aware that something like statues were possible, by seeing Buddha's statues in Mongolia. And because those statues were called buddhas... that's why in Arabic, in Persian, in Urdu, the word for statue is `buth'. It is just a word derived from `buddh'. The word `buddh' itself became synonymous with a statue, and yet the man had devoted his whole life... saying that he should not be worshipped, he should be understood.

But rebels are either to be crucified or they have to be worshipped -- which are exactly the same. Crucifixion is a barbarous way of getting rid of them; worshipping is a little more civilized way of getting rid of them. But in both ways, we simply get rid of them.

What Oscar Wilde is saying, you should remember. My place is not a place of prayer. My place is not a place where you can come for your wishes to be fulfilled. My place exists only to help you become more conscious, alert, so that you can be a light unto yourself. Then whatever you do is good, is beautiful, is spiritual, is godly.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
BEING IN THE ROLE OF A THERAPIST, I SEEM TO BE ABLE TO HELP SOME PEOPLE FROM A SPACE OF LOVING UNINVOLVEMENT AND CENTEREDNESS. BUT I REALIZE AT THE SAME TIME THAT I CANNOT SEE MY OWN BLIND SPOTS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
WHAT IS IT, BELOVED MASTER?

Turiya, it is good to realize that you cannot see your own blind spots of unconsciousness -- although you are in the role of a therapist and can help others to solve their problems. It is good to be aware of it, because many therapists, psychologists, psychoanalysts, and psychiatrists fall into a trap because they can help people through their expertise. They forget completely that their own problems have remained unsolved. In fact, they have become so much concerned in solving others' problems, they have forgotten that they also have problems to solve.
Perhaps the deeper psychological reason of people becoming therapists, psychoanalysts, psychologists, is really to avoid their own problems; because when you become too much involved in solving other people's

problems, you neither have time nor space to think about your own, about yourself. It is a good way of escaping from your own reality, your blindness, your darkness. That's why I say it is a good realization on your part, Turiya, that you are conscious about your spots of unconsciousness. Help others, but don't forget yourself.

Remember that to solve your own problems is more basic, more fundamental, and in fact, unless you have solved your own problems, you can help others only in a very superficial way. You have read about things, you have knowledge, you have expertise, but that does not go very deep.

You don't have the authority of your own experience and you can't understand the other person and his complexity. Every person who is in the profession of helping others psychologically, spiritually, has to remember continuously that his advice is authentic only if it comes from his own experience. If it is coming only from knowledge it may help some superficial things, but it cannot bring transformation in people's lives.

Thousands of psychologists in the world, of different schools, are working on people, but in their own lives they are troubled by the same kinds of problems about which they are very great experts. As far as somebody else's problem is concerned, they can stand aloof. Then they are just observers, they don't have any involvement. They can give good advice, but their advice cannot have depth. Their advice will have only as much depth as their experience, not as their knowledge.

Western psychology and its schools are immensely lacking in one thing: they are not meditative. They don't have

anything even close to meditation. What psychoanalysis cannot change in a patient in years, can be changed in weeks through meditation. And if the psychoanalyst himself was a meditator, he could have looked at the problem from a far different space. He would not have thought of analyzing it, because analysis is useless. You can go on analyzing and the mind goes on producing new problems.

Analysis is like pruning trees. You go on pruning leaves and branches, and new leaves and new branches are coming up. In fact if you prune one leaf, the tree takes up the challenge and instead of one leaf, at least three leaves will come up. You cannot defeat the tree in this way, it is a living being. You have been destructive, it has taken up the challenge.

The psychoanalyst analyzes one problem: mind takes up the challenge, it creates a dozen problems instead of one. Mind is a problem-creating factory -- and automatic. You don't have to start it, you don't have to turn it off, it goes on and on. It starts only once, in the beginning when you are born, and it dies only once, when you are dead. Otherwise your whole life it goes on and on without any need of lubrication. It is a great feat of nature!

A man who has no experience of meditation knows nothing beyond the mind. And one mind cannot help another mind. It may be more knowledgeable. It may, for a moment, repress some problems. But the problem will come up in another form. You have to be beyond mind yourself. From that perspective you can see other people's problems.

And in fact, there are not many problems; there is only one problem, and that is to be in the mind. And there is only

one solution, and that is to be beyond the mind. To find a way out of the mind is the only answer. And it does not matter whose mind. It may be the mind of an uneducated, uncultured, poor man or the mind of a very cultured, very knowledgeable, very educated person. The solution is the same: both have to come out of the mind.

And, Turiya, you can help them only if you help yourself. The ancient saying of the alchemist physician -- "first, heal thyself" -- is of great importance. Certainly it is not relevant to the ordinary physician; because the ordinary physician may have a headache, still he can prescribe medicine for you and cure your headache. The ordinary physician may have tuberculosis, still he can cure your tuberculosis. Hence that ancient statement -- "physician, heal thyself first" -- is not concerned with the ordinary physicians. Its concern is alchemical, its concern is about the physician of the inner world. There, if you are sick you cannot help anybody.

Yes, in helping others you can forget your own sickness -- it is the easiest way to forget it. You become so involved in the name of service, in the name of compassion... beautiful names hiding only escape.

Turiya, you have to go deeper into meditation and you have to help those people who come into your therapy groups towards meditation. Give them as much help as you can through your expertise, but make meditation the foundation.

And while you are running a group... as a therapist you know much more than the people who are participants, but as a meditator you can join them as a participant, not as a therapist. That will bring you closer to them. That will give you a deeper understanding of your heart, and they will

also feel your humanity more clearly, more deeply, your compassion and your love.

Meditate with them. Make it a point that in every therapy group one hour should be devoted to meditation. The remaining time you work your methodology, your technique -- but start with meditation and end the group in the night with meditation. People should go to sleep after meditation. After meditation they should not do anything else, so that their whole night has some aroma of meditation, some vibe of meditation continuously floating in their being. And as they wake up, they wake up in a different way than they have ever awakened before: more peaceful, more serene, more calm, more collected.

So, the first thing should be meditation and the last thing should be meditation, and in between you do your therapy group. In times of meditation you should be a participant. You should join hands with them, you should be one amongst them. In the therapy group you have a higher position -- you are more knowledgeable, they are less so. They have come for help, you are helping them -- certainly you have a superiority.

But in meditation no one is superior, no one is inferior. Begin with this beautiful equality and end your group with the same phenomenon. And your therapy group will become both together: a meditative therapy or a therapeutic meditation.

Joe is sitting in his living room reading the newspaper. His wife comes over, takes the paper out of his hand, and gives him a hard slap across his face. "What is that for?" cries Joe.

"That is for being such a lousy lover," she says. A little while later Joe gets up, goes over to where his wife is watching TV and gives her a resounding slap.
"What is that for?" she yells at him.
"That is for knowing the difference," Joe says.

It took a little time for him to figure out, that "If I am a lousy lover, how has she come to know the difference?" So it has taken a little time for you, Turiya, but it is not too late.
Not only you, but other therapists also should make it a point: it is one of my basic approaches to create a synthesis between therapy and meditation, because that will create the final synthesis between West and East. That is a very fundamental beginning. Because the West continues to work within the mind, goes on round and round in the mind, and the East has taken steps out of the mind long before, centuries before. And what the West is searching for in the mind, the East has found beyond the mind, without any difficulty.
A synthesis is needed. Western techniques of psychotherapy can be helpful in resolving life problems, relationship problems, mundane problems, ordinary problems, but they cannot resolve your fundamental problem of the meaning of life. They cannot resolve the quest for truth. The East can resolve the problems which are not of this world. And if both are together we can help man in both ways: we can make him more capable to live in the world -- with more efficiency, with more culture, with more lovingness -- and we can also help him to go into his aloneness and to move out of the world. Even though he

is in the world he can remain always in touch with the eternal.
Once a man has become efficient in both, he is a healthy bird with both wings ready to fly into the vast sky -- to his ultimate destiny of faraway stars. Therapy can help in such ways.

When the new patient arrived at the psychiatric hospital, he announced that he was Ronald Reagan. This was potentially difficult, because the institution already had a President Reagan. The head psychiatrist decided to put them in the same room, feeling that the similarity of their delusions might help to cure them. The patients were introduced and then left alone. The room was quiet the whole night.
Next morning the doctor talked with his new patient.
"Doctor," said the new patient, "I have been suffering from a delusion. I now know that I am not President Reagan."
"That's wonderful," said the doctor.
"Yes," added the patient, "I am Mrs. Reagan."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #27

Chapter title: A ray from the beyond
14 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHEN YOU TOLD THE STORY ABOUT GAUTAM BUDDHA WAITING AT THE GATE OF PARADISE FOR THE LAST HUMAN BEING, I CRIED -- AND I SAW YOU, WAITING FOR US.
MY QUESTION IS, IF YOU WILL WAIT ALSO FOR ME? RIGHT NOW, I'M PUTTING ALL MY ENERGY INTO WAKING UP, BUT EVERYTHING TAKES TIME. WILL THERE BE ENOUGH TIME FOR ME, TOO?

Samvedo, Gautama the Buddha, waiting at the gates of paradise until the last human being has entered in, is not just a story. It may not be factual, but it has immense truth hidden in it.
The first thing you have to understand is the difference between the fact and the truth. Ordinary history takes care about the facts -- what actually happens in the world of matter, the incidents. It does not take care about the truth, because it does not happen in the world of matter; it happens in consciousness. And man is not yet mature enough to take care about the events of consciousness.
He surely takes care about events happening in time and in space; those are the facts. But he is not mature enough, not insightful enough to take care about what happens beyond time and beyond space -- in other words, what happens beyond mind, what happens in consciousness. One day we will have to write the whole of history with a totally different orientation, because the facts are trivia -- although they are material, they don't matter. And the truths are immaterial but they matter.

The new orientation for a future history will take care about what happened inside Gautam Buddha when he became enlightened, what went on happening while he was in the body for forty-two years after his enlightenment. And what was happening in those forty-two years is not going to be discontinued just because the body drops dead. It had no concern with the body. It was a phenomenon in consciousness, and consciousness continues. The pilgrimage of the consciousness is endless. So what was happening in the consciousness inside the body, will go on happening outside the body. That is a simple understanding.

So this story is a story of inner happenings. For forty-two years Gautam Buddha was nothing but pure compassion. There was no need for him to live any more on this shore. He had attained everything that life is capable of giving, he had reached to the highest peak. But he continued to work, continued for forty-two years, in spite of a fragile body, old age, sickness.

His compassion was great. He was teaching his disciples that "Before you become enlightened you must learn the ways of compassion. If you become enlightened before you have learned the ways of compassion, you will think there is no need for you to linger on this miserable, sad, suffering shore. Your boat has arrived, you can go to the beyond -- beyond all suffering, beyond all misery. And it is not only going beyond suffering and misery, it is going into a deeper blissfulness, eternal ecstasy." He waited here for forty-two years, and he was teaching his students, his disciples, his devotees, the ways of compassion.

Before enlightenment happens... if you are ready to be compassionate, only then will you stay on the shore to help others who are suffering, who are groping in the dark. You were also part of the same people; they are your brothers and your sisters. Wouldn't you like to share your experience of the ultimate and the explosion of light? Now you are capable of giving eyes to those who are blind. You are capable of dispelling the darkness in which they have been living for lives.

And there is no hurry, your boat can stay. It will have to stay till you are ready to go. There is no compulsion to leave immediately -- although the temptation is there, because you have worked for enlightenment only to get to the other shore. And now that the moment has come, to delay it feels difficult. To resist the temptation you need a tremendous compassion for those who are still blind, who are still in tremendous suffering and misery.

Forty-two years, in spite of his fragile body, he continued to move from village to village, in search of those who were ready to receive the gift that he had brought for them. It is a natural conclusion that even after his body's death, his consciousness must be still ready to help those who need the help and who are courageous enough to open their hearts.

This story symbolizes Gautam Buddha's compassion. This story is the story of every great master. All mystics are not masters, although all masters are mystics. A mystic experiences the ultimate blossoming of his being and disappears into the eternal without thinking once about others who are left behind. The master is one who attains

the same experience but prevents himself from disappearing into the eternal, into the infinite.
In different ways compassion is also a kind of attachment. It is the purest form of love, but in the ultimate analysis of things it is also an attachment. Through this thin thread of attachment he keeps himself from disappearing completely into the universe. You can disappear only when all attachments, all desires are dissolved. Compassion is also a desire; to help is also a desire. And the masters have always been finding ways, according to their own personalities, their own uniqueness....
I have told you the story of Ramakrishna. His disciples were very much embarrassed because he would be talking about meditation, ecstasy, the ultimate truth... and suddenly in the middle of his discourse he would say, "Wait a minute -- I'm coming back because I smell something delicious being cooked in the kitchen."
And he would go into the kitchen and would ask Sharada, his wife, "What are you preparing? The smell was so attractive that I had to stop my discourse because I could not resist the temptation to know first what is being prepared. And as far as ecstasy and God and other things are concerned -- they are eternal matters. They can wait a little."
But the people who were his audience felt very much embarrassed, particularly the ones who loved him immensely -- thinking that this does not fit in the character of a great master. He should be beyond all these things, and he is not even beyond the food! And at such a point when he is talking of great things, suddenly the smell comes, and

he stops in the middle of the sentence -- he does not even complete it! He says, "Wait, I'm coming back!"
Sharada was embarrassed. She told Ramakrishna many times, "It does not look right. You are unnecessarily making yourself a laughingstock."
His closest disciples prayed to him, "Stop doing it. Because sometimes we bring visitors and they say, `You call this man enlightened? This man seems to be crazy! And if he is so much attached to food, what about other things?'"
Ramakrishna listened to everybody's advice but continued doing his thing. One day Sharada started crying and weeping and she said, "Because of you, people are continuously harassing me, saying, `You have to do something. Only you can prevent him.' And what can I do? How I can prevent? At the most I can say, `Don't do this.' And whatever is being prepared is prepared for you. Within half an hour you will be eating it. There is no need to come to the kitchen, disrupting the discourse... and the discourse is about the ultimate reality!"
Seeing her tears, Ramakrishna said, "It seems you really want to know what is the secret of it. Then don't blame me; I have been avoiding the subject, but there is a limit to everything. I will tell you the reality. Food is the only thing I am keeping myself attached to, otherwise I cannot remain in the body. That is my strategy. And the day I show indifference towards food, know that I will be here in the world only three more days. Now be satisfied and tell all those people who are so much worried about it."
Nobody really believed it, they thought it was just to console them, a rationalization. But Sharada became very much aware and alert. One day when she brought the food

in the room where Ramakrishna was resting... he used to jump out of his bed, and immediately would look into the plates, "What have you brought?" But today when he saw Sharada coming in, he turned his back towards her, did not jump out of the bed. This was the first time he had shown indifference. Sharada remembered what he had said a few years before; everybody else had forgotten it.

The plates fell from her hands; the disciples gathered. They said, "What is the matter?"

She said, "Perhaps you have forgotten, call the doctor immediately."

And the doctor said, "He has cancer of the throat and he cannot live more than three days." He said, "I am puzzled, how he has managed to live with this cancer for so many years? He should have been dead many years before; the cancer is old, it is not new." And exactly after three days, he died.

Masters have been using their unique ways of lingering on this shore, and it is almost impossible to understand their strategies. People understand them only afterwards, when it is pointless.

You are asking me, will I also wait for you? I am waiting for you, and I will continue to wait for you, either in the body or out of the body.

The people I have loved, the people who have opened their hearts to me, the people who have risked the dangerous path of devotion, who have been walking on the razor's edge, certainly for them I will be waiting for eternity.

The mystics who disappear immediately after their enlightenment miss a great opportunity of knowing that enlightenment can also be shared; and the more you share

it, the more bright, the more juicy, the more blissful it becomes. In that way the mystics are poor compared to the masters. They thought they had found the treasure, and that is true, they have found it -- but distributing that treasure increases it, makes it more abundant.

Waiting is not a futile exercise; waiting is a rejoicing. And as people you are waiting for go on becoming aflame with love and truth and light... it is not only that they become enlightened, the master goes on becoming more and more enlightened with each of his disciples. It is again and again a fresh experience. With each disciple becoming enlightened, the master becomes again enlightened. His enlightenment is constantly renewing itself, it never becomes stale. That is a totally different story which mystics miss.

I will be waiting for you, Samvedo. And don't be worried about time.

You say, "I am putting all my energy into waking up." You think you are putting all your energy -- because once you put all your energy into it, there is no reason why you should not wake up. Not that you are lying to me; you are saying what you understand as all your energy. But you know only a part of your energy, that which is conscious. And only that part -- and that is one-tenth of your whole energy -- you are putting totally. But nine times more energy is still in the unconscious, which is holding everything back. And it is nine times more powerful. So you are trying everything....

Your position is such that everybody must have felt it once in a while. You have a nightmare, you want to wake up, you try hard; you want to open your eyes, you want to

move your hands, but neither do your eyes open nor can you move your hand. For a moment it seems as if you are paralyzed. It seems this nightmare is not going to end. But every nightmare ends. Although nine times more energy is against waking, if you go on trying, slowly slowly, more and more unconscious energy will join in your efforts. The moment just fifty-one percent of your energy is for waking, you will wake up -- not even a hundred percent is needed.
And sometimes it has happened, that you have become tired, you had been working hard and nothing was happening. You drop the whole project, and you relax, and what was not happening, happens immediately; because a relaxed state of your being is an essential for your awakening. When you are making an effort, naturally you are tense, you are in a hurry. You want it to happen as quickly as possible. All these tensions don't allow you relaxation.

This story will help you....
For years, Grandpa Goldstein had been stubborn and bad-tempered, no one could please him. Then overnight he changed. Gentleness and optimism twinkled about him.
"Grandpa," asked his grandson, "what made you change so suddenly?"
"Well, sonny," said the old man, "I have been striving all my life for a contented mind. It has done no good, so I have decided to be contented without it."

He just dropped the effort. He was trying to have a contented mind and that was making him bad-tempered,

irritated, because everybody was disturbing the possibility and his hope. But the day he decided to live without it, he relaxed... and suddenly there was contentment.

You say, "Everything takes time."

Samvedo, that is not true. Everything except enlightenment takes time. That is the one exception, and it has to be an exception. Because everything else belongs to the world. Enlightenment is a ray from the beyond. It does not take time. What takes time is to learn that all efforts are useless because every effort is making you tense, and in a tense state enlightenment cannot happen. Relaxedness is absolutely essential. If you can relax just now, no other conditions have to be fulfilled. The beyond will suddenly open and flowers will start showering on you.

That's how it happened to Gautam Buddha himself. He strived as hard... perhaps as nobody else in the whole history of man has strived. For six years, just single-pointedly, one target; and he did everything that was prescribed in the scriptures. He almost destroyed his body in practicing all those arduous methods, disciplines; they are all a kind of self-torture, and he tortured himself. He was a man with a totality of mind -- if he wanted to do something, he was not the one to be defeated, he would do it -- and that became the barrier.

When he was born, the astrologers had declared that either he would become the emperor of the whole world or he would become an awakened man. He would have become the emperor of the whole world without much difficulty. He was a man of power, concentration, intelligence. But he had chosen to become enlightened. And he strived for it in

the same way as you strive when you are trying to conquer the world -- and that was his failure.
And on the full-moon night that has passed just a few days ago -- this same full moon, this same month -- he dropped all efforts. Seeing the futility, that nothing happens... whatever you do everything fails. He had renounced the world, now he renounced all spirituality; he renounced the other world also, and for the first time in six years he slept in utter relaxation. There was nothing to do, no tension, no dream, no desire -- everything was finished.
As he woke up the next day, early in the morning, the last star was disappearing from the sky. He opened his eyes, saw that last star disappearing and, amazingly, he felt that with that last star disappearing he had also disappeared. What he was searching for had arrived when he was not waiting for it, when he had dropped the whole project. But he was now in the right position.
Enlightenment does not take time. It is not a time phenomenon. It happens in a split second.
And you are asking, Samvedo, "Will there be enough time for me, too?" Time is more than enough. Time is eternal, there is always time. But time is not needed at all.

I have heard about two young ladies, one American one French, who were talking about how their lovers make love to them. The French woman said, "First, my lover kisses my neck, then he kisses my eyelids, then he kisses me." The American woman said, "My God, in this much time, in America, if things are going so slowly the couple comes back from their honeymoon."

But existence is not American, fortunately. It allows you as much time as you want. It allows you millions of lives, with a trust and a hope that some day, in some moment, you will be in the right tuning and the eternal music will descend on you.

So there is nothing to be worried about. Don't be speedy, and don't be in a hurry. Meditation should be a very patient, effortless effort; with no tension, with no desire that enlightenment should happen quickly, because these are the barriers. You should simply enjoy meditating, why bother about enlightenment? It will come when the time is ripe, it is none of your concern.

You meditate, you rejoice, you sing, you dance, you sit silently, you relax. Whenever you are centered, whenever you are relaxed -- and you don't know at what moment, in what situation all the stars will be favorable to you... Enlightenment happens suddenly. It is not a gradual process, it does not come in installments. It is not that you have become enlightened a little bit, then a little bit more. You suddenly become enlightened, it is not a process.

But I will certainly be waiting for you. Those who have loved me, those who have received my love, I am committed to them. I will do everything to remain in the body, and I will do everything -- even if I have to leave the body -- to be continuously around you. You will not be able to see me, but I will be able to see you. Just remember: don't let me down.

Enlightenment happens almost the way a dewdrop evaporates suddenly in the morning sun. Just a moment before, it was there, so beautiful on the lotus leaf, more beautiful than any pearl can be. And just a moment later it

is found nowhere. The sun has risen, and the dewdrop has disappeared.

George and Mildred were visiting a country mansion. "Do you realize, George," whispered Mildred, "that this room we have rented is supposed to be haunted by a ghost that returns every year on this date at midnight to find a human sacrifice?"
And then suddenly she shouted, "George, George, George!"
... but George has disappeared!
You will disappear, in a moment -- exactly like that.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
I FINALLY COME TO REALIZE THAT WHAT I THOUGHT WAS GREAT JUICE IS REALLY GREAT GLUE. HOW TO TRANSFORM GLUE INTO JUICE? I KNOW IT CAN BE THINNED TO GET LESS STICKY, BUT THAT AIN'T REALLY JUICY IS IT? YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE NAME "DIVINE ADVENTURER," BUT THESE DAYS I FEEL MORE LIKE A "DIVINE CHICKEN."

Deva Abhiyana, what is happening to you happens to almost everybody. It is one of those experiences you have to graduate from. Without passing through these sticky stages you can never attain freedom. This is a first step, to realize that you have fallen into a sticky glue. You were thinking it is "great juice," but that's how everybody gets caught by the glues. It is a mirage: from faraway the glue

looks very juicy, but when you have fallen into it, then you realize, "My, God! now how to get out of it."

Getting into is very easy. Getting out needs tremendous effort; but it is part of becoming mature, it is part of learning the difference between reality and illusion. One cannot avoid it. One should not avoid it. People have tried to avoid it, they have renounced the world and escaped into the mountains -- they were escaping from glues. But they remain immature.

Maturity comes only through experiences, good and bad both, of love and hate both. Friends help you, enemies help you. Life gives you dark nights and days full of light; moments of heaven and ages of hell. You will be surprised why I am saying moments of heaven and ages of hell -- this seems to be unjustified. But it is only an appearance; ages of heaven appear like moments, and moments of hell appear like ages.

It is the whole philosophy of relativity! The theory is very complex and so difficult that it was thought, while Albert Einstein was alive, that there were only twelve people in the whole world who could understand what he was saying. One of the great British philosophers, Bertrand Russell, has written a book on the theory of relativity. He has titled the book, THE ABC OF RELATIVITY. One of his friends, G. Moore, another great philosopher and his colleague, asked him, "Why do you call it ABC?"

Bertrand Russell said, "More than that I myself don't understand. And I cannot claim that which I don't understand. I understand only the ABC; beyond that is beyond my comprehension."

And Albert Einstein was being asked every day, whether at a party, in a club, at a marriage, on a picnic; wherever he was, people were asking him: "Just tell us something about your famous theory of relativity." And he knew that it was almost impossible for them to understand, so he had found a small formula for these parties, picnics and marriages.

It is a very simple theory: If you are sitting on a hot stove, one minute will feel like one hour. It depends how hot the stove is. The hotter the stove, the longer the time will appear. And if you are sitting with your girlfriend, one hour will feel like one minute -- the juicier the girlfriend, the shorter the time.

In short, the theory of relativity is that time is elastic. If you are in misery, time will pass very slowly. If you are joyous, time will pass fast.

I can understand, Deva Abhiyana, your problem. There is no way to change glue into juice. And you are right, that at the most you can make it a little diluted; but still it will remain glue -- it will not become juice. But if you can make it a little diluted, it will be possible for you to get out of it. So mix in as much water as you can. It will not change it into juice, but it will help you to come out from the trap. But the trouble is that people become attached even to their glue. And it is not that the glue is holding them back; they themselves are afraid to get out of it, because who knows? -- this glue is at least familiar. You may fall into another trap. You know yourself, that you cannot remain without falling into some trap. And the other trap may prove more dangerous -- it may be German glue! If you have fallen into Indian glue, nothing to be worried about. You can come out very easily. The glue even will help! Because you are not

the only one in trouble -- the glue is also in trouble. And if you are going to be a sannyasin the glue will touch your feet and pray for your renunciation -- not to be disturbed by another glue.

But remember one thing: that it is a basic experience of attachment, of lust, of desire, of so-called love, and everybody has to pass through it. And you will be grateful one day, because the experience has made you more alert, more aware, more discriminating between illusions, mirages, and real experiences. Nobody comes into the world with maturity. Everybody has to gain maturity in the world and naturally he has to go through many miseries, sufferings, failures and mistakes. But they all help if you know how to use them, if you are not being stupid.

And what do I mean when I say "stupid"? I mean, not to commit the same mistake again and again is intelligence. To commit the same mistake again and again is stupidity. Once it is perfectly good; twice it is too much. So learn from your experience, and don't feel that only you are in such a strange position.

Ronald Reagan was about to be discharged from the psychiatric hospital. "Now that you have been pronounced cured," said his doctor, "what are your plans?"

"Well," said Mr. Reagan, "I used to be a president, so I may go back to that. I also used to be a cowboy film star, I may go back to that. I might try teaching, too. And if I find that I don't like any of those, I might try architecture, or maybe pilot a plane, or..." Finally, he added, "I might become a teapot again."

That's what he was when he had come to the psychiatric hospital -- a teapot... the simplest thing in the world.

You are not the only one in trouble; this whole world is a vast psychiatric ward. And if you look into people's insides, everybody is a teapot.

When Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru was prime minister of India, he went to visit the greatest madhouse in India, in Barali. One madman was cured, and they were going to release him just two days before the visit. Then the doctors thought, "It will be good, he will feel very great if he is released by Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru's hands. Moreover, he will enjoy meeting Jawaharlal," because that was his problem. When he had come to the madhouse he had thought that he was Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, the prime minister of India. In Nehru's time there were at least eight persons, all over India, who believed that they were Jawaharlal Nehru.

So they waited two more days, and when Jawaharlal came to visit they introduced the man, saying that two years before he had been entered, and today he was being released by Nehru's hands. The man looked at Jawaharlal without blinking his eyes. When they introduced him to Jawaharlal, and Jawaharlal to him, they said, "You are standing before the prime minister of India, Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru. You are fortunate to be released by his hands."

He laughed, and he said to Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, "Don't be worried. These doctors are very good. Just two years you will have to be inside, and you will be cured. I used to

think the same way, now I am cured." Jawaharlal could not figure out what to say to this man.

The world in which we are living is our own creation -- particularly the human world, the human society. And because we are unconscious people, we don't know what we are doing. We are puppets in the hands of the unconscious. So when you fall in love, you cannot even give a reason why you have fallen in love with a certain person. You simply shrug your shoulders and say, "I just have fallen in love." But why? Why not with somebody else? Some strange unconscious desire, some unconscious image is being fulfilled by the man or the woman you have fallen in love with. You have been looking for her, or for him.

Psychologists say that every boy carries his mother's image in his unconscious, and every girl carries her father's image in her unconscious. And their whole life they are searching for somebody who can satisfy their image. The boy is looking in his beloved for his mother. Perhaps something is similar -- only one thing need be similar. It may be trivia -- it may be the way she wears her hair, or the way she talks, or the way she walks. Something is similar that triggers your unconscious -- that this is the woman you have been searching for.

But when you live together, when that small something is not going to be the only thing between you, then the whole woman... and that woman has loved you, because something in you has also triggered her father figure, which she is carrying in her unconscious -- perhaps the way you

smoke your cigarette, or perhaps the thick glasses you wear.

But these things are not going to help, because what will thick glasses do? A certain way of holding the cigarette in your hands is not going to make your life. And when you come to live together, then you will know each other for the first time, and you will be surprised -- My God! This is not my mother. This is not my father.

And these things you will not understand consciously -- just unconscious rejection will start. You will start hating the other because they have deceived you; they pretended to be your mother or your father, and they are not what they were pretending to be. But now you are caught in a marriage, glued together by law, by society.

And it is a very strange thing that the society, the law, glues people in marriages so quickly, but if they want to be unglued it is a long process -- great paperwork, great delay, in many countries it is not possible at all. In many countries you first have to live two years in separation -- it is not divorce. You are still married, but you have to live separately as a proof. In some countries you have to prove that your man has been unfaithful to you, or your woman has been unfaithful to you -- ugly demands.

Nobody asks anything when two persons are trying to be glued together. Everybody is happy and congratulating them. And when they want to separate, nobody is willing -- everybody is condemning them. They themselves are feeling guilty, that what they are doing is not good. And very few people are courageous enough not to bother about respectability. Otherwise many are only living together, cellmates but no longer soulmates.

I have seen people living together for years, and they are not even talking to each other. But just for respectability they don't want to divorce; for their children's sake, for their prestige in society.

In a more psychologically understanding society, marriage will be very difficult and divorce will be very easy. Every hindrance should be created when two persons want to get married, because they are getting into trouble. They should be given two years of living together, and then come back to the registry office.... And most probably nobody will come back!

But if somebody wants a divorce, both the parties are not needed to appear before the judge. One party simply says, "I want to separate." That's enough. Whether the other party wants it or not is immaterial. And there is no need to provide a reason why they want to separate. It is their personal and private life, and no law, no court, no society has any right to interfere in it.

They wanted to be together -- they were together. Now they want not to be together and they are simply informing you, that's all. They are not asking your permission. Because who are you? Why should they ask anybody's permission? It is just information, so that you know that they are no longer together; so in your register you can change their marriage status. And they are not "divorced people." They are simply again unmarried people.

The word `divorce' is ugly. The woman is no longer married, she is again a "Miss." The man is again unmarried -- not divorced. Why carry the past? Let them be completely free so they can renew their life again. And if a man is understanding enough, one marriage will do -- for

one lifetime at least. And if one marriage cannot drive you towards enlightenment, that means something is wrong with you. You are either retarded or simply incapable of learning from experiences.

Joe comes home, and finds his wife in bed with another man. He is furious, and demands an explanation.
"Well," begins his wife, "this man came to the door an hour ago, and asked me for something to eat. So I gave him a sandwich. I noticed his shoes were worn out, so I gave him a pair you have not worn for ages. Then I noticed his jacket was torn, so I gave him one of your old ones. When he took his old jacket off, I noticed his shirt was frayed. So I gave him one that you gave up wearing a long time ago.
"Finally," she continued, "when he was going out the door, he turns and says to me, `Say, lady, is there anything else around here that your husband does not use?'"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #28

Chapter title: The disappearance of sex
14 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,

MY SEX LIFE HAS BECOME VERY QUIET LATELY. NOT THAT I DON'T WANT SEX AND THAT I AM NOT COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO APPROACH WOMEN, BUT IT JUST DOESN'T HAPPEN.
WHEN I APPROACH A WOMAN LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL ENERGY IS FLOWING, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO SEX, THE ENERGY CHANGES. IT ALMOST FEELS AS IF FALLING ASLEEP. WHEN I THEN TRY TO GET IT GOING AGAIN, THE WOMAN FEELS OFFENDED; SHE DOESN'T FEEL CONNECTED ANY MORE, AND FEELS THAT I AM NOT ACCEPTING HER SPACE. WHAT AM I DOING WRONG?
BELOVED MASTER, CAN YOU HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND?

Gyan Atito, what is happening to you is not a curse; it is a blessing. It is just your old mind that is interpreting it as if something is going wrong. Everything is going right, the way it should go. Sex has to disappear into a peaceful, playful rejoicing -- into a harmony of two silent beings; not meeting in their bodies, but meeting in their very souls.
It is going to happen to every sannyasin. Don't force yourself to do anything against what is happening on its own accord. Any forcing on your part will be a hindrance in your spiritual growth.
This is something very important to remember, and this will explain to you why all the religions have gone against sex. It was a misunderstanding -- but a very natural misunderstanding. Everybody who has been in meditation goes through the transformation of the energies -- the

energies that are going downward start moving upward, opening your higher centers of consciousness, bringing new skies to your being. But you are unacquainted with them, they are unknown to you; hence, one may get frightened. And if it is happening only to one partner, then there is going to be trouble. Both the partners in meditation have to be transforming simultaneously -- only then can they keep pace with each other. Otherwise they are going to fall apart.

This created the idea of celibacy. Because in marriage it was found continuously that if one partner became interested in meditation, the marriage was jeopardized. It was better not to get involved, not to hurt somebody else's feelings, and remain alone. But this was a wrong decision. The right decision would have been that if one partner in a marriage or in a friendship is growing, he should help the other also to move into the new spaces. He should not leave the other partner behind. This would have been a tremendous revolution in human consciousness; but because religions had chosen celibacy, the whole world remained without meditation.

And those who had chosen celibacy -- it was a chosen thing, it had not happened to them -- became perverted sexually. They were not beyond sex, hence celibacy. They tried the other way: celibacy first, thinking that then would come the transformation. It does not work that way. Transformation has to be first. Then, without any inhibition, without fighting with sex, without condemning sex, a transformation comes on its own. But it does not come by celibacy, it comes by meditation. And it does not come by repression, it comes by a loving atmosphere. The celibate lives in an atmosphere of repression, inhibition,

perversion; his whole atmosphere is psychologically sick. This was one fundamental point where all religions went wrong.

Secondly, every meditator has found that sex starts disappearing into something tremendously different -- from biology into something spiritual. Rather than creating a bondage, a possessiveness, it opens up doors of freedom. All relationships disappear and one feels, in his aloneness, absolute contentment; a fulfillment that one could not even have dreamed of.

But because meditators found this happening, without any exception, the people who wanted to meditate inferred wrongly that perhaps repressing sex is going to help them in transforming their energies. Hence all organized religions started teaching a life of condemnation, renunciation; a life which is basically negative. This was a misunderstanding.

Through repressing sex you can pervert the energy but you cannot convert it. Conversion comes as you become more silent, as your heart becomes more harmonious, as your mind becomes more and more peaceful. As you start coming closer and closer to your being, to your very center, a transformation that is not your doing happens on its own accord. The energy that you had known as sexual becomes your very spirituality. It is the same energy, just the direction has changed. It is not going downward, it is moving upward.

What is happening to you, Gyan Atito, is going to happen to every sannyasin -- without exception. Hence your question is going to be everybody's question sooner or later. And whenever it happens, the partner who is left

behind should not feel offended but on the contrary, should feel blissful and happy that at least to his beloved, or to his friend, a beautiful experience is happening, "And I hope to join him or her as soon as possible."
Your effort should be to go deeper into meditation so you can keep company with your partner, and you can go on dancing together towards the ultimate goal of life. But remember, as you will grow in your spirituality your sexuality is going to disappear. There will be a new kind of love -- a purity, a deep innocence, with no possessiveness, with no jealousy; but with all the compassion in the world, to help each other in the inner growth.
So you should not feel that something has gone wrong with you; something has suddenly gone right with you. You were not alert; you have been caught unawares.

Little Hymie was walking along the street with little Betty, aged four. As they were about to cross the street, little Hymie remembered his mother's teaching.
"Let me hold your hand," he offered gallantly.
"Okay," replied Betty. "But I want you to know you are playing with fire."
Any relationship between man and woman is playing with fire -- and particularly if you also start being a meditator. Then you are surrounded by a wildfire, because so many changes are going to happen -- for which you are not prepared, and cannot be prepared. You are going to travel in an unknown territory every moment, every day. And there will be many times when either you will be left behind, or your partner will be left behind -- and this will be a deep anguish to both.

In the beginning, when it starts, the natural inference will be that the relationship is finished, that you are no more in love. Certainly you are no more in the love that you were before -- that old love is no longer possible. That was animal love, it is good that it is gone. Now a higher quality, something more divine, is going to take place. But you have to help each other.

These are the real difficult times -- when you come to know whether you love your partner, and whether your partner loves you -- when these great gaps arise between you and you feel you are going far away from each other. These are the crucial moments, a fire test, when you should try to bring the other person, who is left behind, closer to you. You should help the other person to be meditative.

The natural idea will be to bring yourself down so the other is not offended. That's an absolutely wrong attitude. You are not helping the other, you are hurting yourself. A good opportunity is being lost. When you could have pulled the other towards heights, you have descended yourself.

Don't be worried that the other will be offended. You make every effort to bring the other also to the same space, to the same meditative mind, and the other will be grateful, not offended. But these are not the moments when you should depart from each other. These are the moments when you should keep -- with every effort -- the contact with the other, with as much compassion as possible. Because if love cannot help the other in transforming the animal energies into higher spiritual energies, then your love is not love -- not worth calling love.

Gyan Atito, this is the situation many are passing through. But very few have the courage to ask the question, because

it seems asking such a question is exposing yourself unnecessarily, becoming a laughingstock. But this gathering is to expose yourself. This gathering is not to hide and keep secrets to yourself. Nobody is your enemy here. Everybody is a fellow traveler.

And the same problems are going to be faced and encountered by everyone. So when a problem arises, never think twice. Ask it fearlessly, howsoever stupid you look in asking it. Because it is going to help not only you; it is going to help many others who are also struggling in the same situation, but have not been courageous enough to bring it forth. They are trying on their own, somehow, to settle the situation.

It is not a question of settling. It is good that it has lost its old, settled state. It is good that it is unsettled, that trouble has arisen. Now it depends on you and on your intelligence, how you use the opportunity -- in favor of your growth, or against it. Asking the question may help you.

So two things... first, remember you are fortunate that sex seems to be going away from your life. Secondly, don't think that the other person is feeling offended. Expose your heart to the other person. Don't try to bring yourself to the position of the other, but try in every possible way to hold the hand of the other, and take her, or him, to the higher stage, where you are suddenly finding yourself.

Only in the beginning will it be difficult; soon it will become very easy. When there are two persons growing together, many times gaps will arise because people cannot keep pace with each other; everybody has his own speed, everybody has his own unique growth pattern. But if you

love, you can wait a little till the other arrives, and then, hand in hand, you can move further.
I want my people particularly not to think ever of celibacy. If celibacy comes by itself, that's another matter; you are not responsible for it. And then it will never bring any perversion, then it will bring a great conversion of energies.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
CAN INNOCENCE BE AWARE OF ITSELF?

Maneesha, innocence cannot be aware of itself. The moment it is aware of itself, it is no longer innocent; corruption has already entered in, the ego has started forming itself. Innocence does not know that it is innocent. Innocence simply knows, "I don't know." But it is not aware that this is called "innocence"; the moment it becomes aware, suddenly it is lost. Hence those who are aware of their innocence are the greatest egoists in the world.
The ego has such subtle ways, that it goes on coming from the back door... you may throw it out from the front door, and it will come from the back door again. And each time it will come in such a way that you cannot hear its footsteps. It can come and hide itself in humbleness, it can come and hide itself in innocence, it can come and hide itself in love. Basically, these are not the spaces where ego should be found. But ego can manage to live in places where ordinarily it is not suspected. Hence one has to be very alert.

You simply become more silent. Your so-called knowledge goes on disappearing -- and a moment comes: you know nothing. This state of knowing nothing is enough. You don't make it a great spiritual achievement; you don't start bragging about your innocence, that "I know nothing." Before, you used to know all, that was your bragging. Now your bragging is the same, but you brag that you know nothing at all. Just the object of bragging has changed, but the ego remains the same. There has been no transformation at all.

Little Hymie was caught out telling a lie. "How do you expect to get to heaven?" his mother asked.
Little Hymie thought for a moment, and then said, "Well, I will just run in and out, and in and out, and in and out, and keep slamming the door, till they say, `For goodness sake, come in or stay out' -- and then I will go in."

This is innocence -- not aware about itself, but simple purity. Innocence has to be just like a small child who is not aware that not knowing anything is a great achievement.

Mrs. Ronald Reagan had won a raffle at her women's club. Up till now she never had enough left over from the housekeeping budget to take herself off to a smart hairdresser. So now she lost no time in making an appointment for a complete hair treatment. When she arrived home that evening, she presented herself to Ronald Reagan for his admiration. "Honey," he said, "now you look like a million."

"Really?" she asked quietly. "You mean I look like a million dollars?"
"No," he said disgustedly, "like a million other women."

A politician's mind cannot be loving and compassionate, humble and innocent -- even with those with whom he is intimately connected. There too it goes on playing the cunning role -- now he was speaking in a diplomatic way when he said, "Honey, now you look like a million." This sentence is cunning, political, diplomatic; it is tricky. Naturally, his wife thinks, "You mean I look like a million dollars?" And then his cunning mind comes into the open: "No," he said disgustedly, "like a million other women." You would not have thought about it just listening to his statement, "Honey, now you look like a million."
The innocent person is neither cunning nor egoistic; not bragging about himself nor trying to put down the other. He simply knows nothing. And without any fear, and without any guilt, he accepts his ignorance.
There are two possibilities: either he can feel guilty that he is ignorant -- because innocence is ignorance -- and if he feels guilty, that too is part of a hurt ego, offended ego. Or if he has heard saints and sages declaring, "Blessed are the innocent, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God," and he feels tremendously proud of his innocence, again he is in the clutches of the same ego. And these are the only two ways he can be aware of his innocence.
The third space is, he simply knows that he knows nothing. This is pure innocence, and this is what Socrates calls wisdom; this is what Upanishads call the ultimate state of a seer, of a knower. This is what Gautam Buddha calls the

space of enlightenment, of absolute freedom and utter silence... not even a ripple of disturbance.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
THE TIMES I FEEL CLOSEST TO YOU, AND THROUGH YOU, THE TIMES THAT I FEEL THIS EXISTENCE, COME TO ME IN AN OVERWHELMING FEELING OF GRATITUDE. FOR THOSE PRECIOUS MOMENTS, ALL MY NEUROSES JUST EVAPORATE. CAN YOU SPEAK ON THE ALCHEMY OF GRATEFULNESS?

Deva Abhiyana, gratefulness is certainly the most precious alchemical process. If it takes possession of you, then naturally all kinds of neuroses, psychoses, or any other psychopathology will evaporate -- for the simple reason that gratefulness consists of a few fundamentals of spiritual awakening.
The first: that you are needed by existence. Man's greatest need is to be needed. And if you can feel that even trees, the moon, the sun and the stars all need you... without you this existence will miss something, will not be complete -- although you are so small, almost nothing. But unless you were needed, you would not have been here. There must be some essential need which you are fulfilling; without you there would be a gap which nobody else could fill.
You are not replaceable. No man is, no rosebush is, no blade of grass is -- nothing in the world is replaceable. Such unique individuality has been conferred on you. This is the first element which brings gratefulness to your heart.

The second... that you are so unworthy, so undeserving, you have done nothing to have this dignity to be part of this beautiful existence. The feeling of your nothingness, the feeling of your being almost a nobody... still, the existence goes on showering its love. Not that you deserve, not that you have earned it in any way -- but it is simply the nature of existence, its overflowing joy, its overflowing love, its overflowing nourishment, its playfulness. And it goes on giving without asking anything in return. Its greatness, its vastness... our smallness, our nothingness. Its abundance and our nobodiness immediately create a deep, heartfelt feeling of gratitude.

This feeling brings immense grace to you; it brings beauty, it brings a certain song to your being. It suddenly gives you wings to fly in the sky. Just the sheer miracle of it -- that you are nothing and the whole existence is available with all its treasures to you. It is unbelievable -- what can you do? You don't have anything of your own except to be in deep gratitude.

To me, this is the only prayer. All other prayers are manufactured by man. This is the only prayer -- that arises out of you as a fragrance arises from flowers; a prayer that is not said, not expressed in words, but is lived. It is expressed in each of your actions, in each of your gestures. You have a tremendous reverence for life; out of this reverence nonviolence arises. Out of this reverence a love for peace and a rebelliousness against all war and all destruction arises. This prayer is nothing but a silent "thank you." But its alchemical impact on your being is immeasurable.

Abhiyana, you are asking: "The times I feel closest to you, and through you, the times that I feel this existence, come to me in an overwhelming feeling of gratitude. For those precious moments, all my neuroses just evaporate."
Everybody is suffering from some kind of neurosis. Until one is enlightened, one should remember that he cannot be totally sane. Some insanity, in some corner of his being, is bound to be there. But if you feel a deep gratitude towards existence, in that gratitude you are cleaned and washed away -- you are no more. And when you are no more, where can your neurosis remain? You are absolutely needed if you want your neurosis to exist. Your neurosis is nothing but the shadow of your ego. And in gratitude the ego disappears and its shadow disappears automatically.

The crowded elevator in an old New York building refused to budge. The operator opened and closed the gates and pressed the buttons several times, but still the lift refused to budge. Then he again opened the lift, and a very little, old lady got out.
Presto! the elevator began to ascend, but not before the passengers heard the little old lady exclaim: "It is not that I weigh so much, but it is that I have so much on my mind today."
That mind is your neurosis. And everybody has so much -- that is your weight. That old woman was right. In gratitude your mind is no more... because the mind can exist with doubt, the mind can exist with anger, the mind can exist with hate, the mind can exist with any kind of neurosis. But the mind cannot exist with innocence, with humbleness,

with gratitude, with love, with meditation. And wherever mind is absent, you are sane. Mind is your insanity.
And the alchemy of gratefulness is that it dissolves your mind, it evaporates your ego, it makes you absent in a sense and present in another sense... absent as a personality, and present as an individuality; absent as somebody, and present as nobody.

Hymie Goldberg was talking to a friend: "It is not easy to get ahead in this world," he said. "As a boy I started out at the bottom. I struggled, worked, sweated, climbing the ladder of life hand over hand, rung by rung."
"And now?" asked his friend, "you are a great success?"
"Well, no," admitted Goldberg, "but I'm mighty good at climbing ladders."

What is your success, anyway? It makes you mighty good at climbing ladders. What else can it be? You can be a president of a country, or a prime minister of a country, but what is it? In actuality it is nothing but an exercise in climbing a ladder -- hand over hand, rung by rung. But where do you reach? -- at the top of the ladder. And there is nothing, there comes the end of the street. You cannot go back because that is embarrassing; you cannot go forward because there is no further.
I was very close to a chief minister. His sons had been my colleagues in the university, and because of them I had become acquainted with the old man. He was an old freedom fighter and he told me one day... he was very sick, and there was a danger that he might die. Doctors were not certain whether he would survive or not.

But the old man said, "Make sure that whether I am sick or healthy, that I remain the chief minister. I want to die as chief minister. It will be too hard for me to die if my chief ministership is gone."

I said, "What does it matter to a man who is going to die whether he is chief minister or not?"

He said, "It matters, it matters much. My whole life I have struggled to reach this post, and I want to die at the highest peak of my success, with government honors, seven-day holidays, national flags down everywhere in respect. I don't want to die just like any ordinary man. I am not afraid of death," that old man said to me, "but I am afraid that while I am sick, my colleagues -- who deep down are all my enemies -- must be trying to pull my legs; and while I am not able to fight with them, somebody may try to take over the chief ministership."

His deputy chief minister was also known to me, because when I was a student he was vice-chancellor of that university. I said, "Don't be worried. I will go to the deputy chief minister, who is the real danger to you, and who is trying not to miss the opportunity while you are sick. He wants to be declared by the president of the country to be the acting chief minister. That will be the first step.

"Then the second step will be that because you are too old and too sick, you are not able to function, you are not in a state to function... then he will manage to be declared not only as acting chief minister but really as chief minister. I will go to him, you don't be worried."

And that's what was going on in the house of the deputy chief minister. The whole cabinet was there -- they were all trying to manipulate the situation. How to convince the

president of the country that the old chief minister is too old and too sick, and the deputy chief minister is a far more intelligent politician, a better organizer, and he should be given the chance immediately.

I told the deputy chief minister, "That old man is almost on the verge of death, and I want you just to wait at least one week -- not more than that. I have talked to his doctor; he says, `I cannot say it to them, but I don't think he will survive more than a week.' And his only desire, his last desire, is to die as the chief minister. So what? And you have always been a colleague, a friend, a follower of that old man. He has appointed you as the deputy chief minister. Just wait for seven days. You will not lose anything, but his last wish will be fulfilled."

He thought for a moment, and said, "Okay. Then seven days -- exactly."

I said, "Do you mean I have to kill him in seven days? I will try. But you should not be so ugly and so harsh with your own boss. Just one day more or one day less, but he is going to die -- that much is certain. Now don't force me to kill him to stay just within the seven days exactly. If he dies in eight days, just one day of waiting will not disturb anything."

He said, "I have told you seven days means seven days. And just because you have come, I cannot refuse. I have always loved you as my student." Fortunately, the old man died on the fourth day. It was such a relief! Otherwise I would have had to do something, because his last wish had to be fulfilled....

But how poor these people are! And what is their ultimate achievement? They have just learned how to climb ladders, and then they are sitting on the ladders which lead nowhere. And they don't want to come down because they don't want to be nobodies.

These are the most irreligious people in the world. That's why I'm so much against politicians. I am against the priests and the politicians because these two are the most irreligious people in the world. And they have a deep conspiracy, they support each other -- for centuries they have been supporting each other. One has political power, the other has the power of numbers. And both together can manage to keep the whole of mankind in slavery; they have kept it up to now. The authentic religious man has to rebel against these two, and their conspiracy against humanity.

Abhiyana, if you can remember as much as possible this state of gratitude, slowly slowly it will penetrate into your blood, into your bones, into your marrow. Then there will be no need to remember; then it will simply be there -- like breathing, like heartbeats. Then you can be certain that you have arrived home. Now there is nowhere to go; you have achieved the unachievable, you have found the ultimate secret of life. Now you are not just a part of existence, but the whole of it.

The day one understands that "I am spread all over the existence, and when trees dance I am dancing, and when the wind blows and sings songs amongst the trees it is my song, and when the ocean rolls in the full-moon night I am not separate from it..." This is the moment mystics have been calling: when the observer becomes the observed, when the knower becomes the known, when the seer

becomes the seen, when the duality between subject and object disappears, when you are the world.
The Upanishads say: aham brahmasmi -- I am the whole. This is not a declaration of ego, it is a declaration of absolute egolessness. This is the path -- the pathless path; or the gate -- the gateless gate. You don't have to go anywhere, you don't have to move even a single inch. You can relax right now and it is yours. It has always been yours, you have just been asleep.
Awake and claim your birthright. Religion is not anybody's monopoly, it is everybody's birthright. It has no name, no church, no organization. It is a sheer rebellion against all churches, all organizations, all scriptures. It is meeting existence directly and immediately, in innocence, in gratitude, in love, in a deep communion.
This is the prayer I would like to spread all over the earth. Because this is the only prayer that can save it.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #29
Chapter title: Something of the wild
15 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,

I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT OF THE WOMEN OF THE EAST HAVE NOT KNOWN ORGASM. WHY IS IT THEY LOOK SO GRACEFUL AND NOT FRUSTRATED LIKE THE WOMEN IN THE WEST?

Prem Salila, it is a strange logic of life, but in a way very simple. In the East ninety-eight percent of the women have not known what orgasm is. Your question is, "Why is it they look so graceful and not frustrated like the women in the West?" That's why! You have to be in a position of experiencing something and then having it denied to you; only then frustration sets in. If you don't know at all that anything like orgasm exists, then there is no question of frustration. In the West also, before this century, the woman was not frustrated because the situation was the same there.

It was because of psychoanalysis and the deeper researches into human energies that it was discovered that for a millennium we have lived under a fallacy. The fallacy was that the woman has a vaginal orgasm, which has not been found to be true; she does not have a vaginal orgasm at all. In fact, the woman's vagina is absolutely insensitive, it feels nothing. Her orgasm is clitoral -- and that is a totally separate part. She can reproduce children without knowing any orgasm, she can make love without knowing any orgasm.

Hence for centuries, in the East and West both, the woman was satisfied to become a mother. In a way she was against sex, because it was not giving her any joy -- it was giving only trouble: pregnancy.

For centuries women have lived just like factories, reproducing children. Man has used them as factories, not as human beings -- because nine children out of ten used to die; so if you want two or three children, the woman has to produce two or three dozen children. That means that for her whole sexual life, while she is capable of giving birth to life, she becomes pregnant again and again; and pregnancy is a suffering.

She has never been in favor of sex. She has suffered it, she has tolerated it. She has gone into it because it was her duty; and deep down she has hated her husband because he is just like an animal. Why do you think women have always worshipped celibate saints? The innermost reason is that their celibacy proved them to be holier beings.

She cannot respect her own husband in the same way. Once you have a sexual relationship with a woman, she cannot have respect for you. That has been the cost -- because she knows you have used her. In every language the expression makes it clear: it is the man who makes love to the woman, not vice versa. It is strange... they are making love with each other, but in every language it is always the man who makes love; the woman is only an object. The woman only tolerates and goes into it because she has been conditioned in her mind that it is her duty; the husband is the god and she has to make his life as pleasant as possible.

But sex has not given anything to her. And she has been kept unaware... because man must have become aware very early, when there was no marriage and when men and women were as free as birds, man must have become aware -- and the ancientmost women also -- that she has a capacity for multiple orgasm. It is a very dangerous signal

to the husband to trigger her orgasmic energies. The husband cannot satisfy her -- no husband can satisfy a woman. It seems to be a disparity, a fault of nature, that she can have multiple orgasms and man can have only one orgasm.

So man has tried to avoid even the knowledge that the woman can have orgasm. That's why in the East it is still the case, particularly in the interior parts of the country. Leave aside the modern cities, where a few women may have found out through their education, may have heard the names of Masters and Johnson, who have discovered women's capacity for multiple orgasm.

But in the West it became a problem, because the discovery of multiple orgasm and the centuries-old deception by man of woman was a simultaneous growth. At the same time the women's liberation movement was coming up, and women were trying to find out all the wrongs that had been done to them by men. They suddenly got hold of this new phenomenon, this research, and the most fanatic women's liberation women have become lesbians; because only a woman can help another woman to have multiple orgasm -- because it is not concerned with the vagina at all.

Men's and women's bodies are very similar, except that the man has only marks of the breasts and the woman has actual breasts; but the man has the marks on his physiology. The clitoris is just a mark of the man's penis; it is just a small growth, but it is outside the vagina. Children are born out of the vagina, and man need not touch the clitoris -- and without playing with the clitoris the woman cannot have an orgasm; so it was very simple to avoid it.

The Eastern woman looks more contented because she is not aware of what she is missing.
She is more graceful because she has not even started thinking of any liberation.
The East, as a whole, has lived under the conditioning of contentment -- man and woman both -- in poverty, in slavery, in sickness, in death.
The idea of revolution was impossible in the Eastern mind because the conditioning was so strong, and so many centuries old, that whatever you are is the by-product of your own actions in past lives. It has nothing to do with the social structure, it has nothing to do with education, it has nothing to do with the division of classes in society, it has nothing to do with men's enslavement of women. The conditioning is so old that one is born with it, and the atmosphere all around is supportive of the conditioning. All the religions of the East preach that the woman is born a woman because of her past actions; man is a higher being and the woman is a lower being. This has been accepted. If you are poor, it is not because of exploitation by the rich; you are poor because of your wrong actions in the past. Man's mind has been diverted from the realities to fictitious explanations -- you cannot do anything to change your past life, you have to go through it. Unbelievable religious sects grew in the East, which no reasonable person can accept, but millions followed them. For example, Jainas believe that a woman cannot attain to enlightenment from a woman's body because she cannot be really celibate. She cannot stop her menstrual period, and that keeps her a sexual being. So unless she attains by being contented, graceful, prayerful, serving her husband and accepting

everything as her fate... this is the only way she will be able to be born as a man in the next life.
So nothing can be done right now; right now one has to simply accept and remain contented. Any rebelliousness will spoil the chances even for the future; any discontentment, any frustration will not only destroy your present, it will destroy your future too. So the better course, the intelligent course, is to be silent. Nobody can help you, because you did wrong things in your past life -- although your poverty is not concerned with your past life.... But that is a very recent finding, and it has not penetrated into the Eastern mind yet.
And just as women have their monthly period, men also have one; that is the very latest finding. So if her monthly period prevents a woman from being enlightened, it will prevent a man also -- just the expression of it is subtle. The woman's expression is physical -- you can see the blood every month. But if every man keeps a diary, he will be surprised: every month, after twenty-eight days, for four or five days he becomes bad-tempered, exactly the way the woman becomes irritable, annoyed at small things.

The same person would not have been annoyed by the same things at another time, but within those four or five days... his period is more psychological, and the woman's period is more physiological; that's the only difference. And it is good for every couple to know perfectly well that when a woman is having her period the man has to be more understanding, that it is beyond her. She will be irritable, she will be easily annoyed, she will become angry, will be more nagging.

In the East, to avoid this they have found a very strange strategy: during the time of her period the woman has to live in a dark cell in the house. She has not to come out, she has not to contact anybody -- because even her shadow contaminates everything. She cannot prepare the food, and she has to remain aloof and hidden, ashamed of herself. In a way it was good that she rested for those four or five days, did not come in contact with anyone and did not create any unnecessary conflict. But this was one-sided and unjustified -- man also has his period.

The worst combination is when the husband and wife both have their periods together. Then the situation is on the scale of war. But mostly it does not happen -- the husband has his period at one time, the wife at a different time. But if the husband keeps a diary for four or five months -- just to find which are the dates when his period begins and which are the dates when his period ends -- he can allow the wife and the family to know that for these five days, they have to be a little more tolerant and more compassionate towards him, because he will be in the same situation.

Men and women are not different species. They may differ, but they belong to the same species. Stop that old nonsense -- that the woman cannot become enlightened from her body because she cannot prevent her periods, and that it is the obvious proof that she cannot be celibate. Man can only pretend to be celibate because his period is psychological, he has no visible symptoms.

There has been a sect in India, Terapanth. It says that even if you are passing by the side of a well and somebody has fallen into the well and is crying, shouting, "Save me! Help

me!" just go on your way as if you have not heard him at all -- because he is suffering a punishment for some wrong action done in his past life. If you interfere he will again have to fall into a well. Why give him unnecessary trouble? You are thinking you are helping -- you are simply postponing. It is better for him to be finished with the punishment rather than to take your help, come out of the well and then have to fall in again. He will have to fall in again.

This is one side of the danger -- that you have interfered unnecessarily, because nobody can change his fate, nobody can undo his past, he has to go through all the consequences. Secondly, your interference creates bad consequences for you. You saved the man and he commits a murder tomorrow... then you may not be caught by the police and the courts, but the law of karma -- which all Eastern religions believe in -- will not forgive you. You have to share the consequences, because if you had not saved him, he could not have murdered. You are a partner -- unknowingly, unconsciously, but that does not change the law. The law has to be fulfilled in every condition.

This is the logical end of the theory of the law of karma, the law of action and its consequences. That's why in the East there has been no revolution.

And the question of why women look so graceful, and not as frustrated as in the West, is very simple to understand: they have accepted their fate. The Western woman, for the first time in history, is revolting against all these fictitious ideas about fate, the law of karma, past lives.

It is such a nonsense idea -- that you did something in your past life, and existence will wait such a long time to punish

you. Who is going to keep the records for so many millions of people? And we know it in life -- you put your hand... that's what I said to one Jaina monk who was arguing with me about the law of karma. I told him, "There is no problem. You put your hand in the fire, and let us see whether it burns now or in your next life."

Consequences follow the action immediately. I told him, "Put your hand in..." and he hesitated. I said, "Why are you hesitating? It is a long time... in the next life you will be burned."

He said, "This is a strange way of arguing. You will burn my hand right now."

I said, "That makes you realize that in nature, in life, the action is followed by the consequence, just like you are followed by your shadow. There is not such a gap... you passed by in a past life and in this life we see your shadow passing by. We simply see your shadow, and we know that somebody must have passed by here in a past life. The consequence is the shadow."

But Western woman has had to pass through a very revolutionary period which destroyed her contentment, the grace that had always been hers. And it has led her to the extreme; she has started behaving in an ugly and nasty way. It is not a rebelliousness with understanding, it is just a reactionary attitude.

Of the causes that marked the change between the Western woman and the Eastern, the first is Karl Marx. He proposed, and convinced the intelligentsia of the whole world, that poverty has nothing to do with any past life, or with fate, or with destiny; that it is not decided by God who should be poor and who should be rich. It is the social

structure, the economic structure which decides who is going to be poor. And this structure can be changed, because it is not God-made -- there is no God, as such -- it is man-made.

The Russian revolution proved Karl Marx right on an experimental basis -- that the structure can be changed, that kings can become paupers and paupers can become kings. And no interference was made by God, "You cannot do this, it is my writing on their foreheads, you cannot change it."

The Tsar's whole family in Russia -- nineteen people, men and women, old, young, children, one small baby only six months old, and one man ninety-five years old -- the whole royal family of nineteen people was massacred. They were cut into pieces, and God did not interfere saying, "What are you doing with this family? That is my decision. What are you doing with the people who I have made the owners of almost one-sixth of the world?" The Russian Empire was the biggest empire of those days, and the Tsar was the richest man in the world.

So the first hammering came from Karl Marx. The second hammering came from Sigmund Freud. He declared that men and women are equal, belong to the same species, and any theories or philosophies which condemn women are simply inhuman and male chauvinistic. And then the third and the last hammering came from Masters and Johnson's researches, which brought to light that the woman has been deprived of orgasm for centuries. It proved that man has been really inhuman in his behavior. As far as his own sexual needs were concerned he used the woman, but he did not allow the woman to enjoy sex.

These three things have changed the whole atmosphere in the West; but these three things have not yet penetrated into the Eastern, traditional mind. As a result, the Western woman is on the warpath. But it is a reactionary phenomenon; hence I am not in favor of what goes on in the name of women's liberation.

I want women to be liberated, but not to go to the other extreme. The women's liberation movement is going to the other extreme -- it is trying to be revengeful, it is trying to do to man exactly what man has done to her.

This is sheer stupidity. Past is past, it is no longer there and what man has done has been done unconsciously. It was not a conscious conspiracy against women. Neither he was aware, nor the woman was aware.

The women's liberation movement is declaring that they don't want to have any relationship with men -- cut off all relationships with men. They are promoting lesbianism, a parallel of homosexuality -- that women should love only other women and boycott men. This is sheer perversion.

And as a reaction, women should do everything to man that he has done to her: misbehave, mistreat, use dirty words as man has always done, smoke cigarettes as man has always done.

Naturally, they are losing their grace, their beauty... dress just as man has always dressed. But it is a strange phenomenon that the way you dress changes so much. The Eastern woman's dress has a grace, and it gives a grace to her whole body. The Western woman is trying to compete with cowboys -- blue jeans, stupid looking clothes, ugly hairdos.

They think perhaps they are taking revenge -- they are destroying themselves. But revenge always destroys you, reaction always destroys you. I would love to see them as rebels.

A rebel knows that to err is human, and to forgive is more human.

The past was full of mistakes of all kinds. Discontinue the past. Start everything -- man's and woman's relationship included -- under the light of fresh findings. Find out ways together how life can be a beautiful experience, a loving dance without all the ugliness that has happened in the past. Don't repeat it again.

It is simply the movement of the pendulum: man was doing idiotic things, now woman will do the idiotic things. But humanity as a whole goes on suffering. Who does the stupid thing does not matter, but humanity does not evolve. Man and woman have to come to an understanding. They have to forgive the past and forget it. And they have to start anew with the new findings, remembering one thing -- that the woman should not imitate man, because her attraction, her beauty, has a different dimension.

If she imitates man she will become only a carbon copy of man, she will lose her identity -- and she is losing it. The body, in a subtle way, follows your mind. The Western woman's body is losing the old grace, the old contours. The Western woman does not have such beautiful breasts as she used to have.

What happened? The body follows the mind; she used to have a beautiful curvature, now she is becoming a straight line. And a woman without breasts, a straight line, no curves anywhere, is an ugly phenomenon -- it will be such

a disgrace. But her clothes will affect her body, her mental attitudes will affect her body.
She has not to become a carbon copy of man. She has to become perfect as a woman and create as much difference between man and herself as possible. The bigger the difference the more the attraction, the more the beauty, the more the grace. She has to find her own identity.
I am absolutely in favor of liberation -- liberation for both man and woman -- because it is a simple law: the enslaver also becomes a slave of his own slaves.
Man has enslaved woman, but he has also become a slave. That's why you cannot find a husband who is not really henpecked -- at least I have not found one yet. I have been searching for a husband who is not henpecked. Outside they are all lions -- at least members of the Lion's Club. In the house they are not more than rats. And if they had any understanding, they would make a rat's club. That would be true -- a henpecked husband's club.
You cannot enslave anybody without becoming a slave. What you give to others, you have to get back. Give love and you will get love. Give slavery and you will get slavery. Whatever you give comes back to you in some form or other. Man and woman both need liberation -- liberation from the past, liberation from all the mistakes, all the ugly ideas of the past. And they have to create a new world, a new man, a new woman.
But nothing like this is happening anywhere. I would like my people -- particularly the women -- to create an authentic women's liberation front, which will not be reactionary, which will not be out of anger and hatred; which will be out of understanding, compassion, love and

meditation. Then the Western woman will not lose her grace, will not lose her contentment.

In fact, man also can be more graceful if he allows the woman to be more graceful. Man can also be more beautiful if he allows the woman to be more beautiful. But this means creating more distance -- the farther away they are, the more the magnetic pull, the more the attraction, the more the adventure. To see a woman smoking cigarettes -- I simply cannot believe my eyes! What else is she going to do next? She will start pissing standing! She has to do everything that man has been doing -- all foolishnesses.

The woman has to keep above reactions, and create such a grace and beauty around herself that man will also have to create a more beautiful individuality, a more graceful character. And their meeting should not be anymore in marriage; their meeting should be only of friends -- a friendliness, not even friendship. That word `friendship' reminds one of relationship. That "ship" has drowned the whole of humanity. Now no more "ships" -- now friendliness, and a deep understanding that nothing is permanent in life.

Even love is a roseflower: in the morning dancing in the wind, in the sun -- as if it will remain forever, with such grandeur, with such certainty, with such authority. So fragile and yet so strong against the wind, against the rain, against the sun. But by the evening the petals have withered away, and the rose is gone. That does not mean that it was illusory, it simply means that in life everything is change. And change keeps things new, fresh.

The day marriage disappears, the life of both men and women will become healthier -- and certainly longer than

you can even imagine. You may not be able to see what the relationship is between long life and marriage. Because marriage is a kind of going against the changing life, it creates a permanent thing; both husband and wife become dull, bored -- life loses interest. In fact, they have to destroy their interest, otherwise there is continuous conflict. The husband cannot take an interest in any other woman, the woman cannot laugh with another man. They become prisoners of each other; life becomes a boredom, a routine. Who wants to live such a life? The will to live becomes weakened. This brings sicknesses, diseases -- because their resistance against death is not there. In fact, they start thinking how to finish this whole vicious circle sooner; they start asking deep down in their hearts for death. A will to death arises.

Sigmund Freud was the first man to discover that there is, in the unconscious of man, a will to death. But I have my disagreements with Sigmund Freud. This will to death is not a natural phenomenon -- it is a by-product of marriage, it is a by-product of a bored life. When one starts feeling that living is no longer an adventure, there are no new spaces, no new pastures, then why go on unnecessarily living? Then an eternal sleep in a grave seems to be far more comfortable, far more luxurious, far more joyous.

In no animal does the will to death exist. In the wild, no animal commits suicide. But strangely, in a zoo it has been found that animals commit suicide. And if Sigmund Freud had been studying only zoo animals, he would have concluded that there is a will to death, just as there is a will to life. But the zoo animals are not real animals; and a marriage makes everybody a zoo animal -- confined,

chained in a thousand and one subtle ways. Sigmund Freud had no idea of wild animals, or wild human beings.
I want human beings to have something of the wild in them. That is my rebel.
He is not going to be part of a zoo, he is going to remain natural. And he is not going to go against life, he is going to flow with life. If man and woman can come to an understanding -- which is not difficult at all, which is the simplest thing to do -- that we drop being zoo animals, we can gain liberation from the zoo. That's what is needed -- liberation from marriage.
And if the woman grows in her natural wildness, and the man grows in his natural wildness, and as strangers they meet in friendliness, their love will have a tremendous depth, a great joy, a blissful dance.
There is no contract, there is no law -- love is a law unto itself. And when it disappears, they will say goodbye with gratefulness to each other for all those beautiful moments that they have lived together, for all those songs that they have sung together, for all those dances under the full moon, for all those musical moments on the sea beach. They will carry all those golden memories with them, and they will be grateful forever. But they will not hinder each other's freedom; their love prohibits it. Their love should give more freedom. In the past it has been giving more slavery.
There is a tremendous need for the women in the West to start a fresh liberation movement, because the leaders of the present day liberation movement are not meditators, are not sane. They are insane women, fighting against insane men. What is needed is some sanity. What is needed is a deep

compassion, even for those who have harmed you in the past out of their unconsciousness -- it was not intentional. But now the women's liberation movement is intentionally trying to harm men -- that is even more ugly. It has not gone far, and there are not many women in agreement with these reactionaries. A fresh women's liberation movement can take hold of millions of women who are intelligent and understanding. And this movement will have all the help from men, because then you are not fighting against men, you are fighting against the past -- in which you have suffered, in which man has suffered, in which everybody has suffered.

The Rebellion is not against man as such, **The Rebel**lion is against the past of man and woman both. And then this rebellion will have a quality of religiousness which will bring grace to people, gratefulness to people.

Prem Salila, I hope it is clear to you why the difference in the Western and the Eastern woman has arisen. It was not there before this century.

I have heard...

President Ronald Reagan was gazing down into the center of a famous Greek volcano.

Finally he commented: "It looks like hell."

"Ah, you Americans," said the guide. "You have been everywhere."

The Western woman has become more knowledgeable, she has been everywhere. She has become aware of things which the Eastern woman is absolutely innocent of. In her innocence there is a grace, there is a beauty which is not of

this world, which gives you some indications of the beyond.
That should be the case with every woman in the world. Every woman can become an arrow towards godliness -- her grace, her beauty, her love, her devotion can show you the way towards higher realms of being, greater spaces of consciousness.
A woman is not only capable of giving birth to children, she is also capable of giving birth to seekers of truth. But that side of the woman has not been explored at all. I would like my rebellious people to explore that side too.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #30
Chapter title: The slavery of marriage
15 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
CAN A MARRIED MAN ALSO BE A REBEL?

Anil Bharti, the question that you have asked is really complex. A married man certainly can be a rebel, in fact he has all the reasons to be a rebel. An unmarried man may not even think of rebellion, he may be thinking of getting

married; but the married man cannot think of anything else except rebellion, although he only thinks of it.
The burden of marriage is too much on him: the burden of children, of parents, social responsibility, honor, and prestige -- he has too much to risk. Hence he can think very easily about rebellion, but to take an actual step will need great courage. Marriage in fact is a precaution taken by the society so that nobody becomes a rebel, so that nobody becomes an individual.
Marriage is, in its naked reality, a strategy by the society to keep everybody under control. And it is such a subtle way that nobody thinks -- at least in the beginning -- that it is going to be an imprisonment, a lifelong slavery. But marriage has been used by all the societies in the world, in all the ages past, as a psychological imprisonment; putting so much burden and responsibility on every individual that he has to kneel down, and in Zarathustra's words, has to become a camel, a beast of burden.
Camels don't rebel. On the contrary, the more burden a camel can carry the more precious he becomes. The same is the situation of the married man: the more burden he carries, of the old parents, of the small children, of the wife, the more respectable, the more honored he becomes in the society. These are the ways, invisible chains, that will prevent a man from becoming a rebel.
But this is only one side. The other side is, if the man has some courage, some intelligence, the very burden, the very imprisonment will become the cause of rebellion. It is just a question of shifting your focus.
In all the religions, there is a way acceptable to the society: that is of renouncing life and escaping into a monastery or

into the mountains... it is an escape, and every escape is cowardly. But the escape is acceptable -- not only acceptable but very prestigious. In the name of religion, in the name of searching for truth, the society allows the individual to escape and drop all responsibilities. This is a kind of rebelliousness, but **The Rebel**liousness of the coward.

The married man has been doing it for centuries. It is part and parcel of the old civilization. It is just a small outlet. All doors should not be closed, otherwise the situation can be too suffocating, and there is a limit to tolerating suffocation. If too many people become antagonistic to the situation it would bring a revolution, a rebellion. Hence every society gives an honorable escape. And nobody has ever counted how many people have suffered from this honorable strategy.

Thousands of Christian monks, thousands of Buddhist monks, thousands of Jaina monks, thousands of Hindu monks -- their total number is in the millions all around the world -- have become dropouts, but in a socially acceptable way -- religiously, in the name of Jesus Christ, in the name of Gautam Buddha. Because of these millions of monks, sadhus and saints, millions of parents have suffered in their old age, have become beggars; millions of children have become orphans, have become beggars, have become criminals; millions of women have become prostitutes. And the whole responsibility goes to the religions because they honored the escapists.

Just to keep the society under control, they had to give a little outlet so the suffocation does not become too much. And they had to make this escapism prestigious, so nobody

condemns it but on the contrary these cowards are being worshipped as great saints, sages. All that they had was a certain rebelliousness in their minds, but they were without guts. And just rebelliousness in the mind is of no use, unless you can act accordingly, unless you can risk, unless you can take the danger.

The married man or unmarried man, the problem is the same: Are you ready to go against the whole past? Are you ready to go against the whole world? Do you have the courage to stand alone? Will you not start feeling dizzy, seeing that the whole world is against you? Will you not start thinking that "Perhaps they are right because they are so many and I am alone? Most probably I am not right." And the moment you start feeling this you will start losing courage. You will start moving towards the prison again.

The greatest courageous life in the world needs to have the guts to stand alone without ever bothering about the majority of the world and what their opinion is. But this is possible only when your rebellious idea is not borrowed, is not only a thought in the mind but a realization, a deep insight of your own into things.

If your authority is somewhere else, you cannot have that much courage. If your authority is within you, if you feel that what you are fighting for is your experienced truth -- and that it is not to destroy the world, but to create a better world, a better humanity, better people, better individuals, better opportunities for growth for all -- then you are the majority of one, and the whole world is the minority of five billion people. Then it does not matter how many people

are against you. If the truth is yours, then nothing matters; no wavering ever comes to you, not even in your dreams. And when I am saying this to you, I am saying this out of my own experience. Not for a single moment have I been visited by the thought that "Perhaps I am alone, the whole world is against me; and the whole past, millions and millions of people -- if they were alive, they would also be against me."

My being alone has never created a single doubt in me, because I am not fighting for anybody else's truth; I am fighting for my own experienced truth. I feel it in every beat of my heart, that even if the whole universe is against me, then too I will remain unwavering, undisturbed -- for the simple reason that truth is with me. They may be a vast crowd, but truth is not with them, and truth is real power. Truth is the seed of final victory, however long it may take. But truth is going to win.

The Upanishads have a tremendously beautiful statement, satyame jayate -- "Truth is always victorious." It is possible it may take a long time, you may not be able to see the victory in your own life... perhaps your children, or children's children; but one day, truth is going to win. Lies can win small battles here and there, but the final victory is going to be of the truth.

This conviction is not a belief. If it is a belief you will start doubting when you encounter condemnation from every side, from everywhere. This truth has to be a conviction of your own being. Then it does not matter -- even if God stands before you and is against you, it will not make any change, because truth is higher than any hypothesis of God.

There is no religion higher than truth, and there is no power higher than truth; but it has to be your own. Its authority should be derived from your own experience. Then married or unmarried does not make any difference. The married man may have a bit more difficulty. When you are facing the whole world, does it matter that in that whole world your wife also joins against you? When you are fighting against the whole past, does it matter that your own parents also join in opposing you?

When you are fighting for the future, a better and more human one, it is worth risking everything. Perhaps you will have to risk your own life, but it will be a joy, it will be a blissful experience; because you are dying for life to become more beautiful, for love to become more free, for man's soul to come out of all prison cells.

It will be just like a prayer for you, a gratefulness to existence. Existence has given so much to you, you can do at least this much, you can fight for a better world.

Anil Bharti, perhaps you are a married man; and naturally, you will be more afraid of your wife than you would be afraid of the whole world and the whole past. Who cares about all the graveyards of the world? What can that long history of dead people do to you? But that small woman, she will create trouble. If you are truly in love, not just married, then you can help her to understand. You can help her to raise her consciousness to the same experience, you can bring her to the same conclusions. And she can be a great support to you.

It is not absolutely necessary that she should go against you. It all depends on you. If your love has any value, she will be standing by your side -- more closely, more

intimately. When the whole world goes against you, when you are in trouble, when you are in a dark night, when you are in difficulties, you will find her a tremendous source of strength, a help that cannot come from anywhere else.

So don't take it for granted that your woman will create trouble for you. This is a suspicion about your own love; you don't trust your love. If you trust your love, you will also trust the alchemy of your love -- that the woman can be changed, transformed, and you can be rebellious together.

And a middle-class life, a comfortable life, is not much of a life; but a life of rebellion is a life of adventure every moment. And once you have tasted the joys of adventure, and the unknown opening up every moment, unpredictable, your life becomes a constant thrill and a dance.

For my people, I will suggest that you need not renounce your wife or your husband to be rebellious. You have to hold each other's hands more tightly, because the fight is going to be tough; and you will need someone who loves and understands you to support, to encourage. The same woman you think can create hindrances, can also create stepping-stones.

It all depends on the purity and meditativeness of your love, on the uplifting force of your love. If you love totally and intensely, the person you love will be the first to be converted to your truth.

I am reminded of Mohammed. He was an uneducated man, he was a shepherd. But he was very sincere and very honest, very truthful and very kind. One very rich woman, who was a widow, and who was far older than Mohammed...

Mohammed was only twenty-six, and he was so poor that he could not manage to get married -- it was difficult for him even to survive. To take a burden of a woman, and then children, was inconceivable for him. But this widow was very rich; she was forty years old and he was twenty-six. She fell in love with Mohammed.

He used to take care of her sheep and other animals; he used to take them to the mountains. His sincerity and his truthfulness was the cause of her falling in love with the man; otherwise the man had nothing. And the woman was very rich, she could have married any rich man, any prince. Mohammed was surprised when she proposed, he could not believe it. He said, "But I don't have anything -- for what reason are you marrying me?"

She said, "You have everything, because you have a sincerity, a truthfulness, a deep honesty. You can be trusted. And these are the qualities I have fallen in love with."

The first experience of Mohammed... he himself could not believe that he had experienced the ultimate peak of consciousness. Because he was a poor man, and he had never even thought himself worthy... that existence would be so kind to his poor self! He became so afraid, seeing the light, that he came back home. He had a high fever, the experience had been such a shock. Although it had happened, he could not believe it; it had shaken him to the very roots, he was a transformed man.

The first person to recognize that something great had happened was his wife; because there was a light all around him, and there was a different vibe that had never been there before. But he was trembling with fever, so she took

him inside the house, dropped over him all the blankets that she had, and still he was trembling.
She said, "What is the matter? Why you are so much afraid? What have you seen?"
He said, "Don't tell anybody, perhaps it is what people call God. I am not worthy of it, but what I have seen has shaken me from the very roots. I am a totally different man. I don't see myself continuous with my past; suddenly a new man, a rebirth."
It was his wife who became the first Mohammedan. She touched his feet, and she said, "You don't be worried. You don't understand because you are not educated. You are so innocent that you are not aware of your worth, of your sincerity, of your truthfulness, of your honesty. God has chosen you for the same reason that I have chosen you. And initiate me to be your first disciple. Don't say no just because I am rich and old, and I am your wife -- and before that I had been your master, your boss. Don't say no, just accept me. And many more will be coming, but don't let me miss the chance to be the first Mohammedan. Love has its own ways, truth has its own ways, sincerity has its own ways."
She was his first convert, although he himself was not yet certain what had happened; it was too much for him, too overwhelming, beyond his capacities of understanding. But that woman was well-educated, well-cultured, and she spread the message of Mohammed in the beginning days of Islam.
And when people saw that she had become a convert... it was a rare thing that a woman became a convert by her own husband. First, it was a shock to the people that an

educated, a super-rich woman, had fallen in love with one of her servants -- uneducated, almost a beggar. And now, a second surprise: that she had become a convert to the servant.
It all depends on you. In life never throw responsibilities on others. If you are sincere and your rebelliousness has your heartbeat in it, then nobody can prevent you; particularly those who are close to you will be the first to join hands with you.
But, Anil Bharti, love is needed -- and not ordinary love, but the love that I talk about.

A wild and daring pilot was selling rides in his open cockpit biplane. A Scotsman asked him if he would give him and his wife a ride for the price of one. The pilot agreed to do so on one condition:
"I will take you both up for the price of one, if you promise not to utter a sound. One peep, and I will double the price," the pilot said.
They climbed aboard, and the plane took off. The pilot executed some death-defying stunts, but the Scotsman and his wife remained totally silent. Finally the pilot gave up and landed the plane. "I don't believe it," the pilot called back as he taxied the plane to a halt. "You are a very brave man."
"Thank you," the Scot replied, "but I can't deny there was a time when you almost had me."
"When was that?" asked the pilot.
"When my wife fell out," replied the Scotsman.

If your love is like that -- that the wife is less valuable than double tickets -- that is a different matter. But if your love is a deep spiritual intimacy, a friendship that knows only to give and never asks for anything in return, a spirit that simply enjoys seeing the loved person being happy... When the happiness of your wife is your happiness, when her pain is your pain, when you start functioning almost as one soul between two bodies, then only can you think of calling it love.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND RELAXING SPACES I KNOW IS THE ONE OF "YES," AND AN ACCEPTANCE OF MYSELF AND OTHERS.
BELOVED MASTER, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT "YES" AS PART OF **THE REBEL**LION?

Sadhan, the ordinary connotation of rebellion will be easier with "no" than with "yes"; will be easier with disobedience than with obedience, will be easier with doubt than with trust. But that is the ordinary connotation of the word.
The Rebellion I am talking about is certainly a "no" to the past -- to all that is superstitious, to all that has harmed humanity, to all that has hindered the growth of human consciousness, to all that has made the world a hell. But this is not the basic part of rebellion.
The fundamental part of **The Rebel**lion is, "yes." Yes to a new man, yes to a new woman, yes to a new kind of love relationship, yes to a new world without families, without

nations, without religions. Yes to a whole humanity as one family. Yes to a world of peace, love, joy -- which to me are the basic components of religiousness. Yes to a world full of songs and music and dance and creativity.
The no part is very small. The no part is just like demolishing an old building which is dangerous to live in, which can fall at any moment, which is not going to remain for long and it is better to demolish it, otherwise it will kill people. The no part is just the way the sculptor works on the stone, cutting pieces away from the rock -- that is the no part.
But the yes part is the creation of a beautiful Gautam Buddha, or a Jesus Christ. Every creation needs, as a preparation, some destruction -- some destruction of the wild weeds to create a garden of roses. That much no is absolutely essential. But it is in the service of yes.
You say, "One of the most beautiful and relaxing spaces I know is the one of `yes'." But you should not forget that a yes cannot exist without a no preparing the way for it. This is the dialectics of life: to create something, something else has to be destroyed. You cannot create something without destroying something else.

I have heard about an old church: it was so ancient that people had stopped going in, because even a strong wind and the church would start swaying. It was so fragile, any moment it could fall. Even the priest had started giving his sermons outside the church, far away in the open ground. Finally, the board of trustees had a meeting; something had to be done. But the trouble was that the church was very ancient -- it was the glory of the town. Their town was

famous far and wide because of the old church; perhaps it was the oldest church in the world. It was not possible to demolish it and to make a new one. But it was also dangerous to let it remain as it was -- it was going to kill a few people. And nobody had been going in for years -- even the priest was not courageous enough to go in, because who knew at what moment the church would simply collapse? So something had to be done.

And the board was in a very great dilemma: something had to be done, and nothing should be done, because that church is so ancient. And with things that are ancient, man has been in such deep attachment. So they passed a resolution with four clauses in it. First was that "We will make a new church, but it will be exactly the same as the old. It will be made of the same material the old is made of -- nothing new will be used in it, so it remains ancient. It will be made in the same place where the old church stands, because that place has become holy by its ancientness." And the last thing in their resolution was, "We will not demolish the old church until the new is ready."

They were all happy that they had come to a conclusion. But who was going to ask those idiots, "How are you going to do it?" The old should not be demolished till the new was ready. And the new had to be made of everything the old was made of, in the same place where the old was standing, with exactly the same architecture the old had. Nothing new could be added to it: the same doors, the same windows, the same glass, the same bricks -- everything that needed to be used had to be of the old church.

And finally, they decided that the old should not be touched till the new was ready. "When the new is ready, then we can demolish the old."

Such is the human mind: it clings to the old, it also wants the new, and then it tries to find some compromise -- that at least the new should be like the old. But a few things are impossible, nature just won't allow them.
Sadhan, first you have to say "no." And you have to learn to say "no" with a loving heart, because you are saying it in the service of yes; it is not negative at all. Just because it is no, does not mean it has to be negative. In language it is negative. But in reality, if it is in the service of yes, it is a servant of yes, how can it be negative? That which serves the positive -- prepares the ground for the positive, prepares the way for the positive to come in -- cannot be negative. My rebel has a heart full of yes, but his yes is not impotent. His yes is capable of saying a thousand nos in the service of yes. He will destroy everything that prevents the new from being born. He will destroy all old ties, all old chains, all old jails -- psychological, spiritual -- in the service of freedom, in the service of love, in the service of truth. Then the no goes through a transformation, it becomes part of a bigger yes. And a yes that has not any part which is capable of destroying... that yes remains impotent because it cannot create. There is no creation possible without destruction.
So remember one thing: destruction should not, in itself, be the goal. Then it is ugly, then it is simply no, then it is only negative. Then it is against life and against existence. Every destruction should be in the service of some creativity. Then it is not negative. Then it is not in the service of

death, it is in the service of life. It is life-affirmative. And to transform no into yes is the whole art of the meditative rebel.
The ordinary rebel starts enjoying destruction and he forgets completely what he is destroying for; destruction becomes a goal unto itself. Disobedience becomes his ego, his stubbornness, his adamant attitude towards life. I don't want political rebels; I want spiritual rebels whose concern is not with destruction at all. They will not destroy even a small thing unless it is absolutely needed for the new creation, for the new world.

Paddy put five dollars into the collection plate at his church. "What," Paddy asked the priest, "happens to all this money?"
"It goes to the Lord," answered the priest.
"Oh, well," said Paddy, removing his five dollars from the plate, "I am seventy-five years old. I am bound to see the Lord before a young man like you, and I can give it to him personally."

That seems to be an absolutely positive attitude: what is the point of giving five dollars to a young priest when you are going to meet the Lord before him? Withdraw your five dollars! It is better to give it to him personally rather than through a mediator who is going to take his commission. And who knows whether it ever reaches to the Lord or not? -- there is no guarantee.
You have to remember not to be serious about anything but to remain playful, non-serious; because the more playful

and non-serious you are, the more clear is your understanding.
A serious man stops understanding, he has already taken a certain attitude, fixed, unchanging; he has become prejudiced.
Your yes should not be a prejudice, otherwise it will not be my yes. My yes implies no in it. My creativity implies destructivity in it, because without no, the yes becomes impotent. No has certain qualities which yes does not have. Just don't let no become your master and your boss.
Yes remains your highest value, and no becomes a servant -- then there is not a problem about no. No has a beauty of its own. When it is just a shadow of yes it is immensely beautiful. And a person who cannot say "no," his yes has no meaning at all.
So I teach you yes as the ultimate value, the end, and no has to be its means. Then you are using the whole dialectical process of life. Then you are using the opposites for a single purpose. You are transforming their diametric oppositeness into a complementary, organic, unity.

Question 3
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS COMPASSION FOR A REBELLIOUS MAN?

Raso, rebellion itself is the compassion. It is not a reactionary approach towards life. It is out of compassion that a man of understanding becomes a rebel.
You are asking, "What is compassion for a rebellious man?" Rebellion itself is his compassion. It is out of

compassion that he has become rebellious, otherwise there was no need for him.

What is the need for me to be a rebel? I could have lived silently in the Himalayas, without unnecessarily being bothered by all kinds of idiots. What am I going to gain by my rebelliousness and by my teachings about rebellion, except condemnation from all quarters, from all over the world? But there is no need for me to gain anything. What life could give to me it has given -- it has given more than one could ask for. It is just out of love, out of compassion, that I will welcome any crucifixion, but I will continue till my last breath to raise people's consciousness, to instill their beings with the dreams of a beautiful future. And I will go on convincing them that the past has been ugly and nightmarish -- that if you go on living according to the past, you don't have any more future.

It is not my personal problem. My past is finished. I don't have any future -- I am not going to be reborn again. I could have remained completely indifferent to the problems of the world, to the problems of people; they are not my problems. I have struggled and come out of the jungle of all those problems. I am not going to be caught again in the net of a body.

But with this enlightenment, this liberation, comes a tremendous compassion for all those who are struggling for the same aim. I would like that the world becomes more helpful to everybody to become awakened. Right now it is helpful only to keep you as much asleep as possible.

Karl Marx was right when he said that religions have functioned like opium to the people. I may not agree with all his opinions, but about this small statement I agree one

hundred percent. All the religions have been narcotics. They are the real drug dealers. They have kept humanity asleep, and they have taken away all the opportunities and possibilities of people becoming enlightened, of people becoming individuals, of people becoming free.
It is out of my love and compassion that I would like to go on sowing the seeds of rebellion in as many hearts as possible. Perhaps existence wants me to be a vehicle to save man from committing suicide; and not only to save man, but at the same time transform him also. Because this kind of man, as has existed in the past, is out of date, he cannot continue -- either he has to die or he has to transform.
Rebellion, to me, is the only saving device, and it is out of compassion -- for no other reason.

Hymie Goldberg was striding happily along the street on his way to work, when his old friend, Mr. Cohen, caught up with him.
"You are pretty happy this morning," said Mr. Cohen.
"That's right," smiled Hymie, "I have finally cured my wife of her habit of yelling at me all the time."
"And how did you do that?" asked Mr. Cohen.
"Well," laughed Hymie, "I have convinced her that yelling at me was making a nervous wreck of the dog."

This is the situation of the present man. The wife is willing to stop yelling at poor Hymie Goldberg if she is convinced that her yelling will drive the dog insane. But if her yelling can drive the dog insane, what is it doing to poor Goldberg? That is not a consideration at all.

Man has lost compassion for man. He may be compassionate towards animals, he may be compassionate towards trees. In the Himalayas, there has been a movement going on for almost ten years -- a very new concept. The people who live in the Himalayas love the trees and their trees are being cut, brutally, thousands every day. Just ten years ago an uneducated man started a movement, and it spread like wildfire all over the Himalayas. In the Himalayas, it is called "Chipko Andolan." It means, "cling to the tree movement." When people come to cut the tree, you simply cling, hug the tree, and be ready to die with the tree -- but don't allow the tree to be cut.

So thousands of people are clinging to the trees, and the government contractors come and they are standing there... what to do? They cannot use their electric saws and cut the people with the trees. The movement is immensely successful, although the government is jailing, punishing those people who are preventing the trees from being cut. But the moment they are out of jail, they go back again. It seems they have slowed the process, and it is also possible that they may have succeeded.

These people -- who are so compassionate to the trees that they are ready to die for them -- murder human beings. With human beings their relationships are of cruelty, barbarousness. And they are primitive people; a few tribes even sacrifice men to their god, and then they eat the flesh of men. It is very strange that they are so compassionate towards the trees -- to protect them they are ready to die; they risk imprisonment because they are preventing government work.

But towards man they don't seem to have any compassion, any love. They beat their wives, they beat their children; they don't have any respect for their children, they don't have any respect for their women. In fact Hindu scriptures say that unless you beat your wife once in a while, you will lose control over her. It is absolutely according to religious scriptures, it is not a sin or a crime to beat your wife once in a while -- that keeps peace in the house.

It would have been perfectly right if they had said that the wife is also allowed, once in while, to beat the husband; then it would have kept more peace in the house. If peace is the goal, then both should be given the opportunity to create it. And the people who have written such things are thought to be great saints! And if I say anything against them immediately somebody's religious feelings are hurt, immediately the government sends an unbailable arrest warrant. This has been going on my whole life.

Man has lost compassion completely -- at least about other men. And I would like my people... their first duty is towards man, everything else comes next. If you are not loving and compassionate towards man, all your compassion for animals, dogs, is just stupid. One man in Bombay has a trust... and we have been fighting a trust case for years. The government is not willing to accept this institution as a charitable trust, because to them teaching meditation is not charity. Teaching compassion is not charity. Teaching charity is not charity.

So I had told my people to look around and see what kind of charitable trusts are acceptable to the government. They found a trust in Bombay which is tax-exempt, and the man

who has that trust is a retired government officer; he collects many donations for stray dogs.

Every day in his beautiful car he goes around the slums of Bombay, where you will find stray dogs -- and worse than that, stray human beings. Children with big bellies and shrunken bodies, standing by the side of the dogs just in the hope that they can get something to eat from the dog food. And that man, sitting in his car, is feeding the dogs; and those children are standing by the side waiting, so that if something is left they can eat it.

This is charity. And this man must be pocketing all the donations that are coming to him, because dogs cannot complain. They cannot say whether he comes every day or not, what kind of food is being given to them, whether it is edible or not, how much is being given, to how many dogs it is being given -- dogs cannot report. It all depends on the man keeping the register: that he is feeding five hundred dogs, or one thousand dogs, and how much money is being spent per dog.... And he goes on collecting donations, and the government allows him to be a tax-exempt, charitable trust.

This world certainly needs to be completely renewed. All old values have to be said good-bye to, and new values have to be established. This is possible only by a religious rebelliousness, not ordinary rebelliousness. Never before has a concept like religious or spiritual rebelliousness ever existed.

I am giving you a totally new philosophy, absolutely fresh. Political rebels have existed, but spiritual rebelliousness can only come out of compassion and meditation. And unless it comes out of meditation and compassion it is not

worth anything. But I hope... in spite of the darkness all around, I still hope that when the darkness is too much, the dawn will be very close.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel
Chapter #31
Chapter title: Burning torches moving around the world
16 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
YOU HAVE BEEN TALKING ON YOUR VISION OF **THE REBEL** LATELY, AND YET THE ATMOSPHERE I FEEL AROUND US AT THE MOMENT IS PARTICULARLY SOFT, LOVING, PLIABLE. TO ME, THIS FEELS LIKE PART OF YOUR MAGIC -- THAT YOU ARE SHOWING US, EXISTENTIALLY, THAT **THE REBEL** WILL BE BORN NOT OUT OF THE FUMES OF VIOLENCE AND UNHAPPINESS, BUT FROM THE FRAGRANCE OF LOVE AND ECSTASY.

Maneesha, **The Rebel**s who are born out of violence prove, in the end, to be anti-rebellious. The moment they are in power their rebellion disappears. They become as

ugly as the predecessors they have replaced, because through violence you cannot bring flowers of love. By sowing the seeds of poison you cannot hope that the flowers will be anything other than poison.

In the past, the great misery has been that those who were peaceful and loving, silent and ecstatic, were not rebels. They could not conceive that a rebellion is possible out of love, out of compassion, out of ecstasy. Their perspective was not that clear about the future possibilities. So people who were loving, people who were peaceful, people who were religious, prayerful, instead of becoming rebels simply became escapists; that was their substitute for rebellion. They escaped to the mountains, to the forests, to live a peaceful, silent and blissful life.

In a way they were certainly selfish. They never thought about those whom they were renouncing. Their compassion was not great enough and their peace was not strong enough -- it was afraid of being disturbed. Their love was not great enough -- it was afraid of being burned in the fumes of rebellion.

And on the other hand, there were rebels but they were not peaceful and they were not silent and they had no idea of any ecstasy. They had never known anything of meditation. They had no contact with the heart. Their rebellion was only a reaction of the mind. They were angry, enraged by all the exploitation, oppression, by all the inhumanity that the establishment had been doing to other human beings. Out of their anger, out of their violence, out of their rage, they rebelled. So those who were not capable of rebellion rebelled, and those who were really capable of rebellion escaped.

Those people who were full of violence and rage succeeded. But while they were going through **The Rebel**lion they were becoming more and more accustomed to violence; and when the power came into their hands, it came into the hands of violent people. Naturally, they used that power for more violence. Now they had a great opportunity to destroy as many people as possible. Sometimes their destruction became nonsensical. In the Soviet Union, Stalin killed at least one million people -- but these one million people were not the rich people against whom he had rebelled, against whom the whole rebellion was planned. These were the poor people for whom the whole rebellion was a promise and a hope for a better future. And why were they killed? The reasons are absolutely idiotic.

Communism believes that there should be no private property. But when people are in power they become absolutely blind to human reality. For example, it is true that private property should not accumulate only in a few hands, and it should not make millions of people poor. To this extent communism is absolutely right. But to abolish private property completely is a very anti-psychological, unnatural idea.

It has to be understood... your private property gives you a certain individuality, a certain identity, a certain freedom. If all your private property is taken away and you are left absolutely naked, without any private property, you will be surprised to know that all your freedom is gone, all your individuality is gone, all your capacity to rebel is gone. In a certain way, you have been murdered. Not only has your

private property been taken away, you have also been finished.

Marx had no psychological insight; he was absolutely blind about the psychological and spiritual experiences of man. His whole approach was purely economic. But man is not just money. Man is much more. Man is not just what he possesses, he is much more. But what he possesses has a certain value as far as his individuality is concerned.

According to me, the right communism should be that accumulation of private property in a few hands should be stopped, so that everybody can have private property. Nobody is super-rich and nobody is super-poor. The rich disappear, the poor disappear, the middle class becomes the only class, and people have almost equal private properties. I am saying almost, because man should not be treated in mathematical terms. There should be some looseness. Somebody may have a little more and somebody may have a little less; it does not matter, it does not hurt. Somebody may need... a doctor may need a private car -- it is part of his profession -- so to take away the doctor's private car is to take away something very essential to his profession.

So the millions of poor people who did not have much -- somebody had two cows, somebody had one horse, somebody had a few hens, somebody had a small piece of land. But the blind, mathematical and economic mind of the communists -- which became even more blind when the whole power was in their hands -- started taking everything away from people: a small piece of land, which was not enough to provide food for the owners, but it was all that they had. It was their inheritance, their forefathers had it.

Without it they suddenly found themselves utterly nude, as if their clothes had been taken away.
Their houses were not much, they were not palaces; they were living in the same house where their cows and their horses were living -- they were stables more than houses. But even those were taken away. Everything became the property of the state. And these poor people -- for whom the revolution was made -- could not understand... what kind of revolution is this? They were thinking that they would become richer, that their poverty would be gone. But on the contrary, whatever they had -- even that was gone. Now they were just beggars.
Capitalism had become concentrated in the hands of the state, so the people who were in power had, for the first time, double powers -- the power of politics and all the power of economics. Before, it had been divided: the economic power was in the hands of the rich people and the political power was in the hands of the politicians. There was a little division. Now the power was absolutely totalitarian. All the power became concentrated in the hands of the people who were the rulers.
The poor people, who were uneducated, could not understand -- what kind of equality is this? Are they making everybody poor, equally poor? Is this the equality for which the revolution was fought? And because they resisted giving their hens, their small pieces of land, their small houses, their horses or their cows... because they resisted, they were simply butchered.
Out of violence only more violence is born.
Those one million people were the lowest of the low. The revolution killed the poor people. It was a blind revolution,

and it was bound to be -- because **The Rebel**s had no idea of compassion, no love for humanity, no experience of spirituality. They were not coming from that beautiful space, they were not fighting for a better humanity. They were simply interested in destroying the establishment out of anger. In this anger there was jealousy, in this anger there was envy -- all wrong things.

My effort is to bring a great synthesis between **The Rebel** and the sannyasin. The sannyasin should not be escapist. He should grow his love, make his compassion strong enough, his ecstasy deep-rooted, centered and mature. And out of this loving space, he should rebel.

His rebellion will be basically not interested in destroying the establishment, but interested in creating a new world. His focus is to create a new world, a new man, a new humanity with new values. To create the new he has to demolish the old -- but not out of anger, just out of necessity.

And he has to understand that just to impose mental ideas on people is dangerous. You have to understand people's psychology and your rebellion has to be molded accordingly, not vice versa -- not that the people have to be molded according to your idea of rebellion.

Man should never be used for any ideology. All ideologies should be used for man. Looking into man's psychology, it is true that the vast disparity between people creates an ugly society.

Just a few days ago I was informed that in India there are only fifteen really rich people -- in a country of nine hundred million people, only fifteen really rich people! So the whole wealth of nine hundred million people has been

exploited; their labor, their whole life has been sucked by only fifteen families. This disparity is inhuman, because the producer is hungry and the parasite goes on collecting money which is useless to him. It is useful for those who are dying of hunger -- and they are the producers.

These fifteen rich families don't work, don't produce; they are simply clever about how to suck blood. They have spread like an octopus around millions of people, and they are sucking their blood. In a thousand and one ways all the money goes silently, without any noise, into their treasuries.

You will be surprised to know that just the city of Bombay has half the money of the whole country. Strange... the whole country works -- people are working in the fields, in the gardens, in the factories -- but somehow there are strategies so that the money goes on moving towards Bombay. Half of the country's money in one city! This is intolerable. But one should not be angry about it. It is intolerable because it is inhuman and it destroys people's love, people's compassion, people's kindness. It creates all kinds of crime. Poverty is the mother of all crimes.

It is a very strange world. First, you make people poor and force them to become criminals, and then you have courts and the police and the judges to punish them. First they are exploited, and then they are punished for being criminals. The real criminals are those fifteen families who have exploited the whole country's wealth. But they will never be punished because they can purchase all your judges, they can purchase all your politicians. They already have all the politicians in their hands -- because where is the

politician going to find millions of rupees for his election? Not from the poor people.

And the people who are going to give him millions of rupees are not going to give it as charity. If they give one million, they will take out of that politician at least fifty million, not less than that. When he comes into power then all the licenses will go to the man who has brought him into power.

These politicians are all slaves to one capitalist party or to another capitalist family. They go on promising the poor a better future, and they know perfectly well that a better future is not going to come because first they have to repay the money that has been given to them. They are themselves slaves.

This situation is ugly. The structure should certainly be changed. But it should be changed because you have a compassion, a love for all suffering human beings -- not an anger, an envy, a jealousy against those few who have all the money, who have all the luxuries.

It is a question of focus: are you fighting for the poor or are you fighting because of your jealousy that you are not one of the fifteen families? Is it your jealousy, envy, anger, violence, that is prompting you to rebel against this structure? If that is the case then, when you are in power, you will be more dangerous because you will take as much revenge as you are capable of -- with vengeance.

But if your revolution is because you have seen the suffering of humanity, you will create a structure which will give equal opportunity to everybody to grow. You will not impose the idea of equality, because equality simply

does not exist -- it is not psychological and it is not existential.

A Bertrand Russell is a Bertrand Russell, and if he has a little more comfortable life, he needs it; his contribution is so great that he should be provided with all the comforts possible.

An Albert Einstein is an Albert Einstein. He is not equal to anybody else in the world and nobody can claim to be equal to him. It will be simply stupid to force him to be equal -- his work is different, his genius is different. In fact, he has not to be dragged down, he is not a shopkeeper and he is not a laborer. He should not be forced to be a shopkeeper -- that would be a tremendous harm to the whole evolution of mankind -- and he should not be forced to be a laborer, because nobody else can replace him.

Who is going to create the theory of relativity? Who is going to give us the tremendous power of atomic energy? It is unfortunate that the politicians have been using it in destroying man, but Albert Einstein is not responsible for it. The same energy could have been used for making man richer, healthier, for making the world more beautiful.

Men are not equal -- that is my fundamental approach. And secondly, it is my understanding that everybody should be allowed to have private property; just the differences should not be too great, they should be within human limits.

The whole country can be rich. The state need not become the only owner of everything; that is the most dangerous thing which can happen to any country, because the state is already powerful. It has all the military, it has all the courts, it has all the police, it has all the laws, all the judges in its

favor... and it wants all the finances of the country also to be in its power? Then the whole country is left absolutely nude, in the same state as beggars -- "Now we don't have anything." And the state has become such a monster that you cannot even fight with it.

The state has gathered all the powers possible into its own hands. In Russia, all the newspapers are published by the government. You cannot write an article criticizing any policy of the government because it will not be published anywhere. But if you write it, you will be behind bars. It will never be published, but you will go out of existence! No book can be published, because only the government has the right to publish anything. And you can see the results -- in the sixty years since the Russian revolution not a single Leo Tolstoy, or a Fyodor Dostoevsky, or a Turgenev, or a Chekhov, or a Gorky... these five names are pre-revolution names. These five became world-famous novelists. If you have to choose ten great novels of the world, five will be Russian. These five names have to be included, there is no other way, because they have created the best masterpieces.

Where has that genius disappeared? In sixty years, not a single novel of that quality has come. It cannot come, because individuality has been completely destroyed. Now government bureaucrats decide what novels should be published and what should not be published, and these stupid bureaucrats don't have any sensitivity. They are not poets, they are not novelists, they don't understand the subtle nuances of creativity. But they are now the decisive factors. So the best is not published, only the third rate -- because they can understand only the third rate.

Just a few days ago one of my friends from Delhi informed me, "There is talk going on in the inner circles of the government that your books should first be censored, your tapes should first be censored, by the government. Only then can they be allowed to reach the masses."

I informed him, "Let them decide it, and they will have to face me in the Supreme Court!"

Who is the man -- I would like to see his face -- who is going to decide what is right in my book and what is wrong? I know all those ministers, I know most of the parliament members. They don't have the caliber or the intelligence. None of them has ever meditated; how can they decide whether what I am saying is right or wrong? Tomorrow they may start telling scientists, "Before you publish your papers, government bureaucrats will see whether they are right or wrong." And the government bureaucrats have no idea of science, no idea of philosophy, no idea of poetry, no idea of music. If they had any idea of poetry and science and literature and philosophy in the first place, they would not have been bureaucrats! That is the ugliest thing in the world. To be a government bureaucrat means you have become part of an ugly machinery and you have lost your soul. You don't exist anymore as an independent thinker.

Rebellion out of love, rebellion out of creativity, rebellion out of meditativeness -- that's my longing and that's my hope. And in that hope is the hope for the whole humanity. We have to bring Gautam Buddhas to become rebellious. Only in their hands will power be unable to corrupt; on the contrary, they will be able to purify power. And only in their hands is man's individuality safe, because they

understand man's inner and outer existence and they will be able to help humanity.

They will not impose equality, but they will give equal opportunity to everybody. Whatever one wants to become, he should be given an equal opportunity to do it. Then it is his potential, his talent, his genius... somebody will become a Bertrand Russell, somebody will become a Rabindranath Tagore, somebody will become a Picasso. And certainly, the people who will be enriching life and existence should be given a more comfortable life, because they are serving in a way nobody else can serve. Their service is unique, and their uniqueness should be respected.

That does not mean that they are superior and higher, and you are smaller and lower. It simply means that we accept a fundamental fact about humanity: every man is just like himself, not like anybody else, and he will need certain private property, just as he needs his clothing.

In China, when Mao was in power, he even forced people to use only uniforms. These are the ways of destroying -- in a very subtle way. Now the laborer is using the same uniform, the farmer is using the same, the philosopher is using the same, the mystic is using the same, the professor is using the same uniform. This is not right at all, because even your clothes show your individuality. You should have the freedom to choose your clothes -- the government has not to decide. You are not part of an army, so that you have to be in uniforms. You are independent individuals.

If equality is stretched to its logical end, then everybody should have the same haircut. And perhaps, if some idiot gets into power... and idiots get into power more than intelligent people, because intelligent people don't want to

go into the crowd and fight for power, it is not worth the whole struggle. But idiots have thick skins and hard skulls. An idiot can even start thinking that people should have similar noses. A few people have beautiful faces, and a few people don't. This is not good for a society which is communist, which believes in equality. But now plastic surgery is possible... so make a model and let everybody go through plastic surgery. Every child, when he is born, can go through plastic surgery and you will see similar faces all around. Will that be a beautiful society? Is it right to harm humanity in such ugly ways?

I am against classes of poor people and rich people, but I am absolutely in favor of private property. The differences should not be too great, but differences should be allowed. And the state should not be the owner of all the property, of the land. The politicians already have more power than they should have. To give them even more power -- all the power in their hands -- is to commit suicide.

My rebel is a meditator. He loves peace, he loves people, he loves their well-being and he will do everything for their natural growth. He will not impose any ideology, he will simply help everybody to be himself.

Such a rebellion has never happened. But it is time -- the right time. If it does not happen, then you can lose all hope for any future possibility of human existence as such. The old society has become so rotten that it is going to die. Before it dies, let us create seeds for a new man.

My insistence for a rebellion is to create those seeds, so when the old dies -- it is bound to die, it has created its own death -- the new can take its place. The new can be made alert and aware, so that it does not repeat the old pattern

again. It is easier to repeat the old pattern, but once you are alert you never commit the same mistake again. It is only the stupid who go on committing the same mistakes again.
I have met a man who married eight times, and he was complaining to me, "I have wasted my whole life. I have searched for the right person, but I have not been able to find her. Every woman turns out to be the same."
I said, "You will be an example to others."
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "I simply mean that you are an ideal idiot. One woman was enough, at the most two... not to leave any chances, at the very most three. But you went on and on, and every time it came to the same point. Eight or eighty, it will not make any difference, because you are the same. The differences in people are very superficial -- they are like the differences in cars. Their bonnets are different, their headlights are different, but basically it is the same mechanism, the same engine; and if the driver remains the same, he is going to fall into ditches again and again. Eight times is too much! You should have stopped driving long ago. You don't know how to drive."
He said, "Maybe, but nobody told me this."
I said, "You should have understood yourself. People are struggling in their own ditches -- who is going to care about you?"
A rebellion which is religious, which is spiritual, which is not born out of the flames of violence but which is born out of the fragrance of love and compassion, out of meditation, alertness and awareness, is the only possibility for a transformation of this beautiful planet into a paradise.

Yes, what you are saying, exactly that I am trying to do. You are saying, "You have been talking on your vision of **The Rebel** lately, and yet the atmosphere I feel around us at the moment is particularly soft, loving, pliable. To me, this feels like part of your magic -- that you are showing us, existentially, that **The Rebel** will be born not out of the fumes of violence and unhappiness, but from the fragrance of love and ecstasy."
Exactly that is what I am living for.
Exactly that is what I am preparing you for.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
SINCE CHILDHOOD I HAD A REBEL INSIDE OF ME, BUT I FELT SO POWERLESS THAT I LIVED A LIFE OF SUBMISSION RATHER THAN REBELLIOUSNESS. NOW, LISTENING TO YOU, I SEE THAT THIS REBEL WITHIN ME COULD BECOME THE NEW MAN YOU ENVISAGE. NOW I AM NO LONGER ISOLATED, BUT ONE OF MANY.
CAN IT BE THAT WE CAN ALL CARRY SUCH A POWERHOUSE WITHIN US THAT WE COULD MAKE IT TO THE NEW WORLD YOU ENVISAGE?

Deva Vachana, everybody is born innocent, peaceful, loving... knowing nothing about the cutthroat competition in the world, knowing nothing about the nuclear weapons that are being prepared to welcome him, knowing nothing about the dirty politics that have been torturing humanity for millennia. But before his peace, his love, his trust can become a rebellious force, we start destroying all that is

beautiful in him and replacing it with all that is ugly in us. That's what our parents have done to us, so we repeat the performance.

Generation after generation, the same disease goes on being transferred from one hand to another hand. With all the good intentions in the world the parents, the teachers, the leaders, the priests all go on forcing ideas of competition, comparison, ambition; preparing every child for the tough struggle that he is going to face in life -- in other words, for violence, aggressiveness. They know that unless you are aggressive you will be left behind. You have to assert yourself -- and assert forcibly -- and you have to compete as if it were a question of life and death. All this is the framework of our educational system.

I used to come first in my class -- not that I was studious, not that I attended the class regularly. I simply found that the courses they were teaching to students were not even worth two months' time, and we were wasting the whole year. So just for two months at the end, I gave my total attention, and the remaining time I was enjoying everything else except school. The teachers were amazed! And when I used to come home after the results and I would tell my father that I had come first, he always said, "That means your class consists of fools."

I said, "This is strange. When other people come first, their parents feel happy; and you, it seems, feel sorry that I am studying with fools. That's why I have come first -- otherwise, there is no hope for me."

But he never encouraged me, "You have done a good job, you should be rewarded" -- he never rewarded me. His only expression always, consistently, was, "It is strange how you

can always find a class of fools, so naturally you come first." But it is very rare. Parents give every incentive, "Be first and you will be rewarded." Be first -- that is bringing honor to the parents, to the family.

Everybody is teaching you to be ahead of others, whatever the cost. Sooner or later the children become feverish, they start running faster. Even if they have to hurt somebody to get ahead, they will do it. Violence is bound to be a part of a competitive society.

In a competitive society you don't have any friends. Everybody pretends to be friendly, but everybody is your enemy because everybody is fighting to climb on the same ladder. Everybody is your enemy because he can succeed and force you to be a failure. And soon people start learning the art of how to pull on others' legs, how to use wrong means, because those wrong means give you a shortcut.

I used to know a student... I was a teacher in the university. On examination days, no teacher was ready to be in the hall where that student was given a place, because that student was almost murderous -- at any moment he could murder somebody. What he used to do was this: he would come with a knife into the examination hall, and he would put his knife on the desk so everybody could see it there, and no professor would come close. He would bring notes with him and he would just manage to come first.

No professor wanted to be the observer in the examination hall where that student was. My vice-chancellor asked me.

I said, "There is no problem."

He said, "But nobody is ready..."

I said, "They don't understand."

I asked one of my friends -- he was a Sikh. I asked him, "You give me your kripan." It was a big, special kind of sword, far more dangerous than any other sword. Just one hit and the head is off!
He asked, "What are you going to do with the sword?"
I said, "I am trying to teach him to be a Sikh."
He said, "That is good. Vah guruji ki fatah. Vah guruji ka khalsa."
That is the mantra of the Sikhs, "This is the way the victory of the master happens. This is the way the victory of the master's followers happens."
He gave me his kripan, and I went into the room. That boy was sitting with his small knife on the desk. I went near to his desk, and just by the side of his knife I forced my kripan into the wood. He looked at me and I said, "Throw away all the copies that you have brought with you. Just look at my kripan." And I took away his knife.
He asked, "What are you doing?"
I said, "If you speak another word -- just one hit of the kripan, you will lose your head."
He said, "You seem to be insane. I have not done anything wrong and you are ready to kill me!"
I said, "It is not a question of right or wrong. It is a question of who has a bigger knife -- I have a bigger one! And I have all the powers in this examination hall to throw you out." And I threw his knife out of the hall.
I said, "If you don't throw away all the copies that you have brought with you, your head will go from the same window." He gave me all his copies, and I threw them from the same window.

The vice-chancellor was watching from his room. "What is happening? -- things are coming out. First the knife came, then a few books came." He came running -- "It seems there is some trouble."
I said, "You don't be worried. Only one thing more... if this boy is not going to behave, you will see one more thing coming out of the window."
He said, "What?"
I said, "His head!"
He took me out and he said, "I am sorry that I asked you to be the examiner here. Just forgive me, don't do such a thing!"
I said, "There is no other way to teach that idiot a lesson. Because all the professors you have been sending here were so afraid of his knife, now nobody is ready to come. What can he do? -- at the most he can kill you, so I have brought a bigger kripan."
But this is what the society makes everybody learn sooner or later: you have to be more aggressive, otherwise you will be a failure. You have to fight your way, because everybody is trying to reach the same ambition.
The vice-chancellor told me, "You are relieved. Never again are you required to be the examiner."
I said, "That is really great. That is what I wanted. It is unnecessary, because I don't want to harass anybody. Life will harass all of them -- why should I add more harassment to their lives? But I cannot allow anybody to harass me, either. It is very good of you to have relieved me forever."
He looked at me. He said, "Yes, I can come with the kripan into your room too."

I said, "It doesn't matter whose head the kripan cuts. The kripan makes no difference."
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "I am simply saying that that boy is going to be first every year because you are all chickens, unnecessarily afraid. He can simply show you the knife and that's all."
But this whole society is violent, and you have to be more violent if you want to be ambitious.
I want the non-ambitious, non-competitive man, a man who has no will for power, to be **The Rebel**. Every child can become such a rebel; all that he needs is not to be distracted from his innocence.
Your feeling is right that you have a rebel inside you. Everybody has a rebel -- but the society is too powerful. It makes you cowardly, it makes you cunning. It does not make you your authentic self. It does not want anybody to be his authentic self, because then there will be rebels all over.
But remember that before becoming a rebel you have to fulfill a few conditions. I don't want old-fashioned rebels. My rebel is also going to be a totally fresh and new idea, a new realization.
Unless you have compassion enough, love enough, silences of the heart, deep inner meditations bringing you more light, more awareness, you have not fulfilled my conditions. Only with these conditions do I want you to be a rebel. Then you cannot do anything wrong. Then whatever you do is right. Out of love, everything is right. Love is the magic that transforms everything into right.
I want enlightened rebels. It is possible, because enlightenment has been possible, and there have been

rebels. All that we need is a synthesis bringing them together. Rebelliousness and enlightenment -- a Gautam Buddha with **The Rebel**liousness of a Lenin -- it will be the most beautiful phenomenon.

One friend from Japan sent me a statue of Gautam Buddha. It was a rare statue, I have never seen such a thing. In one of the hands of the statue there was a small earthen lamp with a flame. You had to put purified butter -- ghee -- inside the earthen lamp as fuel, so that the flame goes on burning. My friend said, "This is a condition -- I had been given this statue with the same condition -- that the flame should be burning twenty-four hours a day without a break." In the other hand the statue had a naked sword. This is possible only in Japan, because Japan has made even swordsmanship a meditative art and archery a meditative art. Meditation is basic.

In India we cannot conceive of Gautam Buddha having a sword. But the beauty of the statue was that half of his face was so peaceful -- where the light of the small flame was falling, so calm and quiet, utter serenity -- and on the other side his face was like the sword, so sharp that it could be only that of a great warrior. The artist who created it must have done tremendous work. In the same face he has shown a great synthesis -- a sword in the hands of peace.

This is my idea of rebellion, of **The Rebel**. It should come out of your love for humanity; not out of anger against the past but from a creative compassion for the future. You are not just to destroy the old. Your ideal, your end, is to create the new; and because the new cannot be created without demolishing the old, you demolish it. But there is no anger in it. It is a simple process. You demolish an old building --

there is no question of anger. You clean the place and make a new building in its place.

A sannyasin has to be both: the peace, the silence, the light, the qualities of his inner being, and a rebel against all injustice, against all inhumanity. But for a creative purpose, to materialize a dream of an authentic human society which will be able to give equal opportunity to all, freedom to all, education which is nonviolent, education which is not only informative but also transformative, an education that will make you more of an individual and bring the best in you to its flowering.

You are sitting with people who all have such dreams. And the people in the outside world also had once -- when they were small children -- the same qualities, which have been forced down, repressed. Their inhibitions can be removed. My sannyasins have to become burning torches, moving around in the world to share their fire with anyone who is ready.

And you will be surprised, there are no people who have never dreamed of a beautiful future and who have never been in a state of innocence, who have never tasted something of peace, something of love, something of beauty. But all this has been destroyed, distorted, contaminated, poisoned by an ugly society. Its only power is in its ancientness.

But now that very power, that ancientness, is going to prove its greatest weakness. It just needs a little push. It is a dead society already. It has prepared its grave with its own hands and it is standing just on the corner of the grave. You just have to push, and you will suddenly find Ronald

Reagan lying in his grave. And with Ronald Reagan goes the whole world of which he is the representative.
We have to start from scratch. Again Adam and Eve, again the garden of Eden... again the very beginning.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #32

Chapter title: The face behind the mask
16 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, FRIENDLINESS HAS BEEN A SHIELD FOR ME TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM OTHERS. SITTING WITH YOU IN DISCOURSE AND FEELING YOUR OVERWHELMING LOVE, LAYERS OF THIS SHIELD ARE DROPPING AWAY, MORE AND MORE, AND I FEEL A SPACE IN WHICH I AM ENOUGH UNTO MYSELF.
OUT OF THIS SPACE, A MORE OPEN AND LESS FEARFUL CONNECTION HAPPENS. AND YET, I OFTEN WATCH MYSELF NOT BEING TOTALLY AUTHENTIC AND REAL. WHY IS THIS SO DIFFICULT?

Indradhanu, one of the problems that every human being has to face is the world in which he is born. His being and the intentions of the world don't go together. The world wants him to serve, to be a slave, to be used by those who are in power. And naturally he resents it. He wants to be himself. The world does not allow anybody to be what he is by nature supposed to be.

The world tries to mold every person into a commodity: useful, efficient, obedient -- never rebellious, never asserting itself, never declaring its own individuality, but always being subservient, almost like a robot. The world does not want you to be human beings. It wants you to be efficient machines. The more efficient you are, the more respectable, the more honored.

And this is what creates the problem. No individual is born here to be a machine. It is a humiliation, a degradation; it is taking away his pride and dignity, destroying him as a spiritual being and reducing him into a mechanical entity.

Hence every child, from the very beginning, as he becomes aware of the intentions of the society, of the parents, of the family, of the educational system, of the nation, of the religion -- as he becomes aware, he starts closing himself. He starts becoming defensive, just out of fear, because he has to encounter a tremendous force. And he is so small and so fragile, so vulnerable, so helpless, so dependent on the same people against whom he has to protect himself.

And the problem becomes more complicated because the people he has to protect himself against are the people who think that they love him. And perhaps they are not lying. Their intentions are good but their consciousness is missing, they are fast asleep. They don't know that they are

being puppets in the hands of a blind force called the society, the establishment -- all the vested interests are together.

The child faces a dilemma. He has to fight against those whom he loves, and he thinks they love him too. But it is strange that the people who love him don't love him as he is. They say to him, "We will love you, we do love you, but only if you follow the way we are following, if you follow the religion we are following, if you become obedient the way we are obedient."

If you become part of this vast mechanism, in which you are going to live your whole life... fighting against it is simply meaningless, you will be crushed. It is wiser just to surrender and just to learn to say yes, whether you want to or not. Repress your no. In all conditions, in all situations, you are expected to be a yea-sayer. The no is prohibited. The no is the original sin. Disobedience is the original sin -- and then the society takes revenge with a great vengeance. This creates great fear in the child. His whole being wants to assert its potentiality. He wants to be himself because other than that he cannot see any meaning in life. Other than that, he will never be happy, joyous, fulfilled, contented. He will never feel at ease, he will always be in a split. A part, the most intrinsic part of his being, will always feel hungry, thirsty, unfulfilled, incomplete.

But the forces are too big and to fight against them is too risky. Naturally every child, slowly slowly, starts learning to defend himself, to protect himself. He closes all the doors of his being. He does not expose himself to anybody, he simply starts pretending. He starts being an actor. He acts according to the orders given to him. Doubts arise in

him, he represses them. His nature wants to assert itself, he represses it. His intelligence wants to say, "This is not right, what are you doing?" -- he drops being intelligent. It is safer to be retarded, it is safer to be unintelligent.
Anything that brings you in conflict with the vested interests is dangerous. And to open yourself, even to people who are very close, is risky.
Machiavelli, one of the most intelligent persons who has ever walked on the earth -- but who misused his intelligence, misused his genius -- says in his masterpiece, THE PRINCE, "Don't say anything, even to your friend, unless you are willing to say it to your enemy; because nobody knows... tomorrow the friend can turn into your enemy. Never say anything against the enemy that you are not ready to say against the friend; because who knows?... tomorrow the enemy may become your friend. Then you will feel embarrassed. So be alert and cautious, take every step thinking of all the pros and cons."
But this kind of life cannot be a joyous life; it will be cunning, it will be clever. It may achieve comfortable living, luxurious living, it may become successful in the world, but it will not achieve any at-easeness. It will not find any peace with existence, with oneself. Deep down there will remain the child -- crushed, crippled, doing everything against his will.
It is a coincidence that one of Machiavelli's descendants is my sannyasin. Machiavelli would have tossed and turned in his grave! He could not have ever thought that his children would, at some time, become sannyasins, meditators. He was teaching people to be cunning.

From all the royal families of Europe, princes were sent to learn diplomacy -- in other words, hypocrisy, in other words politics, the ability to commit crimes without being caught. And he was teaching these people; only princes were his disciples. He was earning enough, and when these princes became kings in their own right he thought that it was time he should become a prime minister -- because almost all the kings of Europe were his disciples and none could refuse.

But he was refused by everybody, without exception. They all said, "We love you, we respect you, but we cannot take the risk of making you the prime minister because you are too clever. Our whole kingdom will be at risk. We cannot take that risk. It is according to your teachings. You have told us, `Never allow more intelligent people than you in your court, because they will be, sooner or later, a danger to your position, to your power. They will become your competitors. Always keep a distance. Remain surrounded by mediocres.'"

Hence, every politician who is in power remains surrounded by mediocres. He finds people who are at such a distance that they cannot dream of taking away his power or his position. People who are too close are dangerous. But such is the worldly teaching. That's why, Indradhanu, everybody has become closed. Nobody opens one's petals fearlessly like a flower, dancing in the wind, and in the rain, and in the sun... so fragile but without any fear.

We are all living with closed petals, afraid that if we open up we will become vulnerable. So everybody is using shields of all kinds -- even a thing like friendliness you say you have been using as a shield. It will look contradictory,

because friendliness means openness to each other, sharing each other's secrets, sharing each other's hearts.
But it is not only the case with you. Everybody is living in such contradictions. People are using friendliness as a shield, love as a shield, prayer as a shield. When they want to cry they cannot cry, they smile, because a smile functions as a shield. When they don't feel like crying they cry, because tears can function in certain situations as a shield.
I have heard about a very rich man who had a very big office. He used to come in for only one hour every day just to see that things are going well. And this was the routine he had followed all his life. He would come, go into his office, call everybody in, offer tea to everybody. He knew only three jokes, and he would tell one of the three jokes every day. And everybody had to laugh as if they were hearing it for the first time.
But one day it happened, a girl typist did not laugh. Everybody was shocked. This was insulting to the boss. What has happened to this girl?... and the boss was furious. He said, "What is the matter with you? Can't you understand the joke?"
Now, they had heard that joke thousands of times, there was no question of understanding it. The girl said, "I understood it even before you had started telling it -- so that is not the question. The reason why I am not laughing is that today I am leaving the job. Now I don't have to laugh. These poor fellows have to laugh, it is their shield. I don't have to.
"For the first time I don't have to pretend that you are telling a great joke. You have told it thousands of times.

But you can continue and these people will laugh every day. As far as I am concerned, I will laugh at somebody else's jokes. I am going to join another office whose boss knows a few more jokes than you know."

Our laughters are just exercises of the lips, and behind it we are hiding the truth -- our tears.

I used to live with one of my uncles. His sister was old and she had come from a faraway village to be treated in the city. So she was staying with us. Then she died.

I used to sit outside the bungalow in the garden, either working in the garden or reading -- but most of the time I was in the garden. My uncle would go to his shop, and only my aunt remained in the house.

She told me, "You have to ring the bell if you see somebody is coming for the purpose of showing mourning about your uncle's sister's death, because I don't feel like crying or weeping. I had no feeling for that woman. In fact, she was an unnecessary burden, she was of no use to anybody. Everybody feels relieved but nobody can say that. We have to cry and weep when relatives come to show mourning." This continues in India for almost a month.

So she said, "I don't want to be caught in the middle of something... somebody suddenly comes and I am smiling or laughing or talking with somebody, and I am supposed to be weeping."

So I used to ring the bell, that somebody has come -- there was an electric bell there. I used to ring the bell and she would immediately change her whole role completely. She would pull down her ghunghat so that nobody could see her face, because the face might be still smiling and tears were coming; and those were false tears.

Seeing the use of her ghunghat, I saw that the sari in India is certainly more useful than anything else. You can hide your face completely behind it. Otherwise it is very difficult to show pain, misery, anguish, anxiety, when you are not feeling any of those things; rather you are feeling relieved, your prayer has been heard. Everybody wanted her to die, because everybody was tired and she was going on and on.

One day, I did not ring the bell and one of the relatives entered into the house. She was watching television and laughing and enjoying. She was alone in the room and this man entered from the back. He was very much shocked. He said, "I had never thought that I would have to see this." She pulled her ghunghat and immediately started crying -- it was so absurd, it made no sense... but she was very angry with me.

When the man was gone, she came out and started shouting at me. I said, "What could I do if the electricity failed, or something went wrong?..." I had taken out the wires because otherwise she would have killed, she would have been ferocious. So I said, "I had rung the bell but what could I do ? How could I know that the wires were not joined with the bell?"

She looked at the wires. She said, "But who could have done it? You and I are the only two persons here."

I said, "I can say only one thing: I have not done it. I cannot say anything about you. And who knows? Your husband may have done it for some reason before going to the shop. Nobody knows... just wait, we will try to find out; but unless we have found out who has done it, your being angry at me is not right. And remember that I have been

giving you the signal up to now. From now onwards, it is finished. I am not going to ring the bell. You stay prepared."

She cooled down, seeing the situation. She said, "Forget it. What happened, happened. But don't stop ringing the bell."

I said, "What is the point of it all? Neither you nor the person who had come had any intention to be authentically sad or sorry. When I saw him, he was coming singing a song and smoking a cigarette. Anybody could see that he was in good spirits, enjoying the morning air, the fresh sun and the beautiful gardens all around" -- because that place was in the most beautiful part of the city and all the bungalows had gardens.

"And just as he entered he threw away the cigarette, pulled his face down long, became sad. I was watching, and by chance this bell failed. And he showed that he was so much shocked -- that was also hypocrisy because he was not shocked. He was also pretending, just as you were pretending. The only man who was not pretending was me."

He went out and he lit another cigarette -- he did not think that I belonged to the family. I lived in the house but he was not aware of the fact. And he started singing a film song and went away.

I said to her, "Stop all this nonsense! Just simply say that you are relieved."

That woman had been suffering unnecessarily, there was no cure. Everybody was waiting for her death; the doctors were tired, they were also waiting for her death. They had said that there was no cure, but she could go on prolonging. She was very old.

And it often happens that young people can die quickly, because death also needs a certain energy. Old people, very old people who should have died long before, don't even have the energy to die. They simply go on pulling. They have become so habituated to life, they have forgotten to die. In fact, what had to happen long before has not happened -- they have missed their date. And perhaps, in the bureaucracy of death, everybody has forgotten their file, too.

You know that as you go on longer in life, you will find that fewer people die. For example, at ninety, less people die than at seventy-five. At one hundred, even fewer people die. At one hundred and ten, rarely does somebody ever die. At one hundred and twenty, nobody dies -- the file is forgotten, the man has forgotten to die. So here everybody was relieved and still just kept showing a face which was not authentic.

This whole society has been created around a certain idea that is basically hypocritical. Here you have to be what others expect you to be, not what you are. That's why everything has become false, phony. Even in friendliness you are keeping a distance. Only so far do you allow anybody to come close.

People like Adolf Hitler... it is known that he never allowed anybody to put their hands on his shoulders. That much intimacy people like Adolf Hitler would not allow at all. They would like people to be far away; a distance that can allow them to pretend things. Perhaps, if somebody is very close, he may look behind your mask. Or he may recognize that it is not your face; it is the mask, your face is behind it.

So it is not only you, Indradhanu, but everybody in the world in which we have been living has been untrue and unauthentic. My vision of a sannyasin is of a rebel, of a man who is in search of his original self, of his original face. A man who is ready to drop all masks, all pretensions, all hypocrisies, and show to the world what he, in reality, is. Whether he is loved or condemned, respected, honored or dishonored, crowned or crucified, does not matter; because to be yourself is the greatest blessing in existence. Even if you are crucified, you will be crucified fulfilled and immensely contented.

Just remember Jesus' last words on the the cross. He prayed to God, "Father, forgive these people who are crucifying me, because they know not what they are doing." He is not angry, he is not complaining. On the contrary, he is praying for them, that they should be forgiven. What a great dignity, what a man. A man of truth, a man of sincerity, a man who knows love and who knows compassion, and who understands that people are blind, unconscious, asleep, spiritually asleep. What they are doing is almost in their sleep.

Being an initiate into sannyas simply means the beginning of dropping all your masks. And that's what is gradually happening to you. You are feeling a new space... "Out of this space a more open and less fearful connection happens. And yet, I often watch myself not being totally authentic and real."

Don't be impatient. You have been conditioned for so long, for so many years -- your whole life -- now unconditioning will also take a little time. You have been burdened with all kinds of false, pseudo ideas. It will take a little time to drop

them, to recognize that they are false and they are pseudo. In fact, once you recognize something as false, it is not difficult to drop it. The moment you recognize the false as false, it falls by itself.

The very recognition is enough. Your connection is broken, your identity is lost. And once the false disappears, the real is there in all its newness, in all its beauty. Because sincerity is beauty, honesty is beauty, truthfulness is beauty.

Just being yourself is being beautiful.

And to me there is no other religion than this. Just a little patience... what you have gathered in your sleep of many, many years -- even if you wake up, the dust of dreams that you have gathered will take a little time to fall away. But your awareness, your understanding and your courage that you are determined and committed to find yourself, will dissolve all false faces that have been given to you by people.

They are also unconscious -- your parents, your teachers -- don't be angry with them. They are also victims like you. Their fathers, their teachers, their priests, have corrupted their minds; and your parents and your teachers have corrupted you. All that you can do is: don't corrupt the younger children. Your children are your brothers and your sisters. Anybody whom you can influence, don't influence in a way that he becomes false; help the person to be himself. What has been done in unconsciousness to you, you should not do to others -- because you are becoming a little conscious, and each day the consciousness will grow. It needs nourishment, support; and being here with me and with all these fellow travelers, you can get immense

support and nourishment. The whole atmosphere is to bring your authentic self out of all the clouds that have been covering you. But a little patience is certainly necessary.

Mr. Ronald Reagan called Harry to his office. "Harry," he said, "I understand that after the office party yesterday you pushed a wheelbarrow down Madison Avenue. Don't you realize, the Party could lose prestige by such actions?"
"I never gave it a thought," said Harry, "because you were in the wheelbarrow."

Here everybody was unconscious. Now in the party, all must have gotten drunk and the president, Ronald Reagan himself, started sitting in the wheelbarrow. And poor Harry, if he took the wheelbarrow around Madison Avenue... he didn't think that anything was wrong when the president himself was sitting in the wheelbarrow.
You have never thought that what you are being taught by your parents -- who love you -- by your teachers, by your priests, could be wrong. But it has been wrong; it has created a whole wrong world. It has been wrong every inch. And the proofs are spread all over history: all the wars, all the crimes, all the rapes....
Millions of people have been murdered, butchered, burned alive in the name of religion, in the name of God, in the name of freedom, in the name of democracy, in the name of communism -- beautiful names. But what has happened behind those beautiful names is so ugly that one day man is going to look at history as if it were the history of insanity, not of a sane humanity.

Sannyas is an effort to at least make yourself sane and help others towards sanity. And the first step is, never pretend. Whatever the consequence, be true. Howsoever easy the hypocrisy may be, it is dangerous. It is dangerous because it is going to destroy your very spirituality, your very humanity. It is not worth it. It is better that everything should be taken away, but your dignity and your pride as a human being, as a spiritual being, should be left. That is more than enough to feel blissful and grateful towards existence.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
EVERY NIGHT I COME TO SEE YOU. I WONDER WHY, BECAUSE YOU ARE DESTROYING ME -- AT LEAST IT FEELS THAT WAY. MAYBE I AM WRONG, BECAUSE IT ALSO FEELS AS IF SOMETHING IS GROWING IN ME. WHAT IS IT IN ME THAT LOVES YOU SO MUCH THAT I CAN ALLOW YOU TO TEAR ME APART?

Anand Vidyartha, it is true that I am destroying you and it is also true that something is growing in you. They are not contradictory. Destruction can be a basic necessity for creation. In fact, creation is impossible without destruction. The false has to be destroyed for the real to grow. That which you are not has to be taken away from you, so that you can be what you are.
Your experience is absolutely right. I am making every effort to destroy everything phony in you. And almost everything is phony. The real is hidden far behind. So much

rubbish has to be thrown out and burned before we can find you. You are lost in a crowd of false personalities.

In Jaipur, I was taken into a temple. The interior of the temple is made of small pieces of mirror. And the priest told me that once it happened that somehow, when in the evening the temple doors were closed, a dog was left inside. In the morning the neighbors reported that a dog was barking madly, almost till the middle of the night. When the doors were opened in the morning, the dog was found dead and his blood was all over the place -- because the dog had seen himself in millions of mirrors.

All those reflections were false, there was nobody; but for the poor dog they were real, and they became more real because when he started barking, they also started barking. When he rushed towards a dog the reflection also rushed towards him, and he hit against the wall again and again, splashing his blood all over the temple. In the middle of the night, the neighbors reported, the barking stopped -- he must have died. The priest told me that it was a beautiful dog, belonged to the temple, but always used to live outside the temple at the gate. Just by chance he entered and nobody took note of it. Somebody closed the door, locked it.

This is happening with everybody, I told the priest. Everybody is surrounded with many, many people -- almost a crowd -- in the mind. And it is almost impossible to find who you are, because there are so many faces and they all pretend to be you. They all say, "I am you. Look here, I am you." And you go on believing each. Perhaps you have not looked at it in this way.

In the evening, you say, "I am going to get up at five o'clock, early in the morning. Whatever happens, I am not going to repeat the old story; many times I have decided and I have never awakened." You fix the alarm and with absolute determination, with no suspicion, you go to bed. And at five o'clock when the alarm goes off somebody inside you says, "It is so cozy here, and outside it seems to be too cold and there is no harm if you sleep a few minutes more." You turn off the alarm, pull the blanket up, thinking, "Just for a few minutes..." and again it is nine o'clock.

It has always been so; and at nine o'clock you are feeling very guilty, that this should not have happened. But you don't understand that the person who had decided to get up early was one person, and the person who at five o'clock said, "Go back to sleep," was another person, and the person who is feeling guilty is yet another person.

You are not a single human being; you are a crowd, you are a multitude. But each false face in its own turn looks to be so real that you believe in it, and you go on almost like a wheel which is moving. One spoke comes up, goes down, another spoke comes up, goes down; one face possesses you, one personality, and while it lasts it is in power -- it seems to be your real self. But the wheel goes on moving, personalities after personalities.

You can judge it very easily. When you are with your wife do you have the same personality that you have when you are with your girlfriend? Anybody can say -- just seeing you, anybody can say -- whether you are with your wife or with your girlfriend. With the wife you look so serious, so afraid, almost a prisoner. A beautiful woman passes by, you

cannot even look at her. On the contrary, you start looking to the other side, because the wife is watching continuously.

If one wants to learn observation, one should learn from wives; they are acute observers, particularly of their husbands. The husbands are just like scientific objects that the wives go on observing from all sides... what the poor guy is doing, and how to improve him. Every wife is improving her husband, that's why the husband looks so serious. A continuous improvement is going on, day in day out. With the girlfriend you are giggling, you are laughing, you are enjoying; anybody can see that this is not your wife. Somebody else's wife maybe....

What happens? A different personality takes possession of you. When you meet your boss, you are one person, and when you meet your servant you are a different person. Your language is different, your face is different, your behavior is different. Not only you change, even animals like dogs, which live with man and are clever enough to imitate man, start learning hypocrisies.

I have seen dogs barking and at the same time waving their tails. Now this is strange -- but they are not certain whether you are a friend to be welcomed in the home, or an enemy to be prevented from entering into the home. Because of this indecision, they are doing both things. Whatever fits, later on they will save it, and the other they will stop. When the master of the house comes out and hugs you, the dog understands. He stops barking and then he waves his tail really fast, to compensate: "Just forgive me, I was not aware at all who you are, what kind of personality I had to present to you."

But you are doing the same before your boss, before your husband, before your wife, before your servant, before your friend or before your enemy. You go on changing, and this changing is so swift and so automatic that you don't even see the gaps. If you start seeing the gaps between two false personalities, perhaps you may start recognizing yourself. Vidyartha, I have to destroy you in the sense that whatever is wrong in you, whatever is unauthentic in you, has to be completely destroyed, without any mercy. Because that is the only way to bring to light your innermost being, your original face -- to bring to light your authenticity. Once you start recognizing who you are, you start growing new foliage, new flowers; no more plastic, but real and natural and with fragrance.

Orelli was arrested for murder, but bribed a member of the jury to hold out for manslaughter. The jury was out for eight hours, and when it returned the verdict was for manslaughter. Orelli smiled at the man he had bribed and whispered, "I am really very grateful. I hope it was not too difficult."
"It was touch and go," said the man. "The others all wanted to acquit you."

It is possible, not only possible but it is happening to almost everyone, that what is false you go on saving -- protecting it, defending it. And what is real you don't care about at all. You don't recognize what is real as your own. Hence, slowly slowly, the false almost becomes real to you, and the real is completely forgotten.

To bring the forgotten language of the real and to destroy all that you have learned in the meantime is a tedious process, hard and difficult, but immensely rewarding. Once you have tasted something of the real, then you will not feel sorry, even for a split second, for losing your whole personality -- which was unreal. Then you will enjoy to be utterly naked in your reality, open and available to existence.

And the moment you are open and available to existence, existence also replies in the same coin. It also becomes open and available to you, opens its secrets and mysteries to you. That is one of the most fundamental things to remember on the path: that if you want to know the miracles, the mysteries of existence, you will have to be authentically true and open. And existence will fill you from all sides with immense treasures.

I was just telling you about the wife -- that you can learn much from her as far as observation is concerned -- and here is an anecdote:

"What is the matter with you?" growled Joe at his wife. "Why do you keep talking about that mistake I made? I thought you said you had forgiven and forgotten?"

"I have forgiven and forgotten," snapped his wife, "but I just don't want you to forget that I have forgiven and forgotten."

It is a very strange world in which wives and husbands live. She has forgotten, forgiven, but she does not want you to forget. You have to keep remembering -- it is not for you.

Naturally even in such an intimate relationship as husband and wife, both remain closed to each other, both remain false to each other, and both know that they are pretending. When the husband says, "I love you," the wife knows very well... it is better to just keep your mouth shut.

The wife is feeling perfectly well... I have seen it with my own eyes, because I used to travel around the country and I would stay with hundreds of families. The wife was perfectly okay, talking to me and laughing, and as she heard the horn of the car, she suddenly went inside the room and went to bed. I could not see the point -- what had happened? As the husband came in, he asked me, "You are sitting alone?"

I said, "Certainly, right now I am sitting alone, your wife is in the bedroom."

And as he reached inside, I heard the wife say, "I am having such a headache." I could not think how this headache had come so suddenly, out of nowhere; as the horn... it seems a horn is the cause of headaches.

But every husband causes a headache in his wife, because this is one of the strategies of being powerful over her husband. Now, even if the husband was going to be angry for something, he cannot. If he was going to shout, he cannot. On the contrary, he has to run back to the market to bring some ice cream or something else, because headaches need these things.

Vidyartha, you say, "I can allow you to tear me apart." Whether you allow me or not, I have started it already, the day I initiated you in sannyas.

I don't give any notice beforehand. I let you become aware only when you are almost gone; when the elephant has

passed and only the tail has remained. When you see the tail is also moving out, then you become aware..."My God, now it is better to say I allow you."
What is the point? -- now there is no need. Once you are my sannyasin I have every right. What else can sannyas mean? I don't have to ask your permission. The day you became a sannyasin you gave me a blank check.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #33

Chapter title: Tommorrow never comes
17 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
I FEEL INSIDE ME, WHEN I LISTEN TO YOU SPEAK, A DEEP LONGING FOR FREEDOM ARISE. I FEEL LIKE THE TIGER IN THE STORY AWAKENING TO ITS TRUE NATURE. I SENSE MY POTENTIAL FOR EXPANSION, FOR ECSTASY, FOR LOVE. YET, AT THE SAME TIME I FEEL AFRAID AND STILL HOLD BACK. SOMEWHERE I NEED, OR THINK I NEED, SECURITY AND SAFETY.
THIS FEAR AND LACK OF COURAGE TO TAKE THE JUMP, TO DIVE DEEP INTO LIFE AND LET GO

TOTALLY IS CRIPPLING ME. BELOVED MASTER, CAN YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Prem Vasumati, the heights are always both challenging and frightening. They create a longing in you to reach to the stars, but the gravitation of the earth creates all kinds of fears about safety, security. This is absolutely natural and human. It is not a problem to be solved but just to be understood.

When you are surrounded by fear, remember that in life there is only one thing certain, and that is death. Hence, those who understand drop the fear. Because what else could be more insecure than life? To be alive means that at any moment death is possible. Security is possible only in the grave, because nobody has ever heard that anybody dies in the grave. Everything is secure and safe.

Once Confucius was asked the same question by one of his disciples -- of course, in a little different way, in different words: "Master, tell us something about the fear of insecurity."

And Confucius told him, "Don't be worried about that. Death will make everything secure. While alive, enjoy insecurity."

Insecurity is synonymous with being alive. The more you are alive, the more insecure. The less you are alive, the less insecure. Do you want the safety and security of death? There, it is absolute.

A Sufi story: A great king was very much afraid of death. He had invaded many lands, created many enemies, and simultaneously he had created many nightmares that he would be assassinated, that he would be murdered, that he

could not trust anybody. All around there were spies of the enemies who were trying to take their kingdoms back. Finally, it became too much to bear. He ordered that a beautiful house should be made, with a special instruction: there should not be any windows, nor any doors except the one from which he would come in and go out. Just to be secure, so nobody could assassinate him, nobody could murder him... as a protection.

And in front of that one door, he had seven lines of guards. He could not trust one line of guards because, who knows?... they might conspire and then he would be utterly helpless. He could not even get any help from outside. Just one guard could enter in and kill him.

Against the first line, a second line of guards to keep an eye on the first line. But where do you have to end? This is called in logic, `infinite regress'. Then a third line to watch over the second line. But one has to stop somewhere.

He thought seven lines were enough. It was impossible for all the guards to be together. He had managed those seven lines with people who were antagonistic to each other. For example, one line of guards was of Mohammedans, another was of Christians, another was of Hindus, and so on and so forth.

The neighboring king -- also a great emperor and a friend of the king who had made this house -- heard about it. He was also suffering from the same paranoia. He came to visit him and to see his new place. And he was amazed at the way he had managed the security.

And when he was taking leave... the king had come out to give him a send-off, they were old friends. And the neighboring king was saying to him, "I have never seen

such security as you have managed. I am going to make the same kind of house with no windows, no doors, no possibilities of anybody entering. With the same system of guards."

Just then a beggar sitting on the street started laughing. They both were annoyed and asked the beggar, "What is the matter, are you mad or something?"

The beggar said, "I am not mad. I have been watching the building of this security palace. And I was worried that perhaps you are not aware that for death, even this one door is enough. And guards will not be able to prevent death. I always wanted to see you and suggest to you that the best security is if you go in and tell the masons to close the door. Even one door is dangerous. You have left one loophole in your security system."

Both the kings listened to him in amazement. What he was saying made sense. But the owner of the palace said, "Your logic is without fault and you will be rewarded for that. But you don't understand one thing: that if I go in and close this door too, then this is no more a palace, this becomes my grave."

And the man said, "That's exactly what I mean. Only in the grave are you absolutely secure. I used to be a king myself once. I had also tried to find security. This is my way of finding it -- I renounced the world and became a beggar. Now nobody tries to assassinate me. Nobody even takes any interest in me.

"People go on walking down the street and I go on sleeping without any fear in the darkest night, because I don't have any friends anymore or any enemies. Under the stars in the

open sky I have found my security. And with the security I have also found a tremendous thrill of living.

"According to your own logic, if you close one more door this will become a grave. This has already become ninety-nine percent a grave, just one percent is left. The more doors you close out of fear, the more windows you close out of fear, the more you die. Now why not finish the whole fear?"

The king never went to live in that house. It was exactly right that the more secure you are, the more you have to be dead. And vice versa is also true: you want to live on the heights, sunlit peaks, you have nothing to lose. One day death is going to take away everything. That is absolutely certain, not a probability. And there is no way for you to protect yourself against it. This very understanding will drop the paranoia. Then why be bothered?

While you are alive, be alive as totally and as intensely as possible. In fact, death should be an incentive to live. If there was no death, you could postpone living. Because of death, postponement is not possible. You have to live this very moment because you cannot be certain about the next moment. Whether the breath that is going out will come back or not is absolutely unpredictable, and not in your hands.

Vasumati, you are saying, "I feel inside me, when I listen to you speak, a deep longing for freedom arise." Then what are you waiting for? Are you just satisfied with a deep longing for freedom to arise? On what grounds are you postponing it? Are you certain about tomorrow -- have you not heard that tomorrow never comes?

Let your longing become your reality. Longing is always deep down a postponement -- it means tomorrow..."I will awake, I will rise to my heights, but tomorrow. Right now I will enjoy the longing." But such longings are impotent. And in the face of the uncertainty of whether you will be here tomorrow or not, all longings, all desires are dangerous, risky.

Don't long for freedom, be free.

Who is preventing you except yourself?

It is a very strange phenomenon that man is crippled by himself. He has chained himself, he has made a prison for himself. And then he starts longing for freedom, then he starts dreaming of freedom. You say, "I feel like the tiger in the story awakening to its true nature." No Vasumati, that tiger has not felt anything awakening in him. He has just encountered the awakening -- out of nowhere. The tiger was simply looking in the water, seeing the reflected face of the old tiger and his own. He simply gave a tremendous roar and the valleys resounded it. It was not a longing or a thinking or a feeling or a desire -- "let us think about it, let us consult a few wiser people." It was spontaneous, without a single thought. And that is the way to be awake.

Let your tiger explode into a wild roar. In that roar your false identity with a sheep will disappear, will be gone. It is not a decision by the mind, it is an outburst of the being itself.

You are saying, "I sense my potential for expansion." How long have you been sensing it, and how long are you going to sense it? So much water has gone down the Ganges since you started sensing it. You are not new to me, you are one of my old sannyasins. Don't waste time in unnecessary,

meaningless exercises of the mind. The growth and expansion of your potential has to happen the moment you feel the opening of the dimension, the moment you are clear. Then there is nothing to be afraid of -- you don't have anything to lose.

What do you have to lose? What is your life? That is the most precious thing you have, but reduced to its elements what is it? The heart beating -- that any plastic heart can do. The lungs breathing -- any mechanical lungs can do it far better, more efficiently.

For a moment, let the mind stop and let time stop. And simply look into the fact: what is your life? -- heart beating, blood circulating, breathing coming in and going out. Anything more? And if this is all, I don't see the point why you should be afraid. If the blood does not circulate, and the heart does not go on, click-clock, and if the breathing stops, so what? Vasumati is resting, gone to eternal rest. But what have you lost? You were not living, you were only vegetating.

Don't remain a vegetable. It is time for ecstasy, for love, for expansion of consciousness. You have waited enough, you have wasted much. No more wastage. But you say, "Somewhere I need, or I think I need, security and safety." For what? Do you want just to remain a vegetable forever -- safe, secure, in cold storage?

There are a few idiots in America -- about ten are well known -- who have stopped breathing, their hearts have stopped beating. But they were rich enough and, of course, they were afraid to die. So they have arranged for their bodies to be kept in a deep freeze. It is costing millions of dollars per year for a single body to be kept. And they are

waiting in those freezers for the time when science discovers how to revive dead people again. And the scientists are thinking that within ten years, at the most, they will be able to revive any dead body -- because it will become possible to replace parts.

Hospitals will become, more or less, workshops where you simply go to change your heart, because it is no longer functioning well. So just some screws have to be removed, the heart has to be changed, a new, better plastic heart put in, which remains eternally the same.

Your life energy is dying out and you just have to go to the workshop -- I mean the hospitals of the future -- and get plugged into electricity to be recharged. Or maybe, if you prefer, dry batteries -- then that can be done immediately, change the batteries. It will be a really hilarious world. Somebody is saying to you, "I love you," and then he goes "ghrrrr, ghrrr..." because the battery has failed.

Rushing to the workshop, he changes the battery and then he will again repeat the same record. It is just a recording..."I love you." And people have to be alert that when somebody starts saying, "ghrrr, ghrrr..." call the ambulance immediately, because this man's battery has run out, or the fuse.

Life will be very secure but absolutely vegetable. Don't wait for those days.

The very insecurity makes life a thrill; the very danger that tomorrow you may not be here makes you live today as intensely as possible, makes you love as totally as possible, because postponement is not at all conceivable.

Vasumati, enough of thinking, "This fear and lack of courage to take the jump, to dive deep into life and let go

totally is crippling...." Then just jump -- you have nothing to lose but everything to gain.

Karl Marx in his COMMUNIST MANIFESTO has a beautiful statement at the very end. With a little change, it can be used for you. His statement is, "Proletarians of the world unite, because you have nothing to lose except your chains." Just a little change: thinkers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains, and you have the whole existence to gain.

You can go on enjoying longing for beautiful and great things. People become addicted to dreams -- dreams are more addictive than any drugs. In fact, people become addicted to drugs because drugs give beautiful dreams. Dreams are the root cause of addiction, and these are also dreams. Just have courage, you are not a cripple. And it needs only a single moment to take the jump.

I have known and seen it with my own eyes, in Raipur, where I used to be a teacher in the university. A woman was lying down for ten years, she was paralyzed. All efforts to cure her had failed and the doctors had unanimously declared that there was no possibility of her ever being cured. She would remain paralyzed as long as she lived. She was a rich woman; she used to live just in front of my house.

One day her house caught fire. I rushed, the whole neighborhood gathered there -- and the greatest surprise was not that the house was burning, the greatest surprise was seeing the paralyzed woman running out of the house. She had not moved from her bed for ten years. Nobody could believe it, this was a miracle. And somebody reminded her, "What are you doing, you are paralyzed!"

And the woman looked around and she said, "You are right," and she immediately fell to the ground, paralyzed. What do you say about this paralysis? It was just in the mind, but not in the body. Because of the fire, when everybody was running out, she forgot for a moment that she was paralyzed. The moment she was reminded, the old mind came back: "My god, what have I done! I am paralyzed and I am running."

All your crippledness is just your mind -- which does not want to live, which is not really capable of living and goes on creating fears of all kinds.

There is an ancient Jaina story, I have loved it always. A prince had gone to listen to Mahavira, the Jaina prophet, with his wife. When they came home... it was traditional in the ancient India of those days, and particularly in the luxurious homes. The husband was taking a bath and the wife was pouring water over him, rosewater, and they started talking about what they had heard Mahavira say. The wife said, "My brother is thinking to become a sannyasin of Mahavira."

Her husband asked, "How long he has been thinking?"

The wife said, "How long? I think it must be at least five years."

Then the husband laughed. He said, "He will think his whole life. This is not the way to become a sannyasin." The wife felt hurt -- something was said against her brother. She said, "Do you think you can do better?" He was sitting naked taking a shower. He did not answer, he got up, opened the door and walked out. The wife said, "Where are you going naked?"

He said, "Mahavira's sannyasins live naked. I am going to my master to be initiated."
She said, "Are you kidding?"
The man said, "Forget all that. If I want to do something, I do it. I don't go on thinking for five years." She said, "Forgive me that I asked you what you would do in his place."
He said, "Now it is too late." And he went and became a sannyasin and never looked back.
Those who want to really live drop all fears, all thinking, all security, all safety. They risk everything, because life is so precious and so fleeting, so momentary that you cannot go on postponing. And thinking is a way of postponing, feeling is a way of postponing, desiring is a way of postponing.
Vasumati, stop postponement.

Little Hymie is kicking his football around the house and breaks a valuable vase. "Oh dear," cried his mother, "now look what you have done. I am sick and tired of your juvenility."
"Well," said Hymie in a rebellious mood, "there are times when I am sick and tired of your adultery."

Be spontaneous, do something. If the longing has arisen in you, then open your wings, be a gambler. Religion is not for business people, it is only for gamblers -- those who can stake everything for something unknown. It needs courage and guts.
I have been watching you, Vasumati, for a few days. You don't look as happy as you have always looked before. You

look a little sad, hiding -- as if you are avoiding something. I was waiting for your question. Your laughter is gone, I don't see even a smile on your face and now I can see what is the cause of it. You have become a thinker. To hell with all thinkers, just act. There is not much time to think about what is right and what is wrong.

Just few days before, there was a Jaina conference in the town. Ten thousand people had gathered: many Jaina monks, three governors from the nearby states, the chief minister, and the nearest shankaracharya of the Hindus. The mayor of Poona opened the conference. He is a simple man, uneducated, but with a great heart. I had not known him before -- he is a poor man -- but since I came to Poona in 1974, he has been supplying milk for me. He used to sell milk, he still does; but his sincerity, his honesty have created a love in the masses and they have chosen him as the mayor of the city. When I came back to Poona he came to see me twice.

He never used to speak. That was his first speech, and the newspapers reported that it was such a shocking thing to hear him speak. He is a big man, and before three governors and the chief minister, all the commissioners -- the police commissioner, the commissioner of Poona, the income tax commissioner -- and all the officers, he said, "I believe in action. Don't be bothered about whether it is legal or illegal. Do it!"

And newspapers reported that this was the result of visiting me. This man never used to speak -- he does not know how to speak -- and he was saying before the whole government, "I believe in action. Never bother about legal

or illegal; do it first, then we will see later on what happens."
I enjoyed that news.
I think it is time, Vasumati. Do something, legal or illegal, but do it. Enough of thinking.

Question 2
BELOVED MASTER,
WHAT IS THE LINE OF DISTINCTION FOR A REBEL, BETWEEN THE ATTITUDE OF TOTAL ACCEPTANCE OF EXISTENCE AND A NON-CONFORMING ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE WORLD AT LARGE?

Gyan Asanga, the difference, the "distinction for a rebel, between the attitude of total acceptance of existence and a non-conforming attitude towards the world at large"... just a little change is needed in your question. Because rebellion is not against the world at large. **The Rebel**lion is against the dead past: all the traditions, all the religions, all the civilizations, all the cultures, all the nations, all political ideologies -- **The Rebel**lion is against this junk.
The world is beautiful. It is the mind of the society that goes on carrying the past, it is dominated by the dead. And you cannot live a life of freedom and love if you are dominated by the dead. Perhaps you have never thought about it in this way. All your religions are dead -- dead institutions.
A survey in Greece has reported that more than ninety percent of the people are orthodox Christians, but only four percent of them ever go to church. Do you call this religion

living? And who are these four percent? I was in Greece, and the archbishop of Greece had threatened the government that if I was not thrown out of Greece -- and I was only there for four weeks -- then their whole morality, their religion, their ancient traditions would be corrupted; I would corrupt the minds of the youth. So if the government was not going to take action, he was going to take action by his own hands.

This is the head of the Orthodox Church of Greece, and this is the oldest Christian church in the world. And what was he going to do? He made it clear that he was going to dynamite the house I was staying in with my twenty-five followers, and he was going to burn these followers with me, alive.

I inquired of my Greek sannyasins how many people he had in his congregation. They laughed. I said, "What is the matter, why are you laughing?"

They said, "In his congregation there are only six old women, who have nothing else to do and who are not needed by anybody anywhere else. Only they go to the church."

When I am saying that an authentic man has to be a rebel, he is not going to be a rebel against the stars or against the trees or against the ocean or against the mountains. He is going to be a rebel against the dead and the past -- which are still dominating the mind of the society. In other words, rebellion is against society, and acceptance -- total acceptance -- is for existence. The stars and the ocean and the mountains and the flowers and the birds -- this whole vast expanse of life in its immense variety and beauty. The distinction is very clear, so there need not be any confusion.

The authentic man has to fight against the chains of the past and make himself free to live in the present and to live in the future. Those who live in the past are almost living posthumously, they are dead. Those who are dominated and dictated by the dead belong to the dead. They may be eating and walking and talking, but really they belong in graveyards.
I want you to belong to the present so that you can live each moment fresh, young, alive, with a great adventure for the coming moment. Unless your life becomes an ecstasy, you have not lived it. You have missed the very point, the bull's eye.

A celebrated judge and an almost equally celebrated bishop were engaged in a friendly argument as to which of them had more power over their fellow men.
"After all old man," the bishop explained, "you can only say to a man, `You be hanged.' I can go very much further, I can say to a man, `You be damned.'"
"Ah, yes," nodded the judge. "But the difference is that when I say to a man, `You be hanged,' he is hanged."
And that is a great difference! -- because the bishop is just living in fictions. His heaven, his hell, his God, are all fictitious. He has no evidence for them and he has not even the courage to doubt their existence. He is just a coward. The judge was right when he said, "When I say `You be hanged,' he is hanged." It takes a reality, an actuality, and whatever you go on saying..."You be damned, you go to hell," that is all just hot air, soap bubbles.

The difference and distinction between acceptance of the universe and rejecting the past of man is very clear. The universe is here, now; the past is no more.

And why should you allow the dead to give you commandments? Why should you be so self-disrespectful as to even listen to somebody who lived five thousand years before? Can't you use your own intelligence to find the way? Don't you have your own consciousness to make your path and create a ray of light in the darkness of life? And those dead people have not helped anybody; they are hanging around your necks and their weight goes on becoming bigger and bigger because their number goes on increasing. More and more people are dying -- the dead in the world are ten times more than the living people. So at least ten dead people are hanging around your neck. Beware of these fellows, just put them back in their graves -- however great they may have been in their time. They cannot advise you because they know nothing about your times, your situations. Only you know what you are encountering.

And if you become free from the dead, as a corollary you will never hang around your children's necks. You will allow them freedom from the very beginning to find their way in life, to commit mistakes and learn, and stop committing mistakes. To fall and get up -- this is the only way to become stronger, this is the only way to learn and be wise: "And one thing is certain, you will not be living in the same situations in which we are living, so our advices are of no use."

A Zen story: There were two temples, ancient temples, enemy temples, and the enmity had gone on for centuries.

Both the old priests of those temples hated each other so much that they would not look at each other. If one was passing on the road the other would move into a bypass. But they had two small boys -- just to do small things for the old people -- and both priests were insisting to them, "Remember, never speak to the boy of the other temple." But boys are boys. In fact, this became a temptation. They might not have bothered, but because the insistence was so much they became intrigued.

And one day, they met on the road going towards the market to fetch some vegetables. One boy said, "Hello, where are you going?"

And the other boy had a little of a philosophical bent. He said, "Wherever the wind takes me." The first boy could not believe such an answer, he had never expected it. And he thought that perhaps the old man was right not to talk to these people.

He felt defeated, and he came back to the temple. He said to the old priest, "Forgive me, but I could not resist saying `hello' to the boy. And they are really nasty people, you are right. I asked the boy a simple question, `Where are you going?' And I knew where he was going and where I was going, the road goes to the market. And the boy said, `Wherever the wind takes me.'"

The old man said, "This is not right to be defeated. Our temple has never been defeated by those people. We have argued for centuries. Tomorrow, ask again, `Where are you going?' and when he says, `Wherever the wind takes me,' ask him, `If the wind is not blowing, then?'"

The boy was very happy, he was waiting far ahead on the road for the other boy to come. The other boy came, and he was going on as if he had not even seen the waiting boy. The boy said, "Hello, where are you going?" And he was prepared, but that boy was strange.

He said, "Wherever my legs take me." Now the answer that he had prepared was irrelevant, the situation had changed. He felt very bad, very much hurt. He went directly to the priest, with tears in his eyes, and said, "They are really nasty, they don't stick to their ideology. Yesterday he said, `Wherever the wind takes me,' today he said, `Wherever my legs take me.' I was dumfounded because I could not give the prepared answer that I had taken from you. Now you have to give me another answer."

The old man said, "I had told you beforehand, don't start this. Ask again, `Where are you going,' and when he says, `Wherever my legs take me,' ask him, `Suppose you had no legs?'"

Very happy, the next day he was again waiting and he asked, "Where are you going?"

The boy said, "Just to fetch a few vegetables from the market."

Utterly defeated, he went back and he said to the old man, "What to do? These people are so inconsistent, today he has changed again. He said, `I am going to fetch a few vegetables.'"

But life is such... today it is one thing, tomorrow it is another, the day after tomorrow nobody knows what it will be. Your memorized answers, your borrowed knowledge from others never fits with life, because life goes on changing and your scriptures remain the same.

So are the VEDAS, so is the KORAN, so is the GITA; but people are allowing the old to show them the way, and life has changed its course. It is changing every moment, that's why it remains fresh. It goes on dropping the old leaves and bringing fresh, new leaves. It goes on dropping the old people. If life was so much interested, then Manu and Moses and Mohammed would have all been alive; but those have proved old leaves, they have fallen. We will be gone in the same way, giving place to the new leaves to come and to dance in the sun, in the moon.
Don't burden your children with your ideologies and don't be burdened by your ancient people with their ideologies. Everybody has to be a light unto himself. This is, to me, the essential rebellion. And only through this rebellion can the new man be born and a new humanity arise.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #34

Chapter title: A danger to the crowd
17 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
WHY IS IT THAT SO MANY PEOPLE ABANDON THEIR INTELLIGENCE, THEIR SENSITIVITY, THEIR RESPONSIBILITY AND THEIR INDIVIDUALITY

WHEN THEY BECOME PART OF A GROUP? MUST **THE REBEL**LIOUS SPIRIT ALWAYS BE ALONE?

Dhyan Senshi, **The Rebel**lious spirit is basically the experience of one's own individuality, absolutely free from any kind of psychological slavery. It is a revolt against being reduced to a cog in the wheel; it is against the crowd mind. The crowd mind is the lowest mind in existence. It is the minimum sensibility, minimum consciousness, minimum love, minimum life. One simply survives, one does not live, because life is not a dance.

The crowd never wants anybody to be unique -- it hurts the crowd mind. The unique person is a humiliation because it reminds people of what they are and what they could have been. The presence of the unique person makes them aware of what they have missed -- and they have missed their whole life. They cannot forgive the unique person, although he has done no harm to them. He has always done great service to humanity: he has brought more beauty to existence, more poetry to life, has created more songs in the souls -- he is the very salt of the earth.

All that man is, whatsoever is great in man, belongs to only a very few unique individuals' contribution. But the crowd cannot forgive them. It can forgive criminals, it can forgive murderers, it can forgive politicians, it can forgive any kind of person in the world, but it cannot forgive a man who has an individuality of his own, who is not part of the collective mind.

It reminds me of the crucifixion of Jesus. The man was absolutely harmless. He had not done anything wrong to anybody, he was not a criminal. And the governor general

of Judea was Roman, he was not a Jew. Judea was under the Roman Empire. And every year at the annual festival of the Jews, they were allowed to forgive one person from all the persons who were going to be murdered on that day. On that day it was decided, for all the criminals who had been sentenced to death. Millions of people gathered in Jerusalem and it was a great entertainment to see people crucified -- such is the barbarous instinct in the crowd. Governor General Pontius Pilate was perfectly aware that this young man, Jesus, was not a criminal. But the whole crowd of the Jews, their priests, the high priest, were unanimously asking that he should be crucified. He tried to persuade the priests, but they were absolutely deaf to any persuasion. Finally Pontius Pilate talked to Jesus and felt immensely sorry for the young man. He was only thirty-three, he had not seen more than thirty-three springs in his life, and it was absolutely unjust.

But Pontius Pilate was a politician -- and the politician knows nothing about justice or injustice, right or wrong; he always thinks in terms of power. Everything is decided to help him to be in power. He was afraid that if he refused to crucify this young, harmless, innocent person, his political career would be jeopardized. All the Jews would appeal to the Roman emperor that this man should be removed from Judea. His whole career, respect, power, richness -- in Judea he was almost the king -- were at risk. But still he tried his best; he talked with Jesus and he became even more convinced that Jesus was innocent.

There was only one hope -- because there were two other criminals to be crucified with Jesus Christ: he would ask the crowd, "Whom do you want to be forgiven?" And he

hoped that for their own son, utterly innocent, they would come to their senses and would ask that his life should be saved. And in comparison to him the other two were as great criminals as there could be. One had committed three murders, a few rapes; the other had committed seven murders, was a drunkard, was a nuisance. He had been in the jail almost his whole life. He would come out and within two or three days he was bound to do something and he would be back again -- jail was his home.

His name was Barabbas; and when Pontius Pilate asked the crowd, "Whom do you want to be released on this religious festival, your festival, your national festival?" -- with one voice, the crowd shouted, "Barabbas, we want Barabbas back."

Even Barabbas could not believe it. Looking at this young man... he had heard about him that he was absolutely innocent. Even he felt ashamed and guilty that he was being saved. And these idiots who were shouting his name -- he had harassed them his whole life! But Barabbas was saved and Pontius Pilate, just out of frustration, went inside and washed his hands.

His washing of the hands had remained without any commentary until Sigmund Freud, almost two thousand years later. Why did he wash his hands? Sigmund Freud, who was always looking deeper into symbols, said that whenever people feel that they have done whatever they could do, then they wash their hands of it completely; they are no more a part of it. He was not responsible for the crucifixion of an innocent and harmless person. But why was the crowd so against Jesus and not against Barabbas? --

because after his release, just the third day, Barabbas murdered again and was back in jail.

The psychology of the crowd has to be understood. You are asking, "Why is it that so many people abandon their intelligence, their sensitivity, their responsibility and their individuality, when they become part of a group?"

When you become part of a group, a crowd, a mass, a collectivity, you surrender yourself; you say, "Now the group exists, I am no more." As an individual, you have committed suicide. Now you will think the way the group thinks, you will live the way the group lives. You will be obedient, subservient, a perfect slave, because the more you are a perfect slave the more respect you will gain from the crowd, from the group, from the collectivity you have become a part of. The collectivity honors those who sacrifice themselves.

Yes, your ego will be fulfilled. Dhyan Senshi, it is to fulfill your ego that you sacrifice everything -- your intelligence, your sensitivity, your responsibility, your individuality -- and just become a mechanical part which cannot say no to anything.

The Rebel has to remain an individual. That does not mean that he cannot be friendly with others, that he cannot love others, that he cannot join people. But he loves without losing his individuality, without losing his freedom. He can become part of a group, making it clear to the group that "I am not surrendering to you or anybody. I am just joining you with my individuality intact, my intelligence free, my individuality undamaged. I will respect you and I expect the same from you; neither are you

my slave nor am I your slave -- we are friends." But such groups have not existed up to now.

This is my dream, this is my hope, because all groups -- religious, political, social -- have been against the individual. I would like communes in the world which are not against the individual, but which are a support and a nourishment to the individual. The group in itself has no soul, the soul belongs to the individual. The group exists for the individual, not vice versa. The individual does not exist for the group.

But up to now, this has been the rule: if you are a Christian, then you exist for Christianity -- Christianity does not exist for you. If you are a Hindu, then you exist for Hinduism, and if there is a need to die, you will have to die for Hinduism. But Hinduism is neither living for you nor dying for you. Just words, ideologies, fictions, have destroyed the reality. The individual is the only reality, the very crown of existence, the highest peak that existence has been able to reach up to now.

Hence, I teach **The Rebel**. That does not mean that **The Rebel**s will not have their friends, that they will not live in communes; that they will all be solitary, living in caves in the Himalayas absolutely alone -- that is not my intention at all. I want to change the structure. The society should be for the individual, then there is nothing harmful in it. It should be a help, a nourishing ground for growth, for intelligence, for consciousness, for sensitivity; and it will allow enough space, enough territory to every individual. The past has been utterly ugly. Even in small relationships, even in families, the individual is crushed. Even two persons getting married, and their individualities are in

danger. Their intelligences are in danger. We have become so accustomed, through thousands of years, to possessing each other. Freedom is only a beautiful word. Poets sing songs of it, dreamers dream about it, but reality is simply a sick slavery.

Tom was thinking about getting married, so he wrote to his father for some advice. His father wrote back: "I can't tell you how happy I am to hear about your impending marriage. You will find marriage the most wonderful state of bliss and happiness.
"As I look across the table at your dear mother, I realize with great pride how full and wonderful our years together have been. By all means, get married. You have our blessings. It will be the happiest day of your life...
Sincerely, Dad.
"P.S. Your mother just left the room -- stay single, you idiot."

This is how things are. Everybody is trying to enslave everybody else; and in slavery, naturally, a few things which are very delicate start dying: intelligence, sensitivity, responsibility, individuality. And marriage is the smallest group, only two persons. Then the groups go on becoming bigger and bigger; the bigger the group, the more you are lost.
And then there are nations, great religions -- there are seven hundred million Catholics. Once you become a Catholic -- or unfortunately you may have been born a Catholic -- you don't have any scope, any space to expand. From everywhere your wings are cut, you are kept reduced in

every possible way. Because if you are allowed freedom, there is a danger you may not be Catholic at all. You may even go against Catholicism....
A small boy in a school was crying and his teacher asked him, "What is the matter, Johnny? You have never cried like that. Has somebody died?"
He said, "It is worse than that. My dog has given birth to seven small puppies, and when I asked those puppies, `Are you Catholics?' they all waved their heads, so I was feeling very happy."
The teacher said, "Then why you are weeping?"
He said, "Today, their eyes opened, and when I asked, `Are you Catholics?' they started looking at each other, they didn't answer at all."

You have to be blind to be a Catholic, to be a Mohammedan, to be a Hindu, to be a Buddhist. If your eyes open, it becomes impossible for you to remain confined to superstitions, lies of all kinds, and to go on believing in fictions when your intelligence raises doubts. Your church demands of you, never to doubt -- that is the greatest sin. But intelligence never grows without doubting, without questioning. It is the natural growth of intelligence to question. Just to believe means the intelligence need not grow -- for what and why? There is nothing to seek and nothing to search for, you simply have faith in the priest and keep your eyes closed. This has been so, but this need not be so forever.
And those who understand me clearly can see it happening here already. Nobody is dictating anything to you, nobody is giving you any discipline, nobody is telling you what is

right and what is wrong. Because of this, I am condemned all over the world. Perhaps no man has been condemned so aggressively, so violently, and on such a large scale.

And what is my crime? My crime is that I am trying to create groups where people are individual, intelligent seekers, meditators, lovers. Not believers, not faithful to any holy scripture, not faithful to any dead prophet -- trusting only their own intelligence and their own still, small voice, heard in the silences of the heart, in deep meditation.

Who am I to give you a moral code? You have to find your morality yourself, and only the morality that you have found for yourself will give you dignity. It will not be a bondage, you will not feel burdened, enslaved, imprisoned. On the contrary, you will feel integrated, crystallized, more pure and more clear. You are living according to your own light, and the more you use your light, your intelligence, your silence, the more it grows. Remember always, if you stop using anything it dies. Don't use your eyes for a few years and then you will not be able to see.

Just here in this city, a few years before, there was a very beautiful man, Meher Baba. He had remained silent for perhaps more than fifty years. He had taken the vow of silence for only three years in the beginning, but then he enjoyed the silence so much that he continued for three more years. But after three years, if you continue to be silent... three years is the limit. After three years, if you continue, then your vocal chords start dying. Unused, any machine, any mechanism becomes just junk.

And then he became world famous, and people began asking him to start speaking. He would promise, "From the

coming birthday, I am going to speak." This he declared almost twenty times; and each year, when the day came to speak, he didn't speak. And people wondered, what is the reason, why has he not fulfilled his promise? -- a man of truth. But nobody thought of a simple thing...

When I used to go around the country, his private secretary, Adi Irani, used to come to see me while I was visiting Ahmed Nagar. That is where Meher Baba used to live most of the time. He had a place here also, but most of the time he was in Ahmed Nagar. Whenever I used to go to Ahmed Nagar, Adi Irani would tell me many things about Meher Baba and asked many questions. He asked me why he was not speaking -- there was so much contemplation going on amongst the disciples.

I said, "It is nothing to contemplate, he has remained too long in silence. He tries, he makes an effort -- that's why he goes on promising -- but the mechanism has failed. And I can say to you," I told Adi Irani, "that he will never speak. Not that he is lying -- he is trying hard; he will try up to his last breath to manage to speak. But how can you speak if your mechanism of speaking is non-functioning?"

Adi Irani said, "This is strange, none of us has ever thought about it. But perhaps you are right." And that's what happened... he never spoke, and until his death he continued to promise, but he could not do anything.

If you don't use your intelligence -- and every religion wants you not to use your intelligence... their strategy is: believe, have faith. They don't say directly, "Don't use your intelligence;" but in an indirect and in a cunning way, they stop you from using intelligence. If you have faith there is no need for intelligence. If you have beliefs there is no need

for intelligence; and a man who has become retarded because of beliefs and faith cannot be sensitive.
Sensitivity needs great intelligence. The higher your intelligence, the more sensitive you are. Buffalos are not sensitive, neither are donkeys; it needs intelligence to be sensitive. But no religion wants you to be sensitive, they are all afraid of your becoming a power unto yourself. A sensitive person becomes a power, a tremendous powerhouse. He has his own intelligence, he has his own love, he has his own insight into things. He has clarity of vision, he has an aesthetic sense for beauty -- all these things are dangerous.
The wife does not want the husband to be sensitive towards beauty, because that is a danger. There are so many beautiful women; it is better that all sensitivity for beauty is completely crushed. Then the husband remains henpecked forever. In the same way, no husband wants his wife to be sensitive about beauty; because there are so many men, and the wife, if her heart is still alive and beats and if she can still feel the spring... there is danger. She can fall in love with somebody and it is beyond your power. If you fall in love, you cannot do anything, you are simply helpless.
The group demands that you kill yourself and just survive -- don't live. Just survive enough so that you can be used as laborers, as clerks, as police commissioners, as presidents, as prime ministers... but just survival, not more than that. Living totally, intensely, burning your torch of life from both sides together, you become a tremendous danger to the crowd. Because everybody starts feeling he could also have lived the way you are living -- this dance could have been his too, this song could have been his too. And because you

remind him about the wounds that he is carrying and hiding within himself, because you make him utterly nude and exposed to himself, he cannot forgive you.

Socrates and Jesus and al-Hillaj Mansoor and Sarmad -- these beautiful people, these individuals who had not become part of any group, any society, who remained like solitary cedars of Lebanon high in the sky, alone, almost touching the stars... They created jealousy in people, fear in people, and most importantly they opened their closed wounds. It hurts, it hurts so badly that it is better to remove them so that millions of people who have lost their souls, who have sold themselves in the market place, can be at ease again.

Dhyan Senshi, the reason for crippling the individual in the past is very clear. But the future has not to repeat the past. The future has to bring a new dawn to man's consciousness. Individuals can live together, share their love, share their joy, share their wisdom; but there is no need to possess anybody, not even your own children. You don't have any right to possess them. They come through you but you are not their owners.

There is no need of any marriage -- these are the ugly institutions created by the collective mind. There is no need of any nations. With the disappearance of the nations, wars will disappear automatically. There is no need for organized religions because religion is a private phenomenon. It is nobody's business to interfere into my religion.

And my religion does not belong to a tradition. Those who belong to a tradition don't have a religion, they only have a belief system. They have not found any truth by their own

efforts, they have not created anything that they can call their own contribution to existence. They don't have any right for prayer. The existence has been giving you life and all that life implies -- its gifts are immeasurable. And if you cannot contribute anything creatively, all your prayers are just deceptions. There is no God to listen to them, you are talking to yourself.

If people start talking to themselves you call them mad, but if they say they are doing prayer you call them great saints, religious people. These are also mad because there is no God, no evidence, no proof. It is better if they start talking to the trees -- at least there is someone. But they raise their eyes towards the sky, hoping that, sitting on a golden throne, God is listening. For millions and millions of years your prayers... either he must have gone mad and jumped out of his golden throne and committed suicide, or he must have become frozen, a fossil. Nobody's prayer is ever heard and nobody's prayer is ever answered -- all your prayers are monologues.

But society has been playing with individuals in such inhuman ways that even madness is praised if it is helpful to keep people in control. All the morality -- also called religious discipline -- is nothing but to keep people in control. I want you to be in your own control, to take responsibility in your own hands. Be alert and aware, and out of your awareness will come all your relatedness, friendships, loves, societies, communes; but there is no need for anybody to sacrifice.

Hymie Goldberg rang his wife from his office: "I would like to bring Cohen home to dinner tonight," he told her.

"To dinner tonight?" she screamed. "You idiot, you know that the cook has just left, I have got a cold, the baby is cutting his teeth, the furnace is broken and the butcher won't give us any more credit until we pay up."
"I know, I know," Goldberg interrupted quietly. "That's why I want to bring him -- just to see the whole scene. The poor fool is thinking of getting married."

All our relationships have become poisonous, and a great revolution is needed to change all this garbage of centuries that has collected around our beings. But it is possible -- not only possible, it has to happen because there is a limit to everything. This insanity that we have lived with for thousands of years has come to the peak.
Because of this madness we have created nuclear weapons, knowing well that if any war happens it will be the destruction of all. Nobody will be defeated, nobody will be victorious. Still nations go on creating nuclear weapons. Even poor nations, which are not able to feed their people, want to join the race, want to put billions of dollars into destructive war material.
By scientific calculations, by the end of this century twenty-five nations will join the nuclear club -- right now there are only five nations which have nuclear weapons. Of the remaining twenty that will join by the end of this century, India is one, Pakistan is also one. In this country alone, five hundred million people will be dying by the end of the century, but nobody is interested in that. Your politicians are interested in getting more uranium, more materials to create nuclear weapons.

You will be surprised that almost half of this country is hungry, people go to sleep with no food in their stomachs. If they can manage one meal a day they are very fortunate. And India is ready to give wheat to purchase more of the war materials necessary for creating atomic energy, nuclear weapons, and being ready for a third world war. It is not a question of some individual gone mad, it is the whole humanity which has gone crazy.

This is the very limit, unbearable. Either we have to commit suicide because of all these idiots who are creating the situation for a global murder, or we have to change the whole past: its institutions, its education, its ways of living, its ways of being religious. Unless we are ready for a total revolution, man cannot be saved.

My hope is that howsoever far man may have gone crazy, he still wants to live. His will to live is the only hope left. We have to put more fire into the will to live. We have to create wildfires around the world -- for more life, for more love, for more songs, for more music -- so that it becomes impossible for humanity to go along with these political, scientific, and other kinds of madmen to commit suicide.

It all depends on the vast humanity in the world. If they simply say, "We have decided to live and we have decided to make this world more beautiful, and we have decided to dissolve nations so that we can dissolve wars, and we have decided to dissolve religions because they are also causes of war and discrimination..." Unless such a miracle happens man's history has come to its last chapter.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

HOW WILL YOUR NEW MAN EXPRESS HIMSELF? WILL HE FIND NEW WAYS OR WILL THE EXISTING WAYS JUST DEVELOP INTO HIGHER FORMS? WHAT IS ART AND WHAT DO YOU FEEL IS LACKING IN IT TODAY? HOW WILL IT BE CONNECTED WITH THE NEW MAN? WHAT CAN WE DO TO CREATE A NEW BEGINNING?

Punit Bharti, you have asked many questions in one. First, "How will your new man express himself?" Nobody knows. If you know it already, it is not much of a new man. You cannot conceive of it, because whatever you will conceive will be something of the old -- modified, changed a little bit here and there, painted in new colors, but it will remain a continuity with the past. So only negatively can something be said, not positively.

One thing is certain: the new man will not express himself the way the old man has been expressing. Just look at modern art, look at the paintings of Picasso and you will wonder what this painting is.

Once Picasso made a portrait of a very rich woman. He said beforehand, "Listen, my portrait is not going to be like others. If you want a photograph, go to a photographer. My portrait will be an original painting."

The woman said, "Don't be worried. I want a portrait by you, whatsoever the cost -- don't think about money." He made the portrait. The woman looked at it and she said, "Just one question -- I want to know where my nose is? Because I will have to show it to people; it will be hanging in my bedroom and if somebody asks, `Where is your nose...?' So just tell me."

Picasso looked at the painting and he said, "I told you beforehand that if you want a photograph, go to a photographer. This is a painting and this is modern art. When I was painting I knew where your nose was, now I don't know. And I have other work, too. I cannot remain concerned with such trivia as where your nose is. It is a portrait by Picasso, that should be enough explanation to anybody. So don't be worried, just take it home."

Looking at Picasso's paintings you will feel like falling sick, a kind of nausea, a dizziness, because this man... and he is the representative of the whole of modern art, the most important representative. It shows the insanity of the painter; he is not painting anybody's portrait, he is painting the way he sees the woman's face -- through his insanity. So everything goes topsy-turvy: eyes come down, nose goes up... his mind is moving, he is not at peace, he is not at ease. His confusion, his tensions, his worries, his anxieties, everything is poured into color.

Look at modern music, from the Beatles to the Talking Heads. It seems some people have gone mad and millions are appreciating it. And with their madness, millions are affected: they are dancing, they are shouting, and they are creating a tremendous wave of madness all around -- and this is modern music. It shows again that modern man has come to the very limit, now there is nowhere to go.

In sculpture, you will find the same thing repeated again; in poetry, you can read it but you cannot understand it -- even the poet does not know what it means. Out of a whim, just like a man speaking in his sleep... when he wakes up you ask him and he remembers he must have said something like this, but now he does not remember the context, the

reference, the meaning. The same thing goes on in literature and in other fields of creativity and expression. This much I can say: the new man will express himself intelligently, objectively, meditatively. He will not be vomiting on the canvas. He will be painting some ecstasy that has happened to his innermost being. The painting will be an expression of sharing what he cannot say by words; what nobody can say by words, he is trying to say by colors. Somebody may be saying it by sculpture, somebody may be saying it by making a garden.

The new man will not be insane. His expressions will show sanity and will bring you a feeling of well-being, a health, a certain joyousness -- a certain song will start resounding in your heart. And when you will be coming back from seeing a painting or listening to poetry or to music, you will find you are not walking, you are dancing. Something has touched you, something has bypassed your mind and reached your being. But exactly what he will do, we will have to wait for him to come and do it.

You are asking, "Will he find new ways...?" Certainly, he will find new ways about everything. He will not have to seek far away; his very being will be creative of new ways, new expression, new art, new forms of poetry, new ways of relating with people -- "or will the existing ways just develop into higher forms?"

No, absolutely no. The existing ways have developed to their highest form already. Their highest form is nuclear weapons, their highest expression is Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Their greatest men are Adolf Hitler, Josef Stalin, Benito Mussolini, Ronald Reagan -- they have come to

their highest form. The old man has exhausted himself, has spent himself.

Mr. Levy had given his friend, Goldstein, some of his first red wine, which Goldstein tasted and drank, but he made no comment. Mr. Levy felt very disappointed in Goldstein's apparent lack of appreciation, so he decided to offer him some strong, inferior wine that he had kept in his store. Goldstein had no sooner tasted it then he exclaimed, "What excellent wine this is!"
"But you said nothing of the first," remarked Levy.
"Ah," replied Goldstein, "the first required no comment. It spoke for itself. The second was so poor, it required somebody to speak on its behalf. I thought the second needed someone to speak up for it."

The new man will not be a reformed, developed, modified continuity of the past. He will be absolutely discontinuous. He will be as fresh as a fresh leaf coming out of the tree. It is not the refined old leaf, fully developed, highly developed; the old has gone, the new has taken its place. The new will be absolutely fresh, otherwise it is not worth calling it new.
And you are also asking, "What is art?" Art is the expression of your heart. When your heart overflows in any dimension -- in painting, in poetry, in dancing, in singing -- it becomes art. Art is not something of a technique. It is the overflowing heart which creates its own technique. It is alive enough to bring its own technique into existence.
The artist is not a technician, that you should remember. A technician only copies, imitates. The artist brings

something new into existence which has never existed before. He himself is surprised; unless you are surprised by your art, it is not of much value. If you recognize it, it means it is old -- otherwise how can you recognize it?
"And what do you feel is lacking in it today?" Everything. There is nothing in it except sheer madness.
"How will it be connected with the new man?" There is no need to connect. The new man will bring with himself his new ways of seeing things, his new ways of loving, his new ways of living. He will have new tastes -- they will not even reflect the old and the dead.
"What can we do to create a new beginning?" Please, just don't do it. You are old, anything you will do will remain old. You have to disappear, that's all you can do. You have to die as an ego and you have to become almost absent, a nobody. Out of your nobodyness, something absolutely new will be born. And that will be the sunrise of a new humanity, of a new man, of a new future.

The young minister was in the pulpit for the first time and he was a little nervous. He read the text, "Behold, I come." Then his mind went blank. He could not remember what he was going to say. So he repeated, "Behold, I come." Still, his memory was a blank. Trying to cover up his embarrassment, he repeated again, "Behold, I come." Suddenly the whole pulpit gave way, and he landed in the lap of the wife of one of the elders. "I am awfully sorry," he stammered.
"Ah, that's all right," the lady smiled, "I should have been ready after you warned me three times -- `Behold, I come.'"

... So don't be surprised if the new man suddenly comes. I have been warning you millions of times: Behold, I come!

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.

The Rebel

Chapter #35

Chapter title: The purity of awareness
18 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED MASTER,
SITTING WITH YOU EVERY DAY, I AM BECOMING AWARE OF A DARK, HEAVY SPACE INSIDE ME. IT FEELS AS IF IT IS NOT PART OF ME, BUT I KNOW I CARRY IT AROUND WITH ME. WILL IT DISAPPEAR IF I KEEP ON WATCHING, OR DO I NEED TO DO SOMETHING MORE?

Shivam Suvarna, the path of meditation brings everyone to the awareness of a dark space within; and simultaneously, the absolute certainty that "I'm not it." All that is needed of you is just to watch and not to do anything.
It seems simple, but it is the most difficult thing in the world, not to do anything.
Just remain silent. Let it be there. Just look more closely, be more perceptive, more clear of all its aspects... but as far as doing is concerned, avoid it completely.

Doing, in the sphere of the inner world, is your undoing. Doing is perfectly right in the outside world -- it is needed there. You cannot simply watch and things will start happening -- you have to make some effort. The inner follows just the opposite law: if you do something you get caught into doing, you lose your purity of awareness; and the purity of awareness has its own tremendous power.

If you can simply sit, without any judgment about the dark space -- not thinking of it as bad or evil, or something that has to be dropped... all these thoughts disturb your purity of awareness, and it is the purity of awareness that is going to dispel the darkness. So you have to be absolutely calm and quiet, and just be a watcher on the hills... looking down in the valleys where there is the dwelling place of the darkness.

The darkness will go -- will have to go -- as your awareness will become more strong, more pure. You will also start feeling that you not only have a dark space within you. Your awareness is not only awareness, it is luminous -- it radiates light; and that radiation of light will dispel the darkness on its own accord.

It is not your doing -- you cannot take credit for it -- it is a universal law of the inner world. You have to simply understand the law and allow it to function without hindering it. Any effort on your part is a hindrance.

This is what Lao Tzu has called "action by inaction," and the Zen people have called "effortless effort." If you have followed what I have been saying to you, you will understand the beauty of effortless effort, and actionless action.

In the inner world, at your very center, you are absolutely as you should be. Nothing has to be changed there because nothing has ever become distorted, damaged. The innermost core is beyond all corruption. Around it corruption can happen, and has happened. We are surrounded by dark night. But we are not part of it. We are part of the eternal light of existence itself -- we just have to come closer and closer to our being. And once we recognize the luminosity, the tremendous force of light to dispel darkness, you have found the very secret of alchemical transformation.

Just avoid doing anything. This is the most difficult part of meditation, but this is where real meditation begins; before it, everything is just a preparation for meditation. All the techniques of meditation are only a preparation for meditation, they are not meditation themselves. Meditation begins when you understand clearly that doing is an obstruction, and non-doing is the way to allow existence itself to possess you, to transform you, to bring a new life, a new joy, a new birth.

But unfortunately, everywhere around the world only doing is taught; non-doing is condemned as laziness. It is true in the world, non-doing is laziness. But the world outside is not all -- not only that it is not all, it is the most insignificant part of the universe. The significant part is within you.

Jesus is right when he continues insisting, again and again, that the kingdom of God is within you. It is already there, complete and whole; you have to come closer to it, to feel that this is your true nature, the nature which is a magic. It does miracles to your being. It gives you insight into

eternity, it takes away all fear, it takes you beyond mind into the silences of your being -- which is the only temple of God there is.

I don't want my people to be worshippers. I want them to find the god within themselves. While you are worshipping, you are doing a stupid act -- you are forcing the god to worship a fiction. Your God in the skies is a lie. You are the reality; and if you want to find the foundation of all that exists, lives, you have just to go within yourself into your own home.

And this going in is not a kind of doing; you simply sit silently and you will find, slowly slowly, you are slipping -- perhaps a certain magnetic force is pulling you. Allow yourself, wholeheartedly, to be pulled... don't hold anything back. You are in the right space from where meditation can begin. You don't need any other technique than just becoming aware of the dark space that surrounds you; and without any antagonism, without any desire to overcome it -- these are by-products. It will happen, but not by your desiring; it will happen simply by your waiting, watching, and being patient.

Question 2

BELOVED MASTER,

IS IT MY INTUITION WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA ABOUT SOMETHING BEFORE IT ACTUALLY HAPPENS -- OR BY THINKING ABOUT IT, DO I CREATE THE SITUATION? COULD YOU PLEASE TALK ABOUT INTUITION AND CREATING MY OWN REALITY?

Indradhanu, the faculty of intuition and the faculty of creating your own reality are absolutely, not only different, but diametrically opposite things. Intuition is only a mirror. It does not create anything, it only reflects. It reflects that which is. It is pure, silent, crystal clear water reflecting the stars and the moon. It does not create anything. It is the clarity which in the East has been called the third eye. Eyes don't create anything, they simply inform you what is there.
Creating one's own reality is called imagination -- that is the faculty of dreaming. In the night, you create so many things in your dreams. And the most amazing thing is that your whole life you have been dreaming every night, and you know every morning that it was a dream -- not real. But when the night comes again, and you fall asleep and your imagination starts spreading its wings, no doubt arises in you -- without any doubt you accept its reality.
This faculty of imagination can function in other ways also. It creates your dreams -- which you know are not real. But when they come, and you are surrounded by them, they appear absolutely real -- more real than the real world. Because in the real world once in a while you can suspect, you can doubt. For example, this very moment you are capable of doubting whether what you are seeing here or hearing here is real, or you have fallen asleep and you are seeing a dream. It can be a dream. You will know only when you wake up.
This is the only distinction: in reality, you can doubt -- it could be a dream -- but in a dream you cannot wonder if it is a dream... that's the only distinction between dream and reality. Reality allows you reason, imagination does not

allow you reason.

The same faculty can create daydreams... you are just sitting silently, not doing anything, and a dream starts floating in your eyes; you are awake but you start thinking about being the president of the country. Because you are awake, an undercurrent knows that you are having stupid ideas; but still they are so sweet that one goes on dreaming that one has become a world conqueror, or the richest man in the world. He's awake, but he's creating a dream. If this becomes too much, you lose your sanity. You can go into any madhouse, any psychiatric hospital, and you will be surprised how people are living in their imaginations: talking to people who are not there -- not only talking, but even answering from their side -- and there is no doubt, no skepticism.

Once a young boy was brought to me. His parents were very much disturbed; they had taken him to psychoanalysts, to other doctors, but nothing had worked. And his problem was not very great, but it was disturbing his whole life and his whole future. He had got this idea that while he was sleeping -- he used to sleep with his mouth open -- two flies had entered his mouth, and they were going around inside his body. Now they are here, now they are there, now they have moved towards the head. The whole day the boy could not do anything else, there was no way to get rid of those two flies.

He was examined, there were no flies. And even if you swallowed two flies, they could not go on moving this way. There are no superhighways like this, that the flies are going to the head, and to the feet, and to the heart, and to

the stomach, and they are continuously going around and buzzing... he could hear their buzz. And how could he remain at ease? Even in the night he could not sleep well. When the parents brought him to me they must have taken him to many people already. Somebody suggested that perhaps I might be of some help. I listened to the story and I said to the parents, "You are absolutely wrong, and the boy is absolutely right."

The boy looked at me. I was the first man to whom his parents had taken him who had given him self-respect, dignity. Others were all telling him, "You are crazy. There are no flies."

I said, "You are all crazy. I can see his flies."

The father and the mother both became disturbed... where had they come? Now I was going to strengthen the idea of the boy even more. But it was too late. I said, "You sit down. You have been torturing him unnecessarily. First, he's being tortured by these two flies, and you are taking him all around. You have been humiliating him."

First, I talked to the boy's parents, and convinced the boy that I was absolutely with him. He said, "You are the first man who knows something about these deeper problems."

I said, "I absolutely agree with you. You have been tortured by these two flies, so we will take them out."

He said, "It will be very difficult because they go on changing their place."

I said, "You don't be worried."

I took him inside the room, left the parents outside and told him to lie down. Because I was absolutely favorable to him, he listened to me. He lay down, and I told him to close his eyes and watch those flies -- where they were going -- so

that he would have an exact idea where they were. "When they are very close to your mouth, I will pull them out." He said, "That seems to be logical. They have entered from the mouth."

So I put him on the bed with his eyes closed, and I rushed all over the house to find two flies. It was a difficult job and it was just by chance... Hindu women use coconut oil for their hair -- which is a dirty habit. You can smell from far away that a Hindu woman is coming close. And I had seen dead flies many times in their bottles of coconut oil, so I rushed around looking for a coconut oil bottle. And by chance, I found not only two, but three flies.

Strangely, it seems almost every coconut oil bottle catches these flies -- they go in and they get caught, they cannot fly. When they are in the bottle, taking a holy dip in the coconut oil, then they cannot fly -- their wings get sticky. And particularly if it is winter time, then the coconut oil becomes solid. It was winter time, so it was very easy for me to take those three flies.

I cleaned them, washed them, brought them in, and I told the boy, "Keep your eyes on the flies -- where are they?" And he said, "They are very close. They are just near my throat."

I said, "This is the moment. Open your mouth." And as he opened his mouth, I took the flies out of his mouth which I already had in my hands. I told him, "You were wrong, there were not two, there were three."

He said, "My God! You are the right person." I showed him three flies. He said, "It feels so peaceful inside -- no buzzing, no flies."

He rushed out with the flies to show his parents, and the parents were shocked. They said, "We have been to the doctors, you have been x-rayed. We have been to the psychoanalyst, you have been psychoanalyzed, and nobody has detected any flies. But now we cannot say anything. This man has even caught them."

The boy said, "Can I take these flies with me to show to all those doctors? They are idiots because they were condemning me that I'm crazy. Now I want to show all of them that they are crazy. My only fault was that I was counting two, and there were three."

I said, "You can take these without fear, and if at any time any fly enters again, I'm available. You can come to me. You need not go anywhere else."

He said, "Now it won't happen because now I sleep with a bandage on my mouth. I have suffered enough -- it has been almost two years I have been suffering."

And he went to the doctors, he went to the psychoanalyst; and one of the doctors was very friendly with me. He was a Rotarian, and I had gone the next day to speak in the Rotary Club. We met there... he said, "You are something. Where did you get those three flies from? Now that boy is making a fool of us. And he was saying, `All your X-rays, and all your education is just nonsense. You don't know anything about flies when they enter into somebody's body. And these are the flies, as a proof.'

"I inquired of him, `Who has caught them?'

"He mentioned your name, very respectfully, and he said, `He is the only man in the whole city who treated me as a human being, not as a madman -- who realized my difficulty. And once he accepted my difficulty, it was not

much trouble because they were roaming all over my body. He simply said, `When they come close to your mouth, just tell me. Keep your eyes closed, so I can catch hold.' And I was thinking there were only two... there were three!'"

Imagination can create a kind of insanity if it starts believing in its own daydreams -- it can create hallucinations. As far as I'm concerned, your so-called saints, great religious leaders who have seen God, who have met God, who have talked with God, are in the same category with this crazy boy who had two flies moving inside him. Their God is just their imagination.

There is a certain method if you want to check it. The time needed is at least three weeks, and you have to do two things to prepare the ground to create a hallucination. Then you can see Jesus Christ standing before you, or Gautam Buddha, and you can have a good chit-chat. You can ask questions and you will be answered -- although nobody else will see that somebody is there, but that is their fault. They don't have the spiritual height to see the invisible.

Two basic things are needed: one is a three-week fast. The more hungry you are, the less your intelligence functions, because intelligence needs a certain amount of vitamins continuously -- if they are not supplied, it starts getting dim. In three weeks time, it stops functioning. So the first thing is to put the intellect to sleep. That's why all the religions prescribe fasting as a very great religious discipline. But the psychology behind it is that within three weeks your intelligence starts to go to sleep. And then imagination can function perfectly well -- there is nobody to doubt.

The second requirement is aloneness -- move to a place in a mountain, in a forest, in a cave where you are absolutely alone. Because man is brought up in a society, he has always lived with people. He's talking the whole day -- yakkety-yak, yakkety-yak. At night he's talking in his dreams, and from the morning he starts and goes on till he goes to sleep. If there is nobody to talk to, he starts praying to God. That is talking to God, that is a respectable way of being crazy.

Within three weeks time... after the second week, one starts talking loudly. After the first week, one starts talking to himself. But he knows that nobody should hear it; otherwise, they will think him mad. But by the end of the second week that fear is gone, because intelligence is getting dull. By the second week, he starts talking loudly. By the third week, he starts seeing the person he wanted to meet: Jesus Christ, Krishna, Mahavir, Gautam Buddha, a dead friend, or anybody else.

After three weeks, he's capable of visualizing the person so clearly that our ordinary reality looks pale. Hence, religions have supported both these strategies: fasting, and going into isolation. That is the way, the scientific way, to go into a hallucinatory experience.

You can create your own reality: you can live with Jesus Christ again, you can have a good conversation with Gautam Buddha, you can ask questions and you can get answers -- although you will be doing both the things. But it has been found that when you ask the question, your voice will be one way, and when you will answer the question, your voice will be different. Naturally, this is

happening in all madhouses everywhere -- people are talking to the walls.

I have heard about a madhouse.... A new doctor is taking charge, and the old doctor is being retired. All the inmates of the madhouse arrange a farewell party. When the old doctor speaks, they remain silent -- no clapping, no response from them. But after the new doctor speaks, they laugh, they clap, they giggle. The new doctor is a little puzzled. When the old doctor was speaking, they were sitting absolutely silently, keeping their eyes down and heads lowered.
He asked them, "What is the matter? You were looking so sad, so dull and dead. Now you have come alive."
They said, "There is a reason... because you look just like one of us." The doctor was shocked to hear that he looked like one of them. "That old doctor," they said, "has been here, but he always remained an outsider. You are one of us, an inmate. Things will be very good between us. You are talking such nonsense that even we can see that you are mad. But in a madhouse, what is the purpose of appointing a doctor who is not mad? How he can understand us? You will understand us absolutely, without any trouble. We will understand you. We are in the same boat."
The old doctor told him, "Don't be worried. These are insane people. What happened to them? I don't know. Something in you has triggered the idea in them that you are also mad."

All the history of the saints who have experienced God, talked with God, has to be researched with more

psychological insight. They are not different than madmen. All their pretensions, declarations that they are the only son of God, that they are the only prophet of God, that they are the only reincarnation of God are nothing but mad assertions.

It will be a real shock if you can realize that these people were surrounded by hallucinations; they had created their own reality around themselves. Their gods are their imagination, their messages are from their own minds, the scriptures they have left behind are manufactured by them. No book is written by God, because I have gone through all those books -- they are not even worth calling good literature. What to say about their holiness? They are third class literature, but people have worshipped them.

The whole history of man can be reduced to a single statement: It has been a history of hysteria. All these saints and sages are hysterical. Only very few have dropped imagination, have dropped the whole mind and all its faculties -- but these few have not experienced God. Buddha never saw any God. He experienced only tremendous silence, he experienced the great joy which remained for forty-two years after his enlightenment. His enlightenment is not a fiction, because fictions cannot last that long; dreams cannot transform a man's life.

After his enlightenment, he was another man. His joy remained with him just like breathing. He does not talk about gods, he does not talk about heaven and hell, he does not talk about angels. He has not seen all these things. These things have to be created first, you have to arrange yourself in a certain situation where whatever you want to see, you can see. And if a person is dying to see Jesus

Christ, is ready to do anything: fasting, isolation, going into a monastery...

There is a monastery in Athos, in Europe -- one thousand years old -- perhaps the oldest monastery in Europe. The rule of the monastery is that you only enter into it, you cannot come out of it again. And there are nearabout ten thousand monks inside the monastery. Only when they die... then their dead bodies are put through a hole, and other Christians who are outside -- who are not monks -- make a grave for them. But insiders cannot even come with the dead body. The body has to be forced through a hole to fall out of the monastery, and it is on a high mountain.

Now what are these people doing? -- just chanting, "Ave Maria." The monastery is dedicated to the mother of Jesus, Mary, or Maria. The whole day their only work is to go on chanting, "Ave Maria." Fasting, in isolation, cut off from the world... soon they start hallucinating that mother Maria visits them. They have their cells, living alone, separate from each other. They are not allowed to talk to each other, only to the abbot.

In one thousand years, no woman has been allowed inside the monastery -- not even a six-month-old baby. Those monks are sitting on volcanoes of repressed sexual energy. This repressed sexual energy is also helpful in creating hallucinations. Everybody knows young men start hallucinating about girls, girls start hallucinating about boys. Their dreams become more and more sexual; sex becomes the dominant factor in their minds.

And because these monks have repressed sex and are fasting, living in isolation, just thinking only of Jesus Christ or Ave Maria, naturally they start hallucinating. And those

who start hallucinating become more respected, more honored. The greatest madman inside the monastery becomes the abbot.

For **The Rebel**, there are many things to do to release these people from these madhouses called monasteries, nunneries... to bring them back to sanity, bring them back to the world of reality and not of dreams. You don't have to create your reality, you just have to cleanse your senses to feel the reality and its psychedelic beauty, its colorfulness, its greenness, its aliveness.

And inside, you have to discover the reality, not create it; because anything created by you cannot be but imagination. You simply have to go in, in silence, and watch -- just be alert and aware so that you can see whatever is real. And those who have seen reality say you will experience tremendous silence, great joy, infinite blissfulness, immortality; but you will not see any God, and you will not see any angels. Those things have to be created to be seen. Indradhanu, intuition, imagination, intellect, all have to be transcended. You have to come to a point which is beyond mind: a deep serenity, coolness and calmness that is your true nature, that is your buddha nature. That's what you are, that is the stuff you are made of, and that is the stuff the whole universe is made of. We can call it universal consciousness, we can call it universal godliness -- any name will do. But remember, millions have befooled themselves in imagination. And it is very cheap, very easy -- just a certain strategy has to be followed and you can create the reality.

I was once staying with a friend. In India there is a holy festival, and on that festival people use something similar

to marijuana -- it is called bhang. The man I was staying with was also a professor in the same university... very simple, and a very good man. And I had told him, "Don't do that stupid thing." But he went to meet a few friends, and they managed to give him sweets which were full of marijuana, and some cold drinks that were also full of marijuana.

He did not return, it was the middle of the night. I had to go to find him -- what was happening? He was standing naked, surrounded by a crowd, shouting obscenities, and people were throwing stones at him.

I could not figure out what had happened. I stopped the people; I said, "I know this man. It seems he has taken some drug. I had told him not to do that." Somehow, I put his clothes back on him -- he was very much against it. I was pulling his pants up and he would jump out of them. I said, "These people will kill you." And then he ran away. The city was unknown to me, but well known to him. I followed him for a few minutes through small streets, and then lost track. In the morning, the police phoned me that my friend was in their custody; so I went. By then he had come a little bit to his senses, yet there was a hangover. But he recognized me, and said, "I'm sorry that I did not listen to you." He had wounds on his body because people had thrown stones.

I brought him back, and since that day the fear of police had caught his mind, possessed his mind, because the police must have beaten him. Otherwise he was not going to wear his clothes, and he must have misbehaved with them. Such a fear entered, such a paranoia, that life became difficult. In the night, a policeman was guarding the street.

He would hear the sound of the boots, and he would just jump under the bed. I would say, "Balram" -- that was his name -- "what are you doing?"
He would say, "Keep quiet. The police are coming."
I had to ask the principal to give him fifteen days leave so he could rest, because it was so difficult to bring him to the university. Everything became suspicious... two persons would be standing by the corner of the street, talking, and he would say, "Look, they are all conspiring. And I tell you that they will finally catch hold of me, and they will put me in jail, and beat me. Do something!" A police van would pass, and he would say, "My God! They have come."
I tried in every possible way to show that it was just a fear. I could understand how it started, but now it was too much. He wouldn't listen... neither would he sleep, nor would he allow me to sleep.
Finally, I had to go to a police inspector, and I told him the whole story. I told him, "You need to give me some help. This man is very simple, innocent, he has not committed any crime -- he has just taken marijuana. I don't know what else was mixed in the sweets and the drinks he has taken. The police must have beaten him... and he needed it; otherwise, he was not going to put his clothes on. I had tried to help, but he jumped up and ran away."
He said, "In what way can I help?"
I said, "You have to come with the file, because he's saying again and again, `They have a file against me, and they are waiting for the right moment to arrest me.' So you bring any file, handcuffs, and an arrest warrant -- any paper. Just seeing you, he will lose all intelligence. And come in the night, he has to be arrested at night.

"And then I will persuade you, and I will give you five thousand rupees to leave the poor guy. And, very reluctantly, you should leave him, and I will ask you to burn the file. So burn the file; and leaving us, tell me so he can hear, `Now there is no problem because the file is burned, and there is no longer any charge in the hands of the police.' And I can take those five thousand rupees back later on."

The man was very good. He said, "I will come." He came in the night, and the moment he came my friend slipped under the bed. The inspector had to pull him out, and he said, "Listen, look, I have been telling you that they will come... and he has come, and this is the file."

The inspector gave me the arrest warrant and he said, "He has to be arrested." And he put the handcuffs on him. I tried to persuade him, but he said, "I cannot do anything. He will spend at least five years in jail."

And Balram looked at me and said, "Look, now do something; otherwise, I'm gone."

So I gave five thousand rupees to the inspector, and told him, "He's a simple man. Just do me a little favor -- leave him. If he does anything again, then I will be the first man to deliver him to the police. But this is his first crime, and he has committed it under the influence of a drug."

With difficulty, I convinced the inspector to burn the file; and we burned the file. The handcuffs were taken off, and he told me, "It is okay. If he does anything again, then I cannot help it. Right now, all that was reported to the police against him has been burned. Now the police have no power to arrest him." And from that day, Balram became perfectly okay.

Next day, I had to go again to the police station to get those five thousand rupees back. The man was really good. He could have refused to give the money back, but he gave it to me, and he asked, "How is he?"

I said, "He's perfectly okay. Now he even sees the policeman walking by and he does not care. I told him once or twice, `That policeman is standing there.' He said, `I don't care. The file is burned.'" He had created a hallucination around himself.

And the so-called religions are living in such hallucinations. You will be surprised to know that the ancientmost scriptures of the Hindus talk about a certain drug, somras, which used to be found in the Himalayas and perhaps is still available but we don't know how to recognize it. It was the usual practice for all religious people to drink somras.

One of the most intelligent men of this century, Aldous Huxley, was very much impressed when LSD was discovered -- he was the first promoter of LSD. He lived under the illusion that through LSD you can achieve to the same spiritual experiences that Gautam Buddha had, that Kabir had, that Nanak had. Thinking of the somras of the VEDAS, he has written in his book, HEAVEN AND HELL, that in the future the ultimate drug will be created by science -- synthetic. Its name will be in the memory of the first drug used by the religious people: somras. Its name will be soma.

And since RIGVEDA, in India, Hindu sannyasins, Hindu religious people have been taking all kinds of drugs in order to experience their imaginary gods. To such a point, that I have come across a follower of Kabir... they go on

drinking all kinds of drugs, and a point comes when they become immune. Then they start keeping cobra snakes, and they make the cobras bite on their tongues. Only that gives them the religious experience. I have seen one monastery of the followers of Kabir where they had big cobras, dangerous cobras -- just one bite and you are finished, there is no cure. But those monks needed it because no other drug was effective anymore.

It is not just a coincidence that in the West the younger generation has become interested in both the things together: in drugs, and in the East. They come to the East to find some way to experience something beyond the ordinary, mundane world of which they have seen enough. Now sex is no longer appealing, alcohol is no longer interesting, so they start coming to the East to find some techniques to create a reality. And in most of the ashramas in the East, they will find techniques which help your imagination. They are subtle kinds of drugs. And in the West, many have taken to drugs. Now there are thousands of young people -- men and women -- suffering in jails in Europe and America for taking drugs.

But as far as I'm concerned, I see it in a different light. I see it as the beginning of a search for something beyond the ordinary world; although they are searching in a wrong way -- drugs won't give them the reality. They can create a reality, but it is going to last for a few hours; then you have to inject the drug again. And each time you have to inject more and more quantities because you go on becoming immune.

But there is a great upsurge in the younger people, which has never been seen before, for drugs. They are ready to

suffer imprisonment, and they come out and they are still taking drugs. In fact, if they have money, they even manage in jail to get drugs from the officers of the jail, the staff of the jail; you just have to give money to them.

But I don't see it as a bad sign. I simply see it as a misdirected young generation. The intention is right, but there is nobody to tell them that drugs won't fulfill your desire and your longing. Only meditation, only silence, only transcending beyond your mind is going to give you contentment and fulfillment.

But they cannot be condemned as they are being condemned and punished. The older generation is responsible because you don't have alternatives for them. I propose the only alternative: as you become more and more meditative, you don't need anything else. You don't need to create a reality because you start seeing the reality itself. And a created reality is just false, it is a dream -- maybe a sweet dream, but a dream is a dream, after all.

The thirst is right, just that they are wandering. And their religious leaders, their political leaders, their governments, their educational institutions are not capable of giving them a right direction.

I take it as a symptom of a great search which has to be welcomed. Just a right direction has to be given -- which the old religions cannot give, which the old society is impotent to give. We need, urgently, the birth of a new man; we need, urgently, **The Rebel** to change all this sickness and ugliness which is destroying many, many people in the world.

Everybody needs to know himself, his reality. And it is good that the desire has arisen. Sooner or later, we will be

able to turn our younger people in the right direction. The people who have become sannyasins have gone through all the drug trips. And as they became sannyasins and started meditating, by and by their drugs disappeared. Now they don't need it. No punishment, no jail, just a right direction -- and the reality is so fulfilling, is such a benediction that you cannot expect more.
Existence gives you -- in such abundance -- richness of being, of love, of peace, of truth, that you cannot ask for more. You cannot even imagine more.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Beloved Master.